



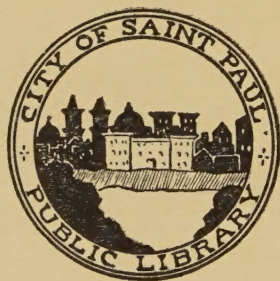
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THE COUSINS. See page 6.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

AND
PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
S. G. GOODRICH,
AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

VOL. XXVII & XXVIII.



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I wish you all a happy New Year,
Plenty of books, and very good cheer.

HERE we are again, all ready to start off on another race through a new year. Our old companions will, we trust, all stick by us, and to new ones who join our company, we bid a hearty welcome. They will find us jovial, happy bodies, wide awake to any thing by which we can improve our minds and increase our knowledge. Sometimes we are ballooning over Europe, then we are traveling through Asia, and there is no part of America which we do not feel at full liberty to explore and report all our discoveries—all that we see and all that we hear. We expect to find a great deal that is amusing, and a great deal that is instructive. We shall tell you many facts which you must try and re-

member, and many stories that will bear repeating; and as we like a hearty laugh now and then, we shall not withhold a good joke when one comes in our way.

We are commencing a new volume of our famous magazine, which has been circulating for a great many years past to the north and the south, the east and the west, and carrying pleasure and delight to thousands of little readers and great ones too, and diffusing agreeable reading among the regular routine of school pursuits. It is a pleasure to us to think that probably not less than fifty thousand bright eyes read every number of the Museum. This thought alone is enough to stimulate us to increased exertion.

We mean to go on another year, and hope to a great many years if you will keep us company. We have prepared a good deal of interesting reading, both original and selected, to entertain you with, and the usual quantity of wood cuts to embellish and illustrate.

While Robert Merry is taking all pains to excite in you good actions and elevated thoughts, and endeavoring to expel from your mind all selfishness and low deeds; while he is trying to impress on your memory the remarkable events of olden time and the passing occurrences of the present, he hopes you will reward him by rendering to your parents an open, manly, cheerful performance of all your duties; mind their counsels; be regular and industrious in school; love your teachers; learn your lessons; play in play hours with hearty zeal and good nature; never quarrel, but try to make others happy; read our Museum all through, each month; pay for it regularly; and then if you do not grow up likely men and women we lose our guess.

It is the custom of newspapers to give a New Year's address. We have one—no matter where we got it—which we give you gratis. Here it goes all ringing in rhyme.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Come, Girls and Boys—Black Eyes and Blue—
And hear a story made for you.
Lay down your books. John, Tom, and Rob,
Be seated, if you please—No laughing, Bob!
Just stir the fire, Ben. Steady—steady!
Hand me my specs, Jane. So all's ready!

There go the tongs again, slam bang,
And pussy's tail has got a whang!
Poor puss—be wise—of boys beware,
And keep your tail with better care.
Sit still now, all, and hear the story
Old Merry's rhyme would set before ye.

The bright New Year has come, and though
The night is dark, and chill winds blow;
Though icy fetters bind the river;
Though in the blast the stern oaks shiver;
Though the lone wolf with cold is howling,
And the starved fox abroad is prowling;
Still by the fireside warm *we* sit,
And crack our nuts, or crack our wit;
Tell of the past, the future scan,
And laugh or sing, as suits our plan.
Well—let us not the hour abuse—
We listen to the New Year's Muse!

His days are fled—Old Fifty-Three—
And nought is left but his memory—
A mingled store of bread and honey,
Of sweet and bitter, sad and funny!
'Twere long to tell its tales anew,
Its sins and sorrows to review;
To show the last year's full amount,
And foot the record's dread account.

These things we pass, and ask you, Jane,
What you have done this year. Speak plain!
Nay, do not snicker, boys—your turn
Will come in time—nor spurn
The simple question; for 'tis wise
That each should backward cast his eyes,
Noting his track, its means and ends,
And where his beaten pathway tends.
No answer, Jane? Well we may try
These boys.—Come, Robert! No reply?
Why, all can smile while other backs
Feel the keen lash that satire cracks;
But when to your own case we come,
Why, every little mouth is mum!

Well, well, fair friends, we will not ply it:
We leave the question—but you'll try it.
In some still hour, look well within,
And if you find some cherished sin,
Drive out the monster, and let virtue in!

The *past* year scanned, we turn to view
The promise given by the *new*.
Winter, spring, summer, autumn, rise,
In lengthened vision to our eyes.
And, hiding every thorn, disclose,
Each one, some favorite wreath or rose.

Winter, stern winter, hides the tear
That tells of tingling rose and ear:
O'er starving groups it throws a veil,
Drowns the lost traveler's dying wail.
And only brings to mind the sleigh,
Its merry bells and trappings gay;
The sportive skater lightly gliding;
The hoyden schoolboy fondly sliding;

The coaster down the hill-side plying;
The snow-balls thick as hailstones flying;
And when the joyous day is o'er,
The crafty showman shuts the door,
And brings to view the fireside scene,
Where Old Bob Merry's Magazine
Tells tales of many lands, and wiles
From grave and gay their choicest smiles!



Spring, fickle Spring, as keen as Blitz,
Says nought of March, its stormy fits,—
How oft the morning comes like May,
Giving fair promise of the day,
While yet, ere night, the wild winds roar,
And down the myriad snow-flakes pour.
Nothing she says of mud like paste,
Nothing of freshet laying waste;
But much she talks of April showers,
That bring, or ought to bring, May flowers,—
Which boys and girls, on May-day morn,
Oft seek in vain 'mid bush and thorn!

Summer, as wily as the rest,
Hides half its tale but tells the best.
It speaks of meadows blooming fair,
Of new-mown hay that scents the air,
Of singing birds and murmuring bees,
But nothing says of bugs and fleas,

Of serpents gliding where you tread,
Of sly mosquitoes round your bed,
Of parching heat that melts by day,
And keeps at night sweet sleep away!—

Autumn advances, decked in smiles,
Bringing us fruit in ample piles—
Grapes, apples, peaches, pears, all mellow
And luscious. What a charming fellow!
And now the forest, like a queen,
He robes in yellow, red, and green;
But soon he changes, and his breath
Strews the torn leaves in beds of death;
The forests tremble in the fray,
And the earth yields to Winter's sway.

Such are the seasons as they pass;
Yet, mirrored in youth's magic glass,
The good alone is brought to light,
And evil hidden from the sight.

As distant mountains, robed in blue,
 Rise soft and rounded to the view,
 Their wasted peaks with azure crown'd,
 All turned to seeming fairy ground,—
 So life—a land of promise—lies
 Outspread to youth's believing eyes.

O happy morn of life! sweet spring
 Of coming years! Say, who shall fling
 A cloud across so fair a sky?
 Nay—not on New Year's day shall I
 Chafe your blithe hearts—your humor chide—
 So put the chairs and stools aside.
 We'll have a game of blind-man's-buff—
 Then nuts and apples, till you say, "Enough!"

Well, fun and feast are o'er; but ere
 We part, Old Merry's counsel hear!
 I spoke of youth, when all seems bright,
 And seasons fly on wings of light;
 When Hope and Love, with magic art,
 Turn all to beauty in the heart.
 So be your lives—a path of flowers:
 So be your souls—bright as the hours:
 The evil shun, the good pursue;
 Be happy—but be pure and true.
 Have you not seen the bee that plies
 His wing? From flower to flower he flies,
 Yet not the rose alone he tries;
 The nightshade and the foxglove gay



He visits, for they throng his way:
 Yet such his art, he shuns the ill,
 And only gathers honey still.

Do you the same; from mingled shade and light
 Draw good alone.—And now, sweet friends,
 Good night!

The Cousins. (See Frontispiece.)

LAUGH on, fair cousins, for to you
 All life is joyous yet;
 Your hearts have all things to pursue,
 And nothing to regret;
 And every flower to you is fair,
 And every month is May;

You've not been introduced to care—
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!
 To-morrow, you'll be shedding tears,
 Your quiet slumbers—hopes and fears
 Will chase their rest away;
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day.



January.

JANUARY—the name of the first month of the year, is derived from two old words, which signify *the beginning of a revolution*; or, according to others, it is so called from Janus, one of the deities of the Romans, and by them worshipped as the ruler of the year and of all human fortunes, the sovereign disposer of war and peace. He was represented with a sceptre in his right hand, and a key in his left, seated on a glittering throne; he was also represented with two faces, one of which looked forward and the other behind. Some think this to be a symbol of wisdom which sees into the past and the future; others a symbol of the changes of the

year. Plutarch explains it by supposing that Janus had introduced agriculture from Thessaly into Latium, and hence one head looked towards Latium and the other towards Greece. It was believed by the ancient Romans that he was the first who taught the people agriculture.

Ovid says of Janus, that he was the supreme janitor (or doorkeeper) in heaven and on earth, that he opened the gates of heaven and let out the day, and closed them again with the return of evening. All sort of gates and doors and passages were under his care. After him a door was called *Janua*, and every arched passage or gateway a *Janus*. For the same reason he was the god of

the day and year. The first day of the year, and the first hour of the day, were sacred to him.

Romulus erected to him the celebrated temple which was opened at the beginning of every war, according to the ordinance of Numa, and remained open as long as the war lasted, and until

peace was established in all the countries subject to Rome. The temple, however, was shut only three times in the long space of seven hundred years ; once in the reign of Numa, again after the first Punic war, and the third time, under the reign of Augustus, at the time of the birth of our Saviour.

Wolsey Bridge; or, The Boy Bachelor.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

ON the south side of the ancient passage leading from the street to the churchyard of St. Nicholas, was formerly situated the commodious house of Thomas Wolsey, a substantial butcher and grazier, of the town of Ipswich, in the sixteenth century.

This Thomas Wolsey was one of those persons with whom the acquisition of wealth appears to be the sole purpose of existence. It was his boast "that he had thrice trebled the patrimony he had derived from his father," from whom he had inherited his flourishing business, besides some personal property. Acting in direct contradiction to that injunction of the royal psalmist, "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them," his very soul appeared to dwell in his money bags, his well attended shambles, or the pleasant lowland pastures where the numerous flocks and herds grazed, the profits on which he calculated would so materially improve his store. He made no show, no figure among his fellow townsmen ; never exchanging his long blue linen

gown, leathern girdle, and coarse brown hose, for any other apparel, except on a Sunday, when he wore a plain substantial suit of sad colored cloth, garnished with silver buttons, and the polished steel and huge sheath knife, which he usually wore at his side, were exchanged for a silver-hilted dagger and an antique rosary and crucifix.

Satisfied with the conviction that he was one of the wealthiest tradesmen in Ipswich, he saw no reason for exciting the envy of the poor or the ill will of the rich, by any outward demonstrations of the fact, but continued to live in the same snug plain manner to which he had been accustomed in his early days, making it the chief desire of his heart that his only son, Thomas, should tread in his steps, and succeed him in his prosperous and well-established business, with the same economical habits and an equally laudable care for the main chance.

The maternal pride of his wife, Joan, who was the descendant of a family that could boast of gentle blood, prompted

the secret hope that the ready wit and studious habits, together with the clerkly skill and learned lore which the boy had already acquired at the grammar school, might qualify him for something better than the greasy craft of a butcher, and perhaps one day elevate him to the situation of port reeve or town clerk. But for the boy himself, his youthful ambition pointed at higher marks than the golden speculations of trade or the attainment of lucrative offices and civic honors in his native town.

From the first moment he entered the grammar school, and took his place on the lowest seat there, he determined to occupy the highest, and to this, in an almost incredibly brief period of time, he had rapidly ascended; and though only just entering his twelfth year, he was the head boy in the school, and, in the opinion of his unlearned father, "knew more than was good for him."

As soon, indeed, as his son Thomas had learned to write a "fair clerkly hand, to cast accounts, and construe a page in the Breviary," he considered his education complete, and was desirous of saving the expense of keeping him longer at school; but here he was overruled by his more liberal-minded wife Joan, who, out of the savings of her own privy purse, paid the quarterly sum of eight-pence to the master of the school, for the further instruction of her hopeful boy Thomas, whose abilities she regarded as little less than miraculous. Persons better qualified than the good wife, Joan Wolsey, to judge of the natural talents and precocious acquirements

of her son, had also spoken in high terms of his progress in the learned languages, and predicted great things of him. These were personages of no less importance than the head master of the Ipswich grammar school, and the parish priest of St. Nicholas, the latter of whom was a frequent visitor at the hospitable messuage of master Thomas Wolsey the elder, on the ostensible business of chopping Latin with young Thomas, and correcting his Greek exercises for him; but no doubt the spiced tankards of flowing ale, and the smoking beef steaks, cut from the very choicest part of the ox, and temptingly cooked by the well-skilled hands of that accomplished housewife, Joan Wolsey, to reward him for his good report of her darling boy's proficiency, had some influence in drawing father Boniface thither so often.

The bishop of the diocese himself had condescended to bestow unqualified praise on the graceful and eloquent manner in which, when he visited the school, young Wolsey had delivered the complimentary Latin oration on that occasion. The good-natured prelate had even condescended to pat his curly head on the conclusion of the address, and to say, "Spoken like a cardinal, my little man!"

From that moment young Wolsey had made up his mind as to his future destiny. It was to no purpose that his father tried the alternate eloquence of entreaties, reasoning, promises and threats, to detach him from his engrossing studies, and induce him to turn his attention to the lucrative business of a

butcher and grazier. The idea of such servilely earned pelf was revolting to the excited imagination of the youthful student, whose mind was full of classic imagery, and intent on the attainment of academic honors, the steps by which he projected to ascend to the more elevated objects of his ambition.

The church was, in those days, the only avenue through which talented persons of obscure birth might hope to arrive at greatness, and young Wolsey replied to all his father's exordiums urging him to attend to the cattle market, the slaughter house, or the shambles, by announcing his intention of becoming an ecclesiastic.

The flush of anger with which this unwelcome declaration had clouded the brow of the elder Wolsey was perfectly perceptible when he returned home after the fatigues of the day to take his evening meal, which his wife, Joan, was busily engaged in preparing for him over the fire with her own hands.

"I knew how it would turn out all along of your folly, mistress, in keeping the boy loitering away his time, and learning all manner of evil habits at the grammar school, when he ought to have been bound apprentice to me, and learning our honest craft, for the last two years," muttered the malcontent butcher, throwing himself into his large arm-chair, lined with sheep-skins.

"What a coil the woman keeps up with her frying pan," continued he peevishly, on perceiving that the discreet Joan appeared disposed to drown the ebullitions of his wrath in the hissing

and bubbling of the fat in her pan, as she artfully redoubled her assiduity in shaking it over the blazing hearth.

"Why, Joan," he pursued, "one cannot hear oneself speak for the noise you make."

"The noise is all of your own making, I trow, master," replied Joan, continuing to stir her hissing, sputtering pan briskly as she spoke.

"I say, leave off that frizzling with the fat in that odious pan," vociferated he.

"So I will, master, if you wish to have burnt collops for your supper to-night," replied Joan meekly.

"I don't care whether I have any supper at all," replied the butcher testily; "I am vexed, mistress."

"Good lack! what should happen to vex you, master!" responded his wife. "I am sure the world always seems to wag the way you'd have it go; but losses and crosses in business will chance even to the most prosperous, at times. Is one of your fat beasts dead?"

"No!"

"Some of your best sheep been stolen?"

"No!"

"Mayhap then, some customer, whom you have suffered to run up a long score, is either dead or bankrupt?"

"Worse than that, mistress."

"I prythee, good Thomas, let me hear the truth at once," exclaimed the startled Joan, upsetting the frying pan into the fire in her alarm. "The misfortune must be great that hath befallen you, if it be reckoned by you worse than the loss of money."

"Why, mistress, do not you reckon the perverse inclinations of one's own flesh and blood a more serious calamity than loss of substance?"

"Aye, master; but that is a trial we have never had the sorrow of knowing since our only son, Thomas, albeit I say it who ought not, is the most dutiful, diligent, and loving lad, that ever blessed a parent's heart," said the fond mother, melting into tears of tenderness as she spoke.

"Hold thy peace, dame," cried the indignant husband, darting a look of angry reproach on the offending youth, who had been comfortably reposing himself on an oaken settle by the fireside, reading Virgil's *Eneid* by the light of the blazing embers, during the whole of the discussion, without concerning himself about any thing, save to preserve the beloved volume from being sprayed by the fat which the frying pan, in falling, had scattered in all directions. "That lad, on whom you bestow such foolish commendations," pursued old Wolsey; "that lad, whatever might have been his former virtuous inclinations, has now disappointed all my hopes, for he hath turned an errant scape-grace, and refuseth to become a butcher, though the shambles he would inherit from me are the largest, the most commodious, and the best frequented with ready-penny customers, of any on the market hill. Moreover, it is a business in which his grandfather got money, and I, following in his good steps, with still better success, have become—I scorn to boast, but the truth may be

spoken without blame—one of the wealthiest tradesmen in the borough."

"Then the less need, my master, of enforcing such a clever lad as our Thomas to follow a craft which is so unsuitable for a scholar," observed Joan.

"There," groaned the butcher, "was the folly of making him one, which hath been the means of teaching him to slight the main chance, and to turn his head with pagan poesies or monkish lore. Would you believe it, mistress Joan,—he hath had the audacity to profess his desire of becoming a student at the university of Oxenford?"

"And why should he not, master Wolsey, since he promiseth to become a learned clerk?" asked the proud mother.

"To what purpose should he go thither?" said the father.

"Marry, master, to increase his learning, and to put him in the way of becoming a great man," responded mistress Joan.

"A great man, forsooth!" echoed her husband contemptuously; "who ever heard of a butcher's son becoming a person of distinction?"

"I have heard, sir," said young Wolsey, closing his book eagerly; "I have heard of a destitute swineherd becoming a pope."

"Indeed!" ejaculated his father with an air of incredulity.

"Yes, sir, it was Nicholas Brekepeare, afterwards Pope Adrian the Fourth, the only Englishman who ever filled the papal chair, but perhaps not the last whom learning, combined with

persevering enterprise, may conduct to that eminence."

"Ho ! ho ! ho !" cried the butcher, bursting into a loud laugh ; " I wist not of the high mark at which your ambition aimeth, son Thomas ! Well, if enabling you to become a servitor in Magdalen College will advance your holiness one step towards the possession of St. Peter's keys, I will not withhold my assistance and my blessing, though much I doubt whether it will carry thee into the Vatican, or whatever you call it, of which you and father Boniface are always talking."

"And what if it do not carry him quite so far, master," interposed Joan, "didst thou never hear of the proverb, He who reacheth after a gown of cloth of gold, shall scarcely fail of getting one of the sleeves ?"

"Ay, mother !" cried young Wolsey ; "and when I am a cardinal, my father will thank you for the parable."

"Ah ! if I ever live to see that day, son Thomas !" observed the butcher.

"Why should you doubt it, master ?" asked mistress Joan.

"Because, wife, it is easy to talk of dignities and honors, but to obtain them would be attended with difficulties, which I doubt our simple son, Thomas, will find insurmountable."

"I shall, at least, lose nothing in making the attempt," observed young Wolsey.

"There is your mistake, boy ; you will lose something very considerable," replied his father.

"Dear father, what can that be for

which the learning I shall acquire will not make me ample amends ?"

"The most flourishing butchery in Ipswich, simpleton ! which, if once lost through your inconsiderate folly, you may study till doomsday, and acquire all the learning in popedom and heathenesse into the bargain, without being able to re-establish it in its present prosperity," returned the mortified father with a groan.

A smile which the younger Wolsey strove in vain to repress, played over his features at these words.

"Ay, scorn and slight the substantial good that is within your reach for the sake of the vain shadow which is beyond your power to obtain, Thomas Wolsey," said his father with great bitterness.

"My dear father, you know little of the powers of the human mind, or of the mighty things which its energies, when once roused, and directed towards one object, may effect."

"I tell you, Thomas, that the end you propose is *impossible*."

"Sir," replied young Wolsey, "I have blotted *that word* out of my dictionary."

"I like your spirit, young man," said his father, "albeit it savoreth a little of presumption."

"That remains to be proved," said his son, "and I am quite ready that my earnestness should be tried by any test you may be inclined to demand."

"I shall hold you to your word," replied his father, "and condition, that if you take up your bachelor's degree within four years of your entering Magdalen

College, then shall you proceed in the course of life on which you are so determinately bent ; but if you fail in doing this, then shall you return to my house, and submit your future destiny to my disposal."

"If I take it not up within two years of my entering the college, barring accidents of sickness or death, then strip me of the learned stole of a clerk of Oxenford, and chain me to your girdle as a butcher's slave for life," replied the youth with heightened colour.

"Thou hast pledged thyself to that which thou canst not perform, son Thomas," replied his father. "Who ever heard of a boy of fourteen taking up a bachelor's degree at Oxenford?"

"Thou shalt hear of one anon, mine honored father," said young Wolsey.

"I will engage that thy mother shall have the finest baron of beef in my shambles to roast for dinner on the day on which I hear that news," rejoined his father.

"See that you keep my father to his promise, mother," said the youth, "for I shall travel night and day, in hopes of being the first to communicate the intelligence, or at any rate, to arrive in time to come in for a slice of the beef while it be hot."

The important object being now accomplished of obtaining the consent of the elder Wolsey to his son's entering the university of Oxford, the lad commenced his journey on the following day for that ancient seat of learning. He was on foot, for the sturdy butcher, his father, though well able to send him

thither on a stout pack-horse, attended by one of his own men, was determined to afford no facilities for an enterprise to which he had so little relish.

The loving care of mistress Joan Wolsey had supplied the youthful candidate for scarlet stockings and cardinal's hat with a few silver groats for his expenses on the road, and a needful stock of linen and other necessities, which he carried in a leathern wallet in one hand, and in the other a stout oaken staff ; but that which young Wolsey considered more precious than either money or apparel, was a letter of recommendation from the head master of the Ipswich grammar school to the master of Magdalen College.

This credential obtained for its lonely and friendless bearer that attention which his juvenile appearance, diminutive stature, and his coarse and travel-soiled attire, would most probably have failed of attracting.

Having passed his examination with great credit to himself, he was admitted as a servitor of Magdalen College. In this novel situation young Wolsey had some difficulties, and not a few hardships and privations, to contend with ; but these, when weighed against the mighty object which engrossed all his thoughts, were as dust in the balance, and the only effect they had was to increase his persevering diligence. At the end of the first term he had made a progress which astonished his masters and fellow students. Before the two years had expired within which the lad had pledged himself to take up a degree, an attempt

which his father with reason judged unattainable by a person of his tender age, the good-wife Joan Wolsey, in great haste, entered the shambles, where her husband was preparing to put an uncommonly fine baron of beef into the basket of a nobleman's servant, and laying hands upon it, exclaimed, "Why, Thomas Wolsey, what are you about to do with that meat?"

"To send it to the house of my lord, according to order, to be sure, mistress," replied the butcher, with a look of surprise.

"An it had been ordered by King Henry himself, he should not have it to-day," said Mistress Joan.

"Is your wife delirious, master Wolsey?" asked the servant.

"One would suppose so by her wild words," said the astonished butcher, who knew not what to think of the behavior of his usually discreet spouse.

"If I be, master, it is with joy," replied Joan Wolsey; "but the truth is, I came hither to claim the finest baron of beef in the shambles, which you said I should roast for dinner on the day on which you heard the news of our son, Thomas Wolsey, taking up a bachelor's degree at Oxenford."

"And who brought you the intelligence, mistress?" demanded her husband.

"A joyful messenger, my good man, for it was the boy himself, blessings on him! dressed in his bachelor's gown, and bearing the certificate of his admission as a fellow of Magdalen College."

"Humphrey!" cried the delighted

father, turning to his head-man, "take that baron of beef home to my house, and help thy mistress to spit it, and put it down to the fire, that my boy bachelor may dine off the best joint in my shambles; and do you, master Ralph," added he, turning to his lordship's servant, "make my duty to my lord, and ask him, if he will be pleased to put up with rump or ribs to-day, since the baron of beef, for which his housekeeper hath sent, was bespoken nearly two years before his order came, and my good dame hath come to claim my pledge in earnest."

"Which my lord is too strict an observer of his own word to wish you to forfeit on his account, I am sure, master Wolsey," said Ralph: "and when I explain the pleasant cause for which you have made bold to disappoint his lordship of his favorite dish to-day, he, who is himself a scholar and a patron of learning withal, will hold you excused."

This day being a holiday, the head master of the Ipswich grammar school, several of young Wolsey's chosen friends among the scholars, and the good-humored curate of St. Nicholas, were invited to partake of the baron of beef which the young bachelor had so honorably earned, and which mistress Joan Wolsey cooked in her most approved style, to the great satisfaction of her husband and the guests.

This was one of the long vacations, but no season of idleness to young Wolsey, whose unremitting application to study impaired his appetite, and ren-

dered him languid and feverish, which his anxious mother perceiving, and feeling some alarm lest his incessant mental toil might injure his naturally feeble constitution, she communicated her uneasiness to her husband, and asked him if he could not contrive some little pleasant employment for him, which would have the effect of diverting him for a few days from his sedentary occupations.

"Ay, ay, dame," replied old Wolsey, "I have a choice bit of pastime for the boy; he shall go with Humphrey and Peter and Miles to buy beeves off the Southwold and Reydon commons and marshes."

"That would do well enough, master, if the lad were any judge of cattle, which I fear, with all his college learning, he is not," responded mistress Joan.

"You may well say that, mistress," rejoined the butcher, "for, though he hath been born, bred, and nourished in the midst of such matters, and he is observant enough in other things, yet I would answer for it, he knoweth not the difference between a fat beast and a lean one, a Scot or a home-bred, yea scarcely between a long horn or a short; and were I to send him on this business of mine without my shrewd foreman, Humphrey, to instruct his ignorance and detect the knavery of the sellers, he would bring me home pretty bargains of beasts against the Easter festivals. Why these fat monks of Reydon, who are far better skilled in grazing for the Ipswich and Yarmouth markets than in their church Latin, would be sure to palm their old worn-out mortuary cows

upon him for fine young heifers, and make him pay the price of three-year-old steers for their broken-down yoke oxen that had ploughed the convent lands for the last ten years. But, as I said before, Humphrey shall go with him, who is used to their tricks of old, and will bid them half their asking price at a word, which our Thomas would be ashamed of doing to men of their cloth were he left to himself, so he shall only have the pleasant part of the business, to wit, listening to the chaffering, and paying down the money when the price is agreed upon by those who are wiser in such matters than himself."

"And how do you propose for him to perform the journey, master, for the places whereof you speak are many miles distant?" said Joan.

"Under forty miles, wife, which will be no great stretch for Miles and Peter (who are to drive the cattle) to walk; as for Thomas, he shall ride my gray mare, and Humphrey can take the black nag, and give Miles and Peter a lift behind him by turns, which will ease their legs, and make it a pleasant journey for them all. Ah! that part of Suffolk is a fine grazing country to travel through. I am sure I shall envy Thomas the prospect of so many herds and flocks as he will see on those upland meads and salt marshes; but he will think more of chopping Latin with the monks of Blithenborough, and looking over their old musty books and records, which could never give a hungry man his dinner, than of all the sensible sights he might see by the way."

"Every one to his vocation, master," replied Joan Wolsey; "yours is to feed the bodies, and my Thomas' will be to nourish the minds of men with a more enduring food than that which you have it in your power to provide."

"Gramercy, mistress!" said the butcher, with a grin; "one would think he had been feasting you on some of his improving diet, for you begin to dis-course like a doctor."

The next day, by peep of dawn, the quartette set forth from St. Nicholas' passage on their expedition, on which no one reckoned more than young Wolsey, who wearing his college cap and gown, the latter of which was tucked up round his waist, lest its long full skirts should impede his horsemanship, was mounted on his father's easy-pacing gray mare. For the convenience of riding he was accommodated with a pair of the old man's boots, which drew up far above his knees, and were wide enough to admit three pair of legs like the stripling's slender limbs. He rode cautiously at the head of the cavalcade, taking care to keep close to Humphrey, who jogged along very comfortably on the black nag, whose mettle, if ever it had possessed any, was tamed by the wear and tear of fifteen years of service in the butcher's cart.

Miles and Peter trudged steadily along with their quarter staffs in their hands, relying on their own excellent pedestrianism to reach the ultimate place of their destination almost as soon as the horsemen of the party, whose steeds they knew would be sorely jaded

before they reached St. Peter's, Wangford, where their master had directed them to crave lodging for the night of the monks of Clugni, who there occupied a cell dependent on the monastery of Thetford, which also was the parent house of the cell at Reydon.

The two saucy knaves occasionally exchanged sly glances, and cracked dry jokes on the unsuitable array and cautious riding of the young Oxford student, their master's son, and the steady jog trot of Humphrey, who rode quite at his ease on a soft sheepskin which supplied the place of a saddle, by being tightly buckled with a broad leathern strap under the belly of the black nag, whose quiet temper allowed her to be ridden safely without stirrups.

[To be continued.]

HE who has a love for nature can never be alone. In the shell he picks up on the shore—in the leaf fading at his feet—in the grain of sand and the morning dew—he sees enough to employ his mind for hours. Such a mind is never idle. He studies the works of his Maker, which he sees all round him, and finds a pleasure of which the devotee of sin and pleasure can form no conception.

ALL the strife of men ought to be, who shall do best, who shall be least.

Good men study to spiritualize their bodies; bad men to carnalize their souls.



Balloon Travels.

[Continued from Vol. XXVI.]

MERRY AND HIS FRIENDS.

Merry. Here we go again! What a curious scene the mountains, lakes, and valleys of Switzerland present to the view, as we look down upon them! The country really looks like the maps of it, with elevations and depressions, representing its physical features, which we have often seen.

James. Yes, I was just thinking of it. But, Mr. Merry, what mountains are those which stretch away to the south-east?

Merry. Those are called the Tyrolese Alps.

James. Oh, yes! how I should like to go to the Tyrol. That country is said to be even more interesting than Switzerland.

Merry. All mountainous countries seem to be interesting, partly because of their striking scenery, and partly because the inhabitants of such countries have, usually, something in their history and character, which attracts attention and excites the imagination. The Highlanders of Scotland, not only inhabit a country renowned for its beautiful lakes, its wild waterfalls and romantic valleys,

but they present to us tribes arrayed in peculiar and picturesque dresses, and they furnish us with annals full of events which touch the heart and excite the fancy, and which have given birth to some of the finest ballads and best romances which have ever been composed. The Swiss, in a similar way, interest us by their peculiar manners and customs, their picturesque costumes, and their remarkable history. The story of William Tell, who delivered his country from the tyranny of Austria, some five hundred years ago, is as interesting and as beautiful as any tale of fancy. In Sweden, the mountaineers called Dalecarlians, have a high character for independence and sturdy virtue, and their annals furnish us with exceedingly interesting accounts, illustrative of the courage, patriotism, and simplicity of the people. The Tyrolese have also their peculiar characteristics; their local manners and customs, their national costumes, their wild mountain music, their strange superstitions, and their romantic history.

James. Well, let us go and see the Tyrolese, then.

Merry. We must consider a little. You know that to the north and east of us, there are many countries, which we have not seen. There is Holland and Belgium, Germany and Denmark, and Sweden and Russia, extensive countries which it would take us six months to explain. To the south-east are Turkey and Greece. Now, suppose we leave these northern regions and go at once to the south, we can lay our course in such

a manner as to pass over the Tyrolese mountains, skirt the south-western borders of Austria, skim along the eastern shore of the Adriatic, and by sunset we may be in Greece; what say you to this?

All the Children. Oh, let us go to Greece!

Merry. Well, here we go, then! Now, observe, as we leave the Swiss Alps, we come to the Tyrolean Alps. The latter are much like the former, but the climate of the Tyrol country is milder than that of Switzerland. The people live chiefly by their sheep and cattle, which find subsistence in summer on the mountains, and in the valleys in winter. The hay being insufficient for their support, leaves are dried and kept for fodder. On the slope toward Italy, many of the people raise grapes, and others devote themselves to the production of silk. In the valley of the River Inn, thousands of the peasants live by rearing canary birds. A great part of Europe is thus supplied with these pretty songsters. In the mountains, sheltered by the clefts and ravines, are wolves, wild boars, bears, and chamois. The inhabitants are exceedingly inventive, ingenious, and industrious, but the poverty of the country obliges many of them to emigrate to the adjacent countries to seek their fortune; when, by dint of economy, they have laid up enough to maintain them at home, they immediately return. The dress of the peasantry is very gay. The men wear straw hats, ornamented with ribbons and nosegays; the women wear a thick short-gown, and lacing with

cross stripes, and a hat tapering in the shape of a sugar-loaf. Music and dancing constitute the chief amusements of the people.

Ellen. The Tyrol is certainly a very interesting country ; but what are those cities that we see scattered over a vast plain to the south.

Merry. Those are Milan, Mantua, Verona, Padua, and other cities of Northern Italy ; but look farther to the east, and you will see a large expanse of water—that is the Adriatic—near the northern shore you see a little speck that seems to float upon the water—that is Venice.

All the Children. Oh, Venice ! Venice !

Merry. Here, take the glass, Ellen, and tell us what you see.

Ellen. Really, what a curious place ! It seems as if the buildings and the streets were actually set into the water. The city is crossed by canals, just as other cities are crossed by roads.

James. Do let me take a look, Ellen, (*takes the glass.*) Oh, yes ! I can see the people going about in gondolas instead of carriages. I can see the grand canal you spoke of some time ago, Mr. Merry, which divides the city into two parts ; and I can see the bridge, the *Rialto*, which crosses it. How curious ! many of the streets are not more than four or five feet wide, and the buildings—many of them—seem to be only dingy palaces or castles. How interesting it would be to pay a visit to this place.

Merry. O yes, but we have not time. Venice is still interesting, but it is only a wreck of its former self. It is harshly

governed by the Austrians, and the people, deprived of liberty, have lost their enterprise, and give themselves up to light pleasures and gay festivity. Lord Byron, in one of his poems, speaks of it.

“ In Venice, Tasso’s echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear.
Those days are gone, but beauty still is here.
States fall—arts fade—but nature doth not die ;
Nor yet forget, how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity—
The revel of the earth—the masque of Italy !”

But look to the east yonder, and you will see another city bordering on the Adriatic. That is Trieste ; it belongs to Austria, and is the principal seaport of that kingdom. Let me take the glass a moment. It is quite a commercial place, and among the vessels I see a number bearing the flag of our own country—the stars and stripes. But we must hasten along in our voyage. The country beneath us, lying along the sea, is Dalmatia, and belongs to Austria. A range of mountains runs through it, which is but a continuation of the Alps. Now we are sweeping over Albania, which belongs to Turkey. Still farther south, you observe a peninsula extending into the Mediterranean, and skirted on all sides by islands—that is Greece.

S. G. G.

REAL fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power, who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.



Winnipiseogee and the Legend of Chocorua.

HOW many boys and girls in reciting a Geography lesson upon the state of New Hampshire have hesitated and stammered in vain attempts to pronounce the long word Winnipiseogee, which is said to be "a beautiful body of water, surrounded by a country abounding in romantic scenery."

True, it is a hard word, and truer still is the description following. A few days ago a class of little girls were reciting to me this very sentence; and when I told them that the strange formidable looking word, should be pronounced "Win-ne-pe-saw-ge," they opened their eyes very wide; and as I went on to speak of the enchanting beauty of that clear lake embosomed in the hills, with its hundreds of green islands scattered over it as if a shower of emeralds had fallen there; of the gray old mountain

sentinels which rear their tall heads so thickly around, keeping guard as it were, over a scene too beautiful for mortal eye to rest upon, their eyes opened wider and sparkled brighter; and then when I told them that the name by which the rude Indians christened this lonely lake means "the smile of the Great Spirit," their interested countenances were lighted up as if they had caught some of its glory.

And I assure you, children, that often as I have glided over these clear waters in the fairy-like boat which all the summer long dances in and out among the green islands, and watched the varied charms of the scenery round, I have felt that the "smile" still lingered there in undiminished radiance, and sweetly has it stolen into my heart and left such images of beauty as will never fade.

This lake is thirty miles in length,

but our impressions of its size when passing over it are very incorrect, so thickly is it studded with islands. These are three hundred and sixty-five in number ; and an old tradition says that on each return of the leap-year one more starts up from its hiding place and with its close sinks back again beneath the bright waters. For the truth of this, the frolicking elves that haunt these fairy-like abodes may answer, for I cannot. Some of these islands are very fertile and contain several acres of land with fine farms and picturesque little farm-houses. Others are wild and thickly wooded, so that even the bald-eagle finds a safe retreat among the branches of the tall pines which cast their shadows in the limpid water and meet those of other islets near.

I have spoken of the mountains which surround the lake. Some of them are of considerable height. There is White-face Mountain, a rugged and bare looking eminence, taking its name from the appearance which is given it by a kind of white rock scattered over its side. In another direction Gunstock Mountains, and nearer Copplecrown, from the summit of which a fine view is obtained, and Red Hill, still more celebrated, with its three gracefully curving peaks, the highest being an elevation of 2,500 feet. Parties on horseback are daily seen during the summer months winding up the narrow path which leads to it, and as they pass along, each opening in the trees reveals some new charm in the scene below.

They never forget to call on " Mother

Cook " a strange, gipsy-like old woman who resides in a little hovel near the pathway, and will always entertain her guests with goat's milk and blueberries, and tell their fortunes too. This art she must have learned from the mountain spirits with whom she has long been familiar, for forty years have passed since she descended from her elevated position as " The Old Woman of the Mountain."

But the view from the top is most surpassingly beautiful. Spread out beneath your eye is the entire lake, with its less noted and smaller, but still charming sister unworthily called " Squam." The Indians must have expended their taste upon Winnipiseogee. You are encircled by a glorious amphitheatre of hills, and in the distance the eye catches the faint outlines of the White Mountains. The Indians who formerly inhabited this region called them the " Crystal Hills" and supposed their snow-capped summits to be covered with glittering silver. Here too they thought the Great Spirit resided in mountain majesty, while the beauty of his " smile" fell softly down and rested upon their own sparkling waters. To them that distant shining land was holy ground and no Indian dared approach it.

It has been said by travelers that no scenery in Scotland or Switzerland, which hundreds cross the ocean to gaze upon, surpasses in beauty this lonely panorama which the eye feasts upon from Red Hill.

North-west of this is a singularly shaped mountain, whose barren sides and sharp

peak distinguish it from all others. This is called Chocorua Peak, and with it is connected an old Indian legend, which I will tell you.

In the early days of the American colonies, when the white man first wandered up to the hills of New Hampshire, there dwelt near this mountain a lone settler with his family. Near him lived a friendly Indian called "Chocorua," who had been in the habit of granting him many favors. One day when the white man returned from hunting, he found his house destroyed and his wife and children murdered. His suspicion fell upon the kind old Indian, and in the fury of his rage and anguish he accused him of the horrid deed, and then to

revenge himself burned his hut to the ground.

Poor Chocorua, stung to madness by the cruel distrust of the white man, fled from the smoking ruins of his home, climbed to the highest peak of the mountain near, and lifting his hands wildly in the air, pronounced a curse upon the white man, his children and his lands, his corn and his cattle forever, and then with an agonizing yell, threw himself down the precipice.

From that time, it is said, the peak where the awful curse was uttered has been called Chocorua peak, and the vegetation round has never flourished, while the soil remains barren and uncultivated to the present day.

Matthew Noggins's Letter to his Cousin.

[If any of our young readers feel disposed, they may exercise their wit by turning this humorous letter of Mr. Matthew Noggins, into a poetical form, and show the rhyming words at the end of the lines.]

MY DEAR COUSIN PETER,

IN excellent metre I'm going to explain what has puzzled my brain, as you may remember, from the tenth of December; the day you came down from great London town, in the coach with a friend, the Christmas to spend in the country with us. You remember the fuss we were in that same night, and the terrible fright we had as we lay wide awake until day, wond'ring what was the matter, because of the clatter there was in the house; neither cat, rat, nor mouse,

nor dozens of any, nor ever so many, we were sure could have made that wild cannonade.

And you haven't forgot, I'm sure you have not—how Sam, like a ghost, stood at the bed-post, as white as a sheet, trembling down to his feet, and praying that we would go with him and see what that terrible rout could be all about. Then you know how we went, with courageous intent, all three on tip-toe, above and below,—how we peeped into presses and tumbled o'er dresses—how we looked under beds and poked in our heads, to many a room of silence and gloom;—how we stole to the kitchen to see if the witch in a kettle or pan had cunningly ran. Then you know how

my mother cried out, "What a pothor is this that you make! One would think an earthquake shook the house o'er our heads;—go all to your beds!—"Tis nothing at all but the wind in the wall, or a strange cat got in that has made such a din!"

Then to bed we did creep, but it was not to sleep, for I certainly think that not one got a wink; but asleep or awake, we were all in a quake, and rejoiced when the day sent the darkness away. And at breakfast you know how old Mrs. Snow and Mrs. Germain told the tale of Cock-lane, and many another such tale to my mother, and all looked so queer, betwixt wonder and fear, that we very well knew that all of them too had had a good fright, upon the last night, as well as ourselves, whom they called "silly elves." But you know, after this, there was nothing amiss, and the nights were as still as the top of a hill, where there cannot be heard e'en the chirp of a bird: and so ever after 'twas subject of laughter.

But Peter, my friend, just read to the end, and then you shall know what chanced two nights ago.

When all were asleep, just as day 'gan to peep, about three of the clock, ere the crow of the cock, we were waked, one and all, by a rattle and squall, and a rumbling and jumbling, as if things were tumbling right over our heads—or as if on the leads loads of stones had been hurled—or the end of the world was certainly coming, with thumping and drumming, and running about, the most horrible rout—with the squall of a cat

and the cry of a bird, such a racket as ne'er out of Bedlam was heard!

Well, you may be sure this could not endure without in a flurry and very great hurry all running to see what the matter could be. And Martha and Jane, and stout Adam Blane, and old Thomas and I, we determined to try if we could not find out what the noise was about; so up stairs and down we went over the house, and left not a corner to harbour a mouse. The old clock was ticking, the crickets were clicking; the little canary hung up in the dairy, and the guinea-pig lay fast asleep in the hay, and there was not a trace of a thing out of place. But just at the moment, when we had got no scent, again it was heard, so loud, on my word, that we started each man, and the women looked wan, with a terrified stare, as they whispered "Tis there!" Then old Thomas Baffin, did straight fall a-laughing, and bade us all follow; and off with a "Hollo!" ran up the back stairs, shouting, "I'll give you bones to rattle like stones! You dog and you cat, what would you be at!" Says Martha to Jane, "Why, he's mad, and that's plain! let's go up to Missis' and say how strange this is!" But I answered "O no, you shall not do so, you would frighten my poor mother out of her wits; why, you look as if both were just falling in fits—what a couple of cowards you are to be sure! Nay, stay by the fire if you dare go no higher, and Adam and I will go up and spy what this horrible riot and racket can be."

Now mark, you are told that I looked

very bold; but Peter, my dear, let me say in your ear, that I certainly felt as if going to melt; for I heard such a battering, such thundering and clattering, and Thomas a-calling, as if for help bawling, that I felt half inclined to alter my mind, and not back the fellow, howe'er he might-bellow.

But on with my letter—my pride got the better—so bidding my cowardice go to the wall, I up stairs ascended to see the thing ended, and know what old Thomas had found, after all. Well, when I got there, at the top of the stair, I turned round to see where Adam might be; but, think ye, no Adam had ventured with me! However, I heard where old Thomas Baffin was chuckling and laughing, and "Come up," says he, "and then you shall see what this riot and rout has been all about!" So through his own chamber, I onward did clamber, and out on the leads saw a cluster of heads, and 'mong them old Thomas's face with a grin of the merriest meaning that ever was seen. "O, master," says he, "come up here to me, and I'll show you a sight worth another such fright!" Well, I went up, and what do you think I should find? Old Growler and Vixen the cat, and the raven that's blind;—and betwixt them a great big shin-bone of a horse, which they jumbled about without any remorse—and gnawed at, and clawed at—and fought for, like mad; and a terrible battle no doubt they had had!

But ere I have done I must tell you the fun we had in expelling the ghost from the dwelling. Down stairs in a

flurry, we drove hurry-scurry, with a "Whist!" and a "Hey!" old Vixen away; then Growler went next, half ashamed and perplexed, with his great dangling tail like a torn windmill sail; and after him blundering the big bone went thundering—knock—knock down the stairs at a terrible rate, and gave our friend Adam a bump on the pate; but ere he had time for a grunt or a groan, flap, flap went the blind raven over the bone, right into the kitchen both croaking and screeching!

Next after the three came Thomas and me; very great with our glory, as you may conceive. So here ends my story, and I take my leave; and the sooner, the better, you send me a letter.

So Peter, good bye,

You know well that I

Am your friend, as of old,

MATTHEW NOGGINS of Wold.

DR. O. W. HOLMES says;—"We like new forms of the poetic element, even if they resemble the old; as the birth of a child is always a charming novelty, although Cain was the only really venerable and truly original baby."

TEN poor men can sleep tranquilly upon a mat; but two kings are not able to live at peace in a quarter of the world.

A TENDER CONSCIENCE is an inestimable blessing; that is, a conscience not only quick to discover what is evil, but instantly to *shun it*, as the eyelid closes itself against a mote.

Adventures of Gilbert Go-ahead.

[Continued from Vol. XXVI.]

I HARDLY know whether my readers will forgive me for introducing such long accounts of the famous men of those far-off regions into which my travels have now led me. Nevertheless, one must take some risk, now and then, and therefore I shall venture a little more in this line, giving free permission to everybody to skip over what they don't like. I recollect that in my early days, my mother asked Tom Liverlight, one of my playfellows, to dine with us, and he consented. He wielded his knife and fork very well, but when we offered him some custard he drew back, and said, somewhat sulkily, that he wouldn't have any.

"Why not?" said my mother.

"'Cause I!" said he.

"'Cause why?" was the answer.

"'Cause I don't know what it is."

"It's custard."

"Wal,—I don't like it."

"Really,—and why not?"

"'Cause I never tasted it."

And so Thomas Liverlight went without his custard; and so, my readers who reject the history of Georgis Khan, and Tamerlane, because they never heard of these strange characters before, may shove back from the table, if they please, and let others devour the feast.

I remained at Samarcand nearly three weeks, during which time I was chiefly occupied in reading the history of Tartary. This city, as I have before stated,

was the residence of Timour or Tamerlane, and under him it became one of the most splendid capitals in the world.

Timour was quite as remarkable in his history as the great Zingis: indeed the incidents of his life are even more romantic. He was the son of prince Tragai, and born near his father's capital, called Kech, in Independent Tartary, A. D. 1336. His mother was the beautiful queen Tekine Katune. His birth, according to the history of his country, had been long predicted to one of his ancestors, by a dream, in which eight splendid stars seemed to shoot out of the sleeper. The eighth appeared to cast round such a glory as to illuminate the four quarters of the world. This was understood to mean that a prince, in the eighth generation, should be born, who would fill the earth with the splendor of his deeds. Timour was understood, at the moment of his birth, to be the prince pointed out by the prophecy, and of course great things were expected of him.

His biographers were pretty much like our modern president makers. These latter, when they fix upon a man to fill the chief office of the nation, write pamphlets and books about him, and though he was an ordinary man before, he is now made to swell up into a prodigy. All his little, commonplace actions and sayings, which had before passed as hardly worth recording, are now embel-

lished, and colored, and exaggerated, so as to appear like marvellous indications of his future greatness. Even the facts of history are changed, and if the hero always ran away from battle, these kind biographers make it out that, somehow or other, he was always victorious, and therefore they bestow upon him the title of a great general. If there is a blank in his biography, in which he said and did nothing, they fill it up with magnificent flourishes of what he will do, if he comes into power. The people of modern times are like the people of ancient times, and they love to be amused and cheated in this way. Hence we often see them paying homage to the images of "clay and brass," which juggling politicians have set up for them. How these cunning magicians must laugh in their sleeves to see the enthusiasm of the masses for the little puppets whom they have dressed up and made to appear like giants.

The biographers of Timour not only tell us of the dream of the eight stars, but they go on to assert that as soon as he reached the age of reason, something might be seen in all his actions which showed an air of sovereignty. He would talk of nothing but thrones and crowns, and his favorite discourses had reference to the art of war or the government of kingdoms.

All this was no doubt made up afterwards, when the career of Timour being finished, it was thought fit by his historians to invent stories of his early life, to suit his actual character. In this respect the biographers differed from

those we have alluded to above, inasmuch as their inventions were compatible with the object in view.

I cannot tell a hundredth part of the tales related of Timour, during the early part of his life. One only must suffice as a sample. On a certain occasion, during a state of war, as he was waiting for his confederates, at Samarcand, the enemy came upon him. With sixty persons, he fled into the desert, but here he was suddenly met and attacked by a thousand Getes—wild Tartar warriors of those regions. He and his men fought with incredible strength and valor, and finally slew the greater part of the assailants. At last his men were all killed but ten, and then, three others, appalled at the danger, fled. With his little band Timour now wandered about in the wilderness, but he was finally captured and thrown into prison. After a time he escaped, swam across the river Oxus, and being joined by a few followers, he led the life of a robber and outlaw.

After a time he returned to his native country, and three of his friends—who were chiefs—hearing that he was in the desert, went to see him. At length they found him, and Timour thus described the interview: "When their eyes fell upon me they were overwhelmed with joy, and they alighted from their horses. Then they came and kneeled and kissed my stirrup. I also came down from my horse, and took each of them in my arms. And I put my turban upon the head of the first chief; my girdle, rich in jewels, and wrought with gold, I bound on the loins of the second; and

the third I clothed in my coat. And they wept, and I wept also : and the hour of prayer arrived, and we prayed. And we mounted our horses and came to my dwelling, and I collected my people and we made a feast."

Whatever else we may think of Tamerlane, we must admit that he had a pleasant way of telling a story.

The career of this famous chief was but little more than a series of bloody conquests and savage triumphs. He ravaged the countries immediately around him, and then undertook more distant enterprises. He compelled Persia to submit to his authority, and imposed an amount as tribute on the rich island city of Ormus, of six hundred thousand dinars of gold. He subdued all Western Asia, and a portion of Europe, even threatening Moscow and Novgorad—burning Azof, and reducing to ashes many other Russian cities. He conquered Bajazet, the powerful and warlike sultan of the Turks, in Asia Minor, who met him with 400,000 troops. Having taken him prisoner, he confined him in an iron cage. He invaded India or Hindostan, and plundered it of its countless treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones. Finally he gathered an army of 1,200,000 men, and in mid-winter set out for the conquest of China. On his way he was taken with fever, and died at Otvar, A. D. 1405, aged seventy years.

Some of the accounts of this fearful man fill the mind with horror. After a victory he would erect towers formed of the heads of the slain, or perhaps of

the prisoners, each soldier being obliged to bring one head, to aid in constructing the hideous pile. In one instance, he ordered 4,000 soldiers and their horses to be pitched into the moat of a city which he had taken. In an expedition against the Getes, he took 2,000 prisoners. These he had piled alive, one upon the other, with brushes and mortar between, to construct military works. Seventy thousand heads were used by him as building materials, in the city of Ispahan, in Persia, for the construction of towers. The people, in this case, were massacred by the soldiers to supply these heads, a price being fixed for them by order of Timour !

The amount of the spoils taken by the armies of this conqueror almost exceeds the powers of the imagination. On returning from India, the soldiers were loaded with diamonds and other precious stones. Each had several slaves, some of whom were royal princesses.

Yet, it would appear that Tamerlane was not all savage. He had great pleasure in seeing his army recreating themselves, after the fatigues and sacrifices of war. He took a lively interest in his generals, and rewarded them with costly presents.

On the birth of a grandson, he made a great feast, at his capital of Samarcand, then the depository of the spoils of his victories. Seats were erected, which extended for six miles. The emperor was seated on a gorgeous throne, a vast crowd of beautiful females, covered with veils of gold brocade, sprinkled with

jewels, being on either side. There were luxuries from various countries, the choicest wines of every climate, and a gorgeous host of officers and soldiers, which rendered the scene more like a dream than a reality.

Such scenes as these show that Timour had a taste for magnificence, but it seems that the gratification of his own pride and vanity, even in such cases, was his ruling passion. It is sickening to the heart to read the lives of such men, who, in our more enlightened age, appear rather like monsters than human beings.

S. G. G.

Questions well answered.

A SOPHIST, wishing to puzzle Thales, the Milesian, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him in rapid succession the following difficult questions. The philosopher replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety and precision, our readers can judge for themselves.

What is the oldest of all things? God—because he always existed.

What is the most beautiful? The world—because it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things? Space—because it contains all that is created.

What is the quickest of all things? Thought—because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.

What is the strongest? Necessity—because it makes men face all the dangers of life.

What is the most difficult? To know yourself aright.

What is the most constant of all things? Hope—because it still remains with man after he has lost everything else.

Duelling.

TRAVELING in a stage-coach, Professor V—— got into an argument with a fellow-traveler about duelling, the necessity of which the professor strenuously denied. The other stoutly maintained it, and insisted that there were many cases which could be decided only by a duel.

"I deny that," said the professor.

"Poh!" exclaimed the other; "quite clear! Why, what else can you do? Here are you and I talking together; and suppose we get into a warm argument, and I say to you, 'You lie!' what can you do then? You must fight me—there's no other remedy."

"I deny it," replied the professor, with provoking coolness.

"Well, but what can you do?"

"Why," he again replied, "if you say to me, 'You lie!' I should say, 'Prove it.' If you prove it, I do lie; if you don't prove it, it's you that lie. And there is an end of the matter."

LONGFELLOW calls Sunday the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week.

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. All this is very simple, but it is worth keeping in mind.



Merino Sheep.

IN 1808, the Hon. Robert R. Livingstone, after traveling on the European continent, wrote an "Essay on Sheep," in which he gave a brief description of the French Merinos. This essay was published under the patronage of the Legislature of the State of New York, in 1809. Of the introduction of merino sheep into France, Chancellor Livingstone says: "It having been fully ascertained that merino sheep could be acclimated in France, Louis XVI. made application to the Spanish Government for permission to export from thence a number of merinos. This was not only granted, but orders were given by the queen that they should be selected from the finest flocks in Old Spain. In the year 1786, four hundred arrived in France, under the care of Spanish shep-

herds. These are said to have been so much superior to any that had been before introduced, as not to admit of any comparison between them, which will be easily credited by those who know the difference between picked sheep, and a whole flock taken together. M. Gilbert, one of the members of the National Institute of France, speaking of the qualities of these sheep, says: 'The stock from which the flock of Rumbouillet was derived, was composed of individuals beautiful beyond description; having been chosen from a number of flocks in different parts of Spain, they were distinguished by very striking local differences. These characteristic differences have been melted into each other by their successive alliances, and from thence have resulted a race, which, per-

haps, resembles none of those which composed the primitive stock, but which certainly does not yield in any circumstances to the most beautiful in point of size, form and strength, or in the fineness, length, softness, strength and abundance of the fleece. Almost all the fleeces of those of two years and upwards, weigh from twelve to thirteen pounds, after deducting the tags and the wool from the belly, which are sold separately."

The above engraving is from a daguerreotype by Topley, of a yearling French merino, to which was awarded the highest prize at the Vermont State Fair, in September, 1853. He is owned by S. W. Jewett, and H. S. Morse, of Middlebury, Vt.; and if all who keep sheep would emulate these gentlemen, and select the finest qualities, they would be well rewarded, for there is a great difference between the profits of a flock yielding three pounds of wool a-piece, and one yielding thirteen pounds a-piece, just as there is a difference between the profit of a cow that yields four quarts of milk a day, and one that yields twenty quarts; or the promise of a boy that gets ten lines to a lesson, and one that gets ten pages. In whatever we engage, it is well to aim at the highest point of perfection. In all matters of business it is the best economy, and in all matters of self-culture and of morals, it is the best policy.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Home Journal* tells this anecdote:

I once passed through a door-yard

gate which did, though unintentionally, give an indication of the designer's character. The gate was a common one, shut by a chain and ball. But the post to which the inner end of the chain was attached, was carved and painted in the likeness of a negro, with one hand raised to his cocked hat, and the other extended to welcome you in. As you opened the gate toward you, in going in, the negro post-pointer bent 'toward you, and by a joint in his back fairly bowed you in. Upon letting the gate go a spring in his back "brought him up standing" again, ready for the next comer. This faithful fellow performed the amiable for his master for many years, without reward, except now and then a new coat of paint; and finally died of a rheumatic back, contracted in his master's service.

SWIFT called after a man carrying a hare over his shoulders, "Is that your own hare, or a wig?"

FIGHT hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come; but resist it stoutly. A spark will set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revenges, knows no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

AN infidel remarked, within the hearing of a girl of thirteen, that all things came by chance; and the world, like a mushroom, sprang up in the night, "I should like to know, sir," she asked, "where the seed came from?"

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

I watched a little blue-eyed girl, when she received the December No. of our Museum, and what do you think she did? I will tell you. She turned over the leaves without stopping, till she came to the "Chat," and then, without even looking at what Robert Merry had to say, she went at the letters and the puzzles.

Now I should not wonder if lots of you did just so. Well, I shall not complain, but I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to make a short speech this time,—just long enough to say, "I wish you all a Happy New Year!"

CLEVELAND, Dec. 12th, 1853.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Another year has rolled round, and I again send you my subscription for your excellent Museum for 1854. I like your Museum very much. I hope that Mr. Go-ahead will get home safe and well, after enduring so many hardships. The city of Cleveland is situated on Lake Erie, at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river. It is a very beautiful city, and fully merits the title of Forest City, which is bestowed upon it on account of the great number of forest-trees which line the streets. Six miles from the city there is a very pretty village, called Newburgh. It was formerly said of Cleveland, that it was a small village, six miles from Newburgh. But now Cleveland contains about 31,000 inhabitants, while Newburgh contains only about 2500. The location of the city is dry and healthy. In the centre of the town there are ten acres in the form of a public square. It is very beautifully laid out, and shaded with elm trees.

Your friend and subscriber,

FRANK A. SPENCER.

PLEASANT RETREAT, Dec., 1853.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—The December number of your ever-welcome magazine has come to hand, and one of the letters it contains refers to a matter that I wish to know something more about. In the letter signed C. T. B., they say something about a bound volume offered for a new subscriber. I had never noticed any such proposition, and on hunting up the back numbers I could find nothing of any such matter. Will you please to explain?

I send you some answers to enigmas. I am very young, and not very smart at solving puzzles, although I have advanced far beyond the awful "*Hic, haec, hoc*," in the language of the ancients. Mr. Merry, I have concluded to put forth my feeble efforts to get you some subscribers among my schoolmates and friends. Next time I write, I hope to send you one or two new names at least.

Your constant reader and friend,

MARY.

MARY.—We will explain the matter which you do not understand. We offered a bound volume of Merry's Museum to all who should, in a specified time, send us one dollar to pay for next year's subscription, and one dollar more for a new subscriber to either Merry's Museum or the Mother's Magazine. Our subscribers are so well pleased with the plan, that we have de-

cided to extend the time, as you will see by a notice. Are there not many of our readers who will in this way get the whole set of Merry—13 yearly volumes—a volume for every two new subscribers, at \$1 each.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Nov. 21st, 1853.

MR. MERRY:—Your interesting magazine has afforded me a great deal of pleasure and amusement. Whenever I feel lonely or weary, I get the Museum. I would not part with it for anything. I value it above any other book. I hope to take it until I grow to be a man. I think Gilbert Go-ahead deserves his name, for he appears to be going ahead all the time; if I had been in as many scrapes as he has, I should begin to think about getting home. Above all, I take a great pleasure in reading the Monthly Chat. Here is my "dollar," for the Museum, which I think contains more than a dollar's worth of knowledge.

Your constant friend,

T. AUGUSTUS SIMPSON.

DELPHI, IND., Dec. 2d, 1853.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have been a reader of the Museum ever since I was able to read, and have been very much interested and instructed by it. I am now thirteen years old, but as I have two little brothers, and a little sister, I hope it will be a long time before your Museum stops its visits to our home. Delphi is a very pleasant village, of 1800 inhabitants, situated on the Wabash and Erie Canal, between the cities of Lafayette and Logansport; and the Wabash Valley railroad, from Lake Erie to St. Louis, is now being constructed through it. We have five churches, and are building a very large and handsome Union school-house, which will be an honor to the place. Mr. Merry, if you should ever come out this way, in your balloon travels, and should drop down to see us, I should be pleased to pilot you over some of our beautiful prairies, especially the *Grand prairie*, which extends west of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. It is only ten miles from us to its eastern border.

Your Hoosier friend,

WILLIE WRIGHT.

We shall be very happy to accept your invitation, Willie, for we have a great admiration of prairie life; and if it were not that we must stay by the Museum, we would even go on to the prairies to live.

MR. MERRY:—I would not write to you now, but I wish to send you a piece of poetry, which was composed on the death of my little brother, who died only two weeks ago. I loved my little brother, and feel comforted with the thought that he is now in heaven.

Besides sending you this poetry, I wish to thank you for the information I am gaining from your Museum. "Little Muck," "Balloon Travels," "Gilbert Go-ahead," &c., are all good, very good.

Your friend,

MARY ALICE ILES.

MIDWAY, KY., 2d December, 1853.

Accompanying the above letter is a touching monody of a father on the death of a son. We have room but for one stanza:

"Tell me, ye sons of virtue, tell,
Will he with sainted spirits dwell
In regions light?
And sweetly raise his feeble voice,
And singing, evermore rejoice,
An angel bright?"

When those that we love die—and who has not lost a dear friend?—how soothing is the thought, if we can think of them as sainted spirits in heaven; and how thankful should we be for that blessed Gospel which reveals such a hope. Our little friend, Mary, and her dear parents, have our sympathy; we, too, know what it is to lose a friend.

MR. MERRY:—I send you an arithmetical question: "If John can eat a cake in ten minutes, and Sam in fourteen, in what time could they both eat it?" Another problem. "A father has a piece of land in the form of a right-angled triangle, the base being 25 poles, and the perpendicular 12, which he wishes to divide into two equal pieces, by a line parallel to the perpendicular. At what distance from the perpendicular must that line be drawn?"

Yours, respectfully,
J. S. BOWLES,
near Harrison, O.

HARMONY, CLARK CO., OHIO, }
Nov. 26th, 1853. }

MR. MERRY:—Sir:—Excuse me for sending this puzzle, which I copy from an old book:

To tell any person any number he may privately fix on.

When the person has fixed on a number, bid him double it, and add four to that doubling; then multiply the whole by 5; to the product let him add 12, and multiply the amount by 10. From the total of this let him deduct 320, and tell you the remainder—from which if you cut off the two right hand figures, the number that remains will be what he fixed upon.

For instance—

Suppose the number chosen is	7
Which doubled	14
Add four to it, and it will make	18
Multiply 18 by 5 gives	90
To which add 12, is	102
Multiply that by 10, makes	1020
From which deduct 320, the remainder is	700
And by striking off the two ciphers, it becomes the number thought of.	7
With respect,	W.

MR. MERRY:—Dear Sir:—Father says, if I will write to you he will give me the money to take the Museum another year. We have taken it since 1845, and have seven nicely-bound volumes. To-day I went around to see how many subscribers I could get to take your Museum, and found five.

The answer to Mary A. Clark's enigma is "Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends." The answer to Jeanpie E. Wells, is "Latting Observatory."

Enclosed are six dollars, and twelve postage stamps to pay the postage on the books.

From your friend and subscriber,
EDW. H. RIPLEY,
Rutland, Vt.

Dec. 14th, 1853.

MR. MERRY:—I think I have found the answers to some of the puzzles in your December No. They are as follows: To the puzzle by W. H. Coleman, "Levi;"

enigma, by Mary A. Clark, "Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends." To first conundrum, by Willie, "Step-father;" and to the 2d, "Axe-tree."

NEW IPSWICH, Dec. 12th, 1853.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have just received the last number of your Magazine, and will endeavor to answer some questions. The first of Willie's is "Step-father;" 2d, "Axe-tree." I thought the answer to the conundrum, "Why is a locomotive like a belle?" was, "Because she draws everything in her train." Perhaps Willie Coleman is right. Will you be so kind as to inform me?

Also, I thought W. F. Draper's conundrum, "What two letters of the alphabet have eyes?" was, "I" and "U" (you).

Yours, truly,
S. ARTHUR BENT.

As both answers in the above premises may be correct, we leave it to our friends to choose whichever they think most appropriate.

WEYBRIDGE, Vermont, 1853.

MR. MERRY:—I have wanted to learn to write these three years, so that I could contribute a little to the Museum.

I live at "Monument Place," so named because the admirers of Silas Wright have erected a large marble monument here to his memory. Our school-house is on the land where this great and good man learned his A, B, C.

When Silas was a little boy, like myself, he was one time punished at school; not for anything he had done, but rather than bring out and expose his friend and schoolmate, he preferred to receive the chastening-rod upon his own back. Silas was not a tell-tale. All the school-boys loved him dearly.

I send one dollar more for Merry's Museum.

Affectionately, CHARLES JEWETT.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 17th, 1853.

MR. MERRY:—I send you the answer to the puzzle by Willie H. Coleman:

Levi was one of the tribes of Israel.

All desire to live.

A veil is a part of a lady's apparel.

Many men are vile.

And vile is an adjective.

Also, the answer to Mary A. Clark's enigma is "Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends."

Yours, truly, EFFIE ROBINSON.

The subscriber who first sends in a correct translation of the following song, shall receive by return mail a volume of Merry's Museum, neatly bound. It is in a language which you all alike understand, and is easy, when you know how. We will give the name of the successful competitor and the translation next month.

Koob eht niw thgiarts ll'uoy
Kool dna yduts ot
Evloser uoy fi dna
Evlos ot ysae m'I

Desolqne gninaem ym
Desopsnart srettel ni
Gnol heni na tuoba
Gnos trohs a ma I



THE DREAM OF DEVOTION. See page 60.



The Gladiators.

GGLADIATORS were combatants who fought at the public games in Rome, for the entertainment of the spectators. They were at first prisoners, slaves, or condemned criminals, but afterwards freemen fought in the arena, either for hire or from choice. The regular gladiators were instructed in schools intended for this purpose. Overseers of this school purchased the gladiators and

maintained them. They were hired of him by those who wished to exhibit games to the people. The games were commenced by a *prælusio*, in which they fought with weapons of wood, till, upon a signal, they assumed their arms, and begun in earnest to fight in pairs. In case the vanquished was not killed in the combat, his fate was decided by the people. If they decreed his death the

thumb was held up in the air ; the opposite motion was a signal to save him. In general the doomed gladiator suffered death with wonderful firmness, and often heroically bared his bosom to the death blow. If he wished to appeal to the people, he raised his hand. When a gladiator was killed in the arena, attendants, appointed for the purpose, dragged the body with iron hooks into a room prepared for this use. The victors received a branch of palm or a palm garland. They were often released from further servitude, and as a badge of freedom, received a wooden sword.

We can readily conceive that when brought to the dread conflict in which the alternative before them was an ignominious slaughter or a life of freedom, they would fight with a desperate courage, and perform almost superhuman feats of strength and skill. They often were captives, that by the chances of war had been torn from home and friends and country, and all that is dear in life, and on the fate of this one struggle depended all of hope and happiness that this world held out to them.

But it not unfrequently happened that captives from the same country—friends, relations, brothers—by the merciless decree of their cruel captors, were arrayed in this death struggle against each other. Those who had been companions in youth, companions in war and in defeat, who had lived and loved together, were doomed to fight against each other to gratify the imperious and cruel taste of spectators more degraded and far more depraved than the poor slaves that

were sacrificed to gratify their morbid desires.

The history of humanity impresses us with this truth, that the human character is made up of strange contrasts and inconsistencies. It seems strange, and almost incredible to us, that a people like the Romans, so cultivated in their literature, and so far advanced in civilization, and so exalted in many of their attributes, should yet cherish the sanguinary and cruel spirit that could find amusement and pleasure in the barbarities of a gladiatorial struggle, should delight in the flow of human blood, and in the merciless sacrifice of one who fought for dear life, and perhaps for wife, and home, and children, yet such is the fact. Gladiatorial combats were reserved for feast-days and occasions of special joy. They were patronized and paid for by the opulent and titled—the very elite of the realm. Handsome ladies, arrayed in their costly attires, and decked with jewels of untold wealth, found a pleasure in the excitements of the death struggle between the poor combatants. Were these persons devoid of sensibility? No ; there were many of them endowed with noble natures. They were kind and sympathizing ; they loved as mothers and sisters. Then how can we account for this strange, this cruel taste ? It was the effect of education. Many enormities were tolerated in past ages, which are now no more. We do not believe the world is growing worse, but better ; and we have reason to be grateful that we live in these later times.



Something about the Month of February.

THE month of February, the shortest month in the year, is come, and the winter is wearing away, and in some countries the little birds are said to pair on the 14th day, which is called St. Valentine's Day. In this month comes Shrove Tuesday, when it was the custom to fry pancakes, and Ash Wednesday, and Candlemas Day, when some churches in England are wholly illuminated. In February, too, the Carnival

in Rome is celebrated in great perfection by the whole Catholic populaçe. In old times these Holidays or Saints' days were kept with all manner of frolic and fun ; but the observance is dying away, and you must now ask your grandmothers to describe the ceremonies. Lent begins about this time, and no meat is to be eaten by the strict Catholics after Pancake Day.

Perhaps you can tell me, why it is

that children talk less in this month than in any other? and likewise which is the greatest *Friday* in the year? and while you are thinking of these questions I will tell you of the Popish Carnival. It commences from Twelfth Day and holds till Lent. At Rome it lasts for nine days, and it is no where seen in such perfection as at this place. The equipages on the Corso, the principal street in the city, display great magnificence, and a fantastic style of ornament never indulged but in Carnival time. They are preceded by running footmen, and attended by numerous servants in splendid liveries. The great variety of droll masks on foot is by far the most diverting part of the scene. Here are numbers of coarse athletic carmen dressed as women, fanning themselves with a pretended delicacy highly comic, and hanging on the arms of their mistresses, whose little slender figures, strutting in breeches, make no less ridiculous an appearance. This kind of metamorphosis on such an occasion, and in such ranks, is entertaining enough, though not to be tolerated in regular society.

A very common character in these masquerades is a man dressed like a quaker, who runs up to every body making a sort of thrilling, buzzing noise with his lips, and a very idiotic stare. After the promenade has continued about two hours, the coaches are all drawn up in a row, on each side of the street, and foot passengers either station themselves between them and the houses, or are seated on rows of chairs or benches on the side walk, which is in some parts raised three

or four feet above the central pavement: then a horse race commences. Every afternoon this kind of promenading, riding, dancing, masquerading, &c., is carried on. On the last day, all the diversions are carried to the highest pitch. The crowd is prodigious; but although every body is full of tricks, and all distinction of ranks and persons laid aside, it is wonderful to see the whole show pass off without the least ill behavior, or any thing like a quarrel. About dusk, every one takes a small lighted taper in his hand, and many people hold several, and happy the one who can keep the greatest number lighted, for the amusement consists in trying to extinguish each other's candles. Some carry large flambeaux. All the windows and roofs are crowded with spectators, and scarcely any body is without lights, so that the street looks like a starry firmament.

Below are seen carriages parading up and down, more whimsical and gaudy than ever. Some resemble triumphal cars, decked with wreaths of flowers, and particolored lamps in festoons. The company in these carriages also carry tapers and a plentiful supply of ammunition of sugar-plums to pelt their acquaintance on each side, insomuch that the field of action looks next morning as if there had been a shower of snow. These carriages contain the first company and most elegant women in Rome, fantastically dressed and generally unmasked. They are open to the jokes and compliments of every body who chooses to stand on the steps of the coach doors, which are very low, and

the ladies are not backward in repartee. When they have no answer ready, a volley of sugarplums will generally repulse the besiegers. The ranks on the sidewalks are in a continual roar of laughter, and the whole crowd are putting forth all the time real effusions of good humor. Before ten o'clock every one retires home, and the whole city is quiet. Thus ends the Carnival at Rome.

Wolsey Bridge; or, The Boy Bachelor.

[Continued from page 16.]

THE sun rose brightly in a soft April sky by the time they reached Wood-bridge. Young Wolsey had now become familiar with the paces of the gray mare, and the excitement of the exercise, the beauty of the morning, the invigorating freshness of the air, and lovely succession of new and agreeable objects, contributing to raise his spirits, he soon began to assume a little more of the cavalier, and occasionally used the whip and the spurs, in defiance of all Humphrey's prudential cautions. Nature had well qualified the youthful student, both in form and agility, to play the graceful horseman, and before they arrived at Wickham Market, the skill and boldness with which he managed his steed was a matter of surprise to the whole party.

At this little town they stopped, and refreshed both men and beasts with a substantial breakfast, and then set forward on their journey with renewed spirits. Young Wolsey, who had a purpose of his own to answer, put his father's mare to her speed, and soon left the pedestrian Peter, and the hapless nag with its double burden, of Humphrey and Miles, far in the rear, regardless of their shouts of "Fair play, mas-

ter Thomas! fair play!" and "Alack, alack, sir, have a care of our good master's mare!"

But the stripling, who liked not the repeated hints which Humphrey had given him of the propriety and expediency, to say nothing of the kindness, of giving poor Peter a lift behind him, now they were clear of the houses, was determined to ride forward, not wishing the bachelor's cap and gown to appear in such close fellowship with the butcher's blue and greasy buff of his father's men. Besides, he greatly desired, instead of keeping the jog-trot pace that suited their convenience, to gain an hour or two to spend with the monks of the Holyrood at Blitheborough, and to examine the antiquities, architecture, and localities of that ancient and interesting place, through which the route chalked out for him by his father lay; but the elder Wolsey had strictly charged Humphrey in his hearing, "not to permit his young master to delay their journey, by wasting his time and theirs in prating Lating gibberish with the black locusts of Blitheborough" (as he irreverently styled those worthy anchorites), "especially as he did not want to deal with them for sheep, the last he had bought

off their walks having proved a very poor bargain."

Now young Wolsey, when he heard this caution, secretly resolved to arrange matters so as to enjoy the conference with the monks without either infringing his father's directions, or being pestered with the company of his blue-frocked retainers. So he prest his mare on, and though, as well as her, sorely wearied with the unwonted number of miles he had traversed, his youthful spirits carried him forward with unabated energy, till, on descending the last hill after crossing the extensive track of purple heath, known by the name of Blitheborough Sheep-walks, that most stately structure, the church of the Holy Trinity, rose before him in all the magnificence of the monastic ages of its glory, in the elaborate richness of the florid gothic architecture, untouched by time and unimpaired by accident, with the bright sunbeams playing and flashing on the many-colored stains of its wide and lofty windows.

Young Wolsey checked his horse, and gazed upon this noble edifice with the enthusiasm natural to the future founder of colleges and gothic buildings; then slowly, and looking often backwards, he proceeded to the cell and chapel of the Holyrood, which indeed was so contiguous to the spot that he was able still to enjoy a close view of the new church, as it was then called, while he partook of the good cheer which the hospitable fraternity produced for his refreshment, and to which the hungry stripling did ample justice.

As the bells were chiming for vespers, monastic etiquette compelled him to accompany the monks to their pretty chapel; and when the evening service was concluded, the friendly monks gratified their visitor with an interior view of the church of the Holy Trinity, and pointed out to him its rich carvings, screens, trellises, and magnificently sculptured and emblazoned roof.

Young Wolsey had been too deeply engaged in the contemplation of these interesting localities to embrace the opportunity of displaying his own learning to the friendly monks, who had treated him with the respect which his natural talents and early acquirements were well calculated to inspire, and pressingly invited him to sojourn with them during the rest of the evening, and pass the night in their dormitory; but the importunities of Humphrey (who, with Peter and Miles, had arrived while he was at Vespers, and having refreshed themselves and the black nag, were now clamorous to proceed) prevailing over his desire of accepting an invitation so agreeable to his own inclinations, he took a loving farewell of the hospitable fraternity, promising to find some way of gratifying his wish of passing a few hours with them on his return. Then mounting the gray mare, he rode forward at a gentle pace with his weary and somewhat malcontent companions, who scrupled not to reproach him for the want of good fellowship he had displayed in deserting their company. Nor did Humphrey fail to exert the privilege of an old and trusted servant, by rating

his young master soundly for having over-heated the gray mare on a long journey, besides incurring much peril of accidents both to himself and that valuable animal, on account of his being an inexperienced rider, and quite unacquainted with the road.

The young student, who was of course rather impatient of these rebukes, which he considered very derogatory to the dignity of a bachelor of Oxford to receive from butchers and cattle drovers, endeavored to escape from them by a repetition of his offence, namely, outriding the party; but that was no longer in his power, for he had fairly knocked up the gray mare so that she was unable to compete with the shabby nag on which Humphrey rode, and the only alternative left him was to listen meekly, or to turn a deaf ear, to the reproaches that assailed him right and left, and amuse himself with his own reflections, or in contemplating the charms of the varied landscape before him, when, on ascending the gentle hill leading from Blithburgh, he found himself among the rich woods and cowslipped meads of Henham, whose castellated hall, then the residence of the Brandons, rose in all its gothic grandeur over grove and vale, as the crowning object of the prospect, but was soon after hidden behind the intervening screen of deep embowering shades, which were then almost impervious to the light of day, and converted the advancing gloom of evening into early night. No sooner was the party involved in this obscurity, than the offended trio, Humphrey, Miles, and Peter, united their

voices in a universal chorus of grumbling at their detention at Blithburgh, declaring they were benighted, and should in all probability be robbed of the sum entrusted to them for the purchase of the cattle.

The welcome sound of the curfew bell of St. Peter's, Wangford, however, soon informed them that their apprehensions were groundless, and put them into better humor, by advertising them that they were not more than a mile distant from the place of their destination, and presently, after emerging from beneath the sombre shadows of Henham's oaken glades, they found themselves once more in day-light, and in the immediate vicinity of the pretty village of Wangford, which, with its picturesque monastery and chapel of St. Peter's, crowning a gentle eminence, lay full before them.

The pastoral rivulet of the Wang, from which the name of this hamlet is derived, was soon forded by the weary travellers, who, proceeding to the little convent, obtained without difficulty food and shelter for the night. The next morning, as soon as matins were over, which service they of course considered themselves bound to attend, they set forward on their short journey to the neighboring monastery of Reydon.

Leaving its green bowery labyrinth of sylvan lanes, its antique hall and park, its aboriginal forest and the gray spire of its venerable church, and all that was pleasing and attractive in the landscape of the Reydon, or the red hill (which its Saxon name signifies), to the left, Hum-

phrey guided the party through a narrow, wet, and incommodious road, to a mean conventual building, situated at the most desolate extremity of the parish, among the salt marshes.

If Wolsey had expected to find learning, piety, or hospitality among this fraternity, he was certainly much disappointed; for a set of more illiterate and narrow-minded men than these Reydon monks were never congregated together. Far from expressing the least interest in the acquirements of their accomplished young guest, they received the intelligence of his proficiency in the learned languages with dismay, and appeared far better pleased with the conversation of Humphrey, Peter, and Miles, which indeed was more in unison with their tastes than that of the scholastic Wolsey, whom they entertained with long dissertations, not on the fathers or the classics, but on the most profitable breeds of cattle, and the most approved modes of fattening swine, in all which matters they were very fluent, and appeared to consider it passing strange that a butcher's son possessed so little knowledge on such interesting topics. They also discussed the best methods of curing white bacon, as the fat of pickled pork is called in that part of Suffolk. On this delectable article Wolsey and his party had the felicity of supping that evening, which he afterwards declared was the dullest he ever spent in the whole course of his life.

The next morning the fraternity proceeded with their guests to the marshes where their cattle fed, where a long and

animated discussion took place between Humphrey and the superior of the convent respecting the price, the merits, and defects of the beasts which Humphrey deemed most worthy of his attention, in which so much time was wasted that the dinner bell rang before they had settled the price of so much as one bullock.

At this meal they were again regaled with white bacon, which appeared a standing dish in this convent, for it was produced at supper, breakfast, and dinner; at the latter, indeed, there was the addition of a huge dish of hard dumpplings, with which they devoured a quantity of pork-dripping by way of sauce.

The morning had been fine but showery, in the afternoon a heavy rain set in, which rendered it impossible either to visit the cattle-marshes again, or to proceed homewards, which young Wolsey recommended his father's men to do, on the conviction of the impossibility of ever concluding a bargain with these frocked and cowed dealers in cattle and feeders of swine.

The rain, however, continued without intermission, and the malcontent student was compelled to remain where he was till the "plague of water," as he called this unwelcome down-pouring, should abate.

The following morning proving fine, they again proceeded to the marshes in hope of striking a bargain, which was at length concluded; but not till after a delay that appeared to the impatient Wolsey almost interminable, which time he employed, not in listening to the al-

tercations of the buyer and sellers of the bullocks; but in strolling through the marshes and making observations, till he obtained a view of Blitheburgh on the line of country that intervened, across which he persuaded himself a much shorter cut to that village might be made than by following the usual road through Wangford. Just as he had come to the resolution of attempting that route, the convent bell rang for dinner, and summoned him to a sixth meal of white bacon, of which the monks ate with as keen an appetite as if it had been the first time they ever partook of that savory fare, of which Wolsey was by this time almost as weary as of the company of the founders of the entertainment.

The bullocks, twelve in number, were now driven into the convent yard, and Humphrey called upon his young master to pay down the price for which he and the monks had agreed, at the average sum of one pound ten shillings a head, which he pronounced an unconscionable sum with a sly wink of intelligence at the Oxford student, by which he gave the youth, who was about to take his words literally, to understand that he was well satisfied with the bargain. In fact, the Reydon monks, shrewd and exacting as they were, had met with more than their match in the calculating, experienced Humphrey, who, without making a boast of his wisdom in this way, knew how to judge of the weight of a living ox almost to an odd pound. Till the business was concluded, the money paid, and the receipt given,

he had forborne to taste of the convent mead or ale, though both had been pressed upon him with an earnestness passing the bounds either of politeness or hospitality by the cunning monks, who hoped to overcome Humphrey's cool, clear judgment and caution, by means of the merry brown bowl; but now all fear of being overreached in his bargain in consequence of such an indulgence was at an end, Humphrey, in spite of all his young master's expostulations, demanded the lately-rejected beverage, of which he, with Miles and Peter, drank pretty freely, though not perhaps so much as they would have done had the cloistered cattle-dealers been willing to produce more, which they were always sparing in doing after a bargain had been definitely struck.

The draughts which the trio had swallowed had had, however, the effect of putting them all into such high good humor, that when Wolsey, on mounting, proposed to them his plan of changing the roundabout route through Wangford, for a straight cut across the marshes to Blitheburgh, they offered no objection, for even the prudent Humphrey was desirous of adopting any expedient by which they might make up for the time they had lost in drinking the convent ale after the business was transacted.

The monks assured them the project was feasible, since the branch of the Blithe which separated Henham and Reydon was fordable, and they would save a considerable distance by crossing the river, but their hospitality did not extend to the civility of sending one of

their swine-herds or goose-boys to point out the precise spot at which the attempt might be made without danger to passengers. The stream was much swollen in consequence of the late heavy rains; Humphrey and the drovers paused on the rushy bank, each prudently declining to be the first to try the ford. Wolsey, who was piqued at their doubts of his assurance "that it was safe! perfectly safe!" though he would rather have had one of the others show a demonstrable proof that there was no danger, urged his reluctant mare forward.

"Hold, master Thomas, hold! for the love of St. Margaret," cried Humphrey, who was suddenly sobered by the sight of his young master's peril, and the recollection that the stream was deep and muddy.

Now this St. Margaret was a saint for whom Wolsey had neither love nor reverence; so, without heeding the adjuration so pathetically addressed to him in her name, he boldly plunged into the dark and swollen waters of the dangerous ford. He was, as we have seen, an inexperienced rider on dry land, but a more skilful horseman than the stripling student would have found it a difficult matter to retain his seat and guide the terrified animal, who presently lost her footing, and began to plunge and kick in the muddy slippery ooze of which the bed of the Blithe and its dependent streams are composed, and which having recently been violently disturbed by the heavy rains, was in a state of complete ferment and liquefaction.

Wolsey, though encumbered with his

bachelor's gown, which he had not this time taken the precautionary measure of tucking up and fastening to his girdle, courageously maintained his seat till the mare, exhausted with her violent efforts, sunk, and left him floating on the stream. He was an expert swimmer in the clear calm Orwell, or the pastoral Gipping, his native streams, but scarcely a fish that had been used to the fresh sparkling element of such rivers as these, could have steered its course in the dank vortex of brackish mud in which poor Wolsey was immersed.

Peter and Miles stood aghast at the accident, uttering doleful cries for help, without venturing to make a single effort to save the almost exhausted youth. Humphrey, the faithful Humphrey, at the first alarm had dismounted from the nag, and was preparing to plunge into the stream to save his master's son or perish in the attempt, when one of Sir Richard Brandon's wood-rangers, who had seen the accident and hastened to the spot, reached the end of the long pole he had been using in leaping the marsh ditches, to the youth, by which assistance, the stream being narrow at that place, he was enabled, though not without some difficulty, to gain the opposite bank, from which, as soon as he had cleared his eyes and mouth of the salt, bitter, and unsavory ooze he had been compelled to swallow, he called out in an accent of distress to Humphrey, "O, Humphrey, Humphrey! what shall we say to my father about the gray mare?"

"St. Margaret take the mare!" sob-

bed Humphrey, who appeared to consider this patroness as somehow chargeable with the mishap ; “ don’t talk of her, my dear boy, when she had nearly been the death of you. Howsomdever, master Thomas, you must never undertake to lead those who are wiser than yourself short cuts any more. I hope you have had enough of this precious ford, that was to take you such a near way to Blitheburgh.”

“ Why so it will, you simple fellow,” said Wolsey laughing, and wiping the mud from his face ; “ do not you see the beautiful church over those marshes, almost at my elbow ? I shall bestir myself to get there as fast as I can, now I *am* over the water, that I may get dry clothes, a good supper, and some pleasant chat with the worthy monks of the Holy Rood, which will console me for the drenching I have got.”

“ Alack, alack ! master Thomas ! what is to become of us and the bullocks ?” howled Miles and Peter from the opposite bank.

“ You may come over the river to me, an you like,” responded Wolsey from the other side.

“ We durst not do that for our lives,” cried the trembling drovers.

“ Then turn yourselves and the bullocks about, and find the road to Wangford as well as ye can : Humphrey knows the country, and he will guide ye to get to Blitheburgh by that roundabout way, ye poltroons, unless ye choose to stay where ye are till I am a Cardinal, when it is my intention to build a bridge over this sweet stream, to prevent other

travelers from incurring the peril which I have done in endeavoring to ford such a bottomless abyss of mud.”

We will not follow the young bachelor to Blitheburgh, where, doubtless, he met with agreeable entertainment, nor will the limits of our tale admit of our tracing the progressive steps by which he in the sequel attained to the eminence to which his ambition, even in childhood, prompted him to aspire. By keeping his attention constantly fixed on this object, he found it at last within his reach ; but was he then contented ? Let me answer this question with another—When was the desire of human greatness ever satisfied ? I refer the juvenile reader to the history of this extraordinary man, who, when he had attained the coveted rank of Cardinal, though he was burdened with the cares of the prime minister of England, which office he held during twenty years of Henry the Eighth’s reign, was not forgetful of his promise of building a bridge over the stream which had so nearly proved fatal to himself. The name of the bridge, and the local tradition thereunto belonging, will long, I trust, exist to preserve the memory of an action of pure benevolence to future ages.

Beautiful.

THERE is nothing purer than honesty ; nothing sweeter than charity ; nothing warmer than love ; nothing richer than wisdom ; nothing brighter than virtue ; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These, united in one, form the purest and the most steadfast happiness.

Balloon Travels.

[Continued from page 19.]

MERRY AND HIS FRIENDS.

Merry. Let us have a good look, now! The country before us is not only one of the most famous in the world, but it is of such moderate dimensions that we can take in almost the whole of it at a single view.

Laura. Oh, how delightful it is! And this is Greece! I think I can tell its whole geography. This blue water to the west, is the Ionian Sea: that to the south, is the ancient Egean Sea.

James. Oh, yes,—with the glass I can count the Ionian Islands: Corfu, Paxo, St. Maura, Ithica, Cephalonia, Zante, and Cerigo.

Merry. Yes, they are just seven in number, and are often called the *Seven Islands*.

Jane. And is that little dot of an island, called Ithica, the same of which the famous Ulysses was king?

Merry. Yes—the same. In ancient times, the domains of a king were often very small. The Greeks had very little knowledge of geography. They supposed nearly the whole world to be confined in the Mediterranean Sea—and Greece, to them, was the most important part of the world. Hence, the island of Ithica, which is only 14 miles long and 4 miles wide, and two-thirds of the surface of which is barren rocks, was a pretty extensive kingdom in the time of Ulysses.

Seth. Who was Ulysses?

James. Why he was one of the heroes of the Trojan war.

Seth. The Trojan war! I never heard of that!

James. Never heard of the Trojan war! Well—that's a good one! Why Seth, the Trojan war is one of the most famous events in ancient history.

Seth. Well—where is Troy?

James. I don't exactly know.

Seth. So—you don't know everything!

Merry. That's a fair hit, James. Seth is younger than you are, and instead of laughing at him for ignorance, you should rather try to instruct him in things what you know better than he does. Now, Seth, I will tell you a little about the Trojan war. It took place a long time ago—that is, some 1100 years before Christ. In those days, not only Greece was occupied by numerous little nations or kingdoms, but the islands around it, and the country to the east of it, called Asia Minor, were all peopled in a similar manner. Now these people were nearly all of the same race, though they spoke different dialects. They were a high-spirited, active people, fond of daring enterprises by sea and land. They were nearly all governed by kings and princes, who loved war as well as our Indians, or as well as the people of the West love a buffalo hunt.

Well, Troy was a large city, capital of a country called Troy or Troas. It was situated a few miles from the sea—

coast, on a rising ground, between two little rivers. The king, at the time we now speak of, was called Priam. His son, Paris, went on a piratical expedition into Greece, it being the custom of those days for kings and princes to go forth by sea and land to rob their neighbors. Coming to the kingdom of Sparta, he was kindly received by Menelaus, king of that country. Falling in love with his wife, named Helen, he carried her off to his own country. This enraged Menelaus, and his brother Agamemnon, both powerful princes. These stirred up the other Grecian kings to make war on Troy, and accordingly an immense armament was despatched against that city, under the command of Agamemnon. The city was surrounded by strong high walls, and as the Greeks could not scale them, they commenced a regular siege. This lasted for ten years. During this period the Grecian soldiers ravaged the surrounding countries, for, as they could not get provisions from home, they were obliged to support themselves by plundering their enemies and their allies. At last Ulysses, who was a very cunning old man, built a wooden horse, and put into it a company of Greek soldiers. Then he made a present of it to the Trojans. They, amid great rejoicings, drew it into their city, making a breach in the wall for the purpose.

At midnight, the Greek soldiers in the belly of the enormous horse broke out, and running to the gates, opened them to their impatient countrymen, who were waiting without. The scene that followed was terrific. The city was

set on fire, and, lighted by the flames, the work of blood, death and destruction went on. Troy was entirely ruined. A small number of the Trojan people, led by Æneas, escaped, and after various adventures arrived in Italy, where they became the progenitors of the Roman nation.

Seth. Well, what did Ulysses do, after that?

Merry. Why, you must remember that all the Greek princes and soldiers had been about ten years from home. Although Troy was not more than three or four hundred miles from the homes of most of these adventurers, still, their ships were so small, and navigation was so slow and difficult, that they could not spare the time to make visits to and from their country.

Beside all this, in their days, traveling by sea and land was attended with great difficulties and dangers. The forests were filled with lions, bears, and other ferocious beasts; pirates and robbers roamed in the seas and among the islands; and worse than all, nearly every king or chief made no scruple of seizing and imprisoning every stranger that chanced to come in his way. These actual difficulties were increased by imaginary ones, for the people believed that gods and goddesses filled the air, the sea, and the land, and that these were constantly meddling in human affairs, and very often taking great pleasure in bothering and baffling certain persons, against whom they happened to have some grudge.

So, many of the Greek kings and

princes, after the war with Troy was over, wandered about for several years before they got back to their homes ; and on their arrival, they all found everything changed. A new generation had risen up in their long absence. Some of them found their wives dead, their families scattered, and their domains under the sway of usurpers. Of all these persons, none seemed to have so strange a story to tell as Ulysses. He wandered about in the Mediterranean Sea for ten years before he reached the island of Ithica. He had been absent for twenty years, and his wife, Penelope, was surrounded with suitors, who wished to marry her, and become king of the island. Ulysses finally succeeded in recovering his kingdom, and lived afterwards to a good old age.

Seth. Well, Mr. Merry, this took place 1100 years before Christ ; that is nearly three thousand years ago. Where do you find this wonderful story ?

Merry. In the poems of Homer.

Seth. Who was Homer ?

Merry. An old blind ballad singer, who lived 2800 years ago.

Seth. I thought it was something of that sort.

Merry. What do you mean ?

Seth. Why, I thought it was all poetry.

Merry. I am not sure that it is not history as well as poetry. It is generally believed by learned men, that Homer's two great poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, have a real historical basis ; and that the Trojan War, which they recount, actually took place. The main

reasons for this are, that the manners and customs he describes were suitable to the people and the age : the geographical delineations he gives are strikingly correct. His account of this little island of Ithica, as to its form, extent, situation, &c., are very exact. And finally, the ancient Greek writers, who lived near Homer's time, believed the chief incidents of his story to be actual events.

Seth. Well, that may be ; but, after all, I should like to know what to believe, and what not to believe.

Merry. Certainly—so would anybody else. But when we cannot have certainty, we must be content with probability.

Ellen. Well, for my part, even if Homer's stories are fictitious, I think them very amusing and very instructive.

Seth. Very amusing, no doubt. The story of Jack the Giant-killer is very entertaining, but I do not see that it is instructive.

Ellen. There is a great difference between Mother Goose's account of Jack the Giant-killer, and Homer's *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. Jack was a lying, brutal, bloody knave, without one good quality. I believe it is very bad for anybody to read such stories, and especially for children. It fills their minds with terrors ; it makes them familiar with falsehood, fraud and murder. The early introduction of such ideas into the mind, has no doubt caused many a child to turn out a liar, or perhaps a murderer, in after life. But as to Homer's narratives, they paint ancient manners with all the clearness and vigor of truth : they describe

scenes of violence, certainly, but never in a way to commend them. They present lofty examples of heroism, patriotism, and devotion; and although the characters he presents are not Christians—for Christ had not then appeared—still, according to their age, most of them were models of the higher and sterner virtues of manhood. Jack the Giant-killer—and I may say the same of the greater part of Mother Goose's Melodies—teaches meanness. Homer, on the contrary, only teaches courage, manliness, and devotion to exalted ideas.

Merry. Well done, Ellen; you make a brave defence of Homer.

Ellen. Do you not agree with me?

Merry. Yes, as to Mother Goose: but as to Homer, I fear that he encourages too much a warlike spirit. I think that if he had not written the Iliad, Alexander very likely had been a good king, staying at home to bless his people, instead of bursting forth with his armies, like a torrent, to conquer and desolate the world. But see—while we have been talking, we have drifted far to the east. Look down, and you can see the Egean Sea, dotted with its numerous islands. There is what is called the *Archipelago*.

Jane. Oh, how charming! I never saw anything so beautiful!

Merry. 'Tis indeed most beautiful. Some travelers think that the sea and land, here, owing to the bluish tint of the atmosphere, are more beautiful than anywhere else in the world. I imagine, however, that the historical interest of

this famous region lends enchantment to everything around.

Ellen. Mr. Merry, will you tell me what mountain that is far to the north, on the main land?

Merry. Give me the glass—it is so remote that I can scarce distinguish it. Oh—yes—that with its tops tipped with snow? It is Mount Olympus.

Ellen. I thought so: it is there, then, the ancient Greeks thought Jupiter, the chief of the gods, held his court?

Merry. Yes; but look here to the south-east—do you see a city near the western coast of that little peninsula?

Ellen. Yes.

Merry. Well, that is Athens!

Ellen. Indeed, indeed! Oh wonderful!—here we are in sight of the most famous city in Greece!

Merry. Shall we make a stop, then?

Seth. Yes—yes—for I'm dreadful hungry.

James. I'm not hungry at all—I can hardly bear to take my eyes off this interesting country.

Merry. Perhaps we had better make a halt, and get rested: we can talk about Greece while we are at the hotel.

James. Well, will you tell us some Grecian stories, when we get there?

Merry. Yes, if you desire it.

James. Well then—here we go!

[To be continued.]

S. G. G.

SELF-DENIAL is one of the first laws of Christ's kingdom.

PLEASURE is precarious, but virtue immortal.

The Hyacinth.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

EMILY was grieved because the winter lasted so long ; for she was fond of flowers, and had a little garden, in which she raised some very beautiful ones, tending them with her own hands. Therefore she was very anxious that the winter might pass away, and the pleasant spring return.

"Look, Emily !" said her father, "I have brought thee a flower-root, a bulb, but thou must cultivate it thyself with care."

"How can I, father?" replied the maiden. "Every thing is covered with snow, and the earth is as hard as a stone."

Thus she spoke, for she did not know that flowers might be reared in vases. But her father gave her a vase filled with earth, and Emily placed the bulbs therein. She looked, however, at her father and smiled, doubtful whether he was in earnest in what he had said ; for she imagined that flowers could not thrive, unless they had the blue sky above their heads, and the mild breezes of spring about them.

In a few days the earth in the vase was raised, and green leaves sprouted forth. Emily was overjoyed, and she ran and told her father, her mother, and the whole household, of the growth of the young plant.

"How little is requisite," said her mother, "to rejoice the heart, while it is still innocent and true to nature !"

Emily then sprinkled the plant with water, and smiled complacently upon it.

Her father observed her, and said : "That is right, my child. Rain and dew must be succeeded by sunshine. The beam of the benevolent eye giveth value to the bounty which the hand dispenses. Thy plant will be sure to thrive, Emily."

The leaves soon appeared entirely above the surface of the earth, and were of a beautiful green. Emily's joy was greater than ever. "Oh !" she exclaimed with an overflowing heart : "I shall be content, though it should not produce a single flower !"

"More will be given to thee," said her father, "than thou darest hope for. This is the reward of moderation, and of a heart that is content with little." He now showed her the germ of the flower, which lay hidden between the leaves.

Emily's care and attention increased every day, as the blossom gradually unfolded itself. With delicate hand she sprinkled it with water, and when a gleam of sunshine broke from the clouds, she carried the vase to the window, and her breath, light as the morning breeze that plays about the rose, blew away the dust that had settled upon the leaves.

"How sweet is the union of love and innocence !" said her mother.

Emily's thoughts were occupied with her flower, until she fell asleep at night,

and as soon as she awoke in the morning. Often, too, in her dreams, she beheld her hyacinth in full blossom, and when, in the morning, she found that it was not yet unfolded, she was not troubled, but said, with a smile, "I must have patience a little longer."

Sometimes she would ask her father whether the flower would be of this or that color, and when she had enumerated all the colors, she would say cheerfully, "But it is all one to me, so it do but blossom!"

At length the blossom appeared. Early one morning twelve little bells were found expanded. They hung down in the full bloom of youthful beauty, between five broad leaves of emerald green. Their color was a pale red, like the rays of the glowing morn, or the delicate flush on Emily's cheek. The flower diffused around a fragrant odor. It was a bright morning in the month of March.

Emily's joy was calm and silent, as she bent over the flower, and gazed upon it. Her father approached, looked at his beloved child and at the hyacinth, and said: "Behold, Emily, what the hyacinth is to thee, that art thou to us!"

The maiden sprang up, threw herself into her father's arms, and, after a long embrace, she said, in a low voice: "Dear father! oh, that I could rejoice your heart as you have rejoiced mine!"

Tell-tale Face.

I hate those frigid notions,
That seem to count it sin,

To show the kind emotions
True feeling wakes within.
Those manners cold, and guarded
With words dealt out by rule,
Pronounced just as mamma did,
Or Madam F—— at school.

I love the playful fancies
Of an unsuspecting heart,
That speak, in songs and glances,
Unchecked by rules of art.
I love the face that speaketh
Of all that's in the mind;
The brow, the eye, that taketh
Its hue from what's behind.

This voice is none but Nature's—
The language of the soul.
Words err; but o'er the features
Guile may not have control.
The tongue can tell of feelings
That *may be*, or may not;
But the eye hath sure revealings
Of the deeply-hidden thought.

I love the quick expression
That flashes the full eye,
When truth would make confession,
Whilst modesty would lie.
Those warm, those heavenly blushes,
That kindle brow and cheek,
When feeling's fountain gushes
With what it dare not speak.

Those shades that come unbidden,
With every passing cloud;
Which tell of care, deep hidden
'Mid merry looks, or proud.
That sudden gleam of pleasure
From brow, and eye, and lip,
Which tell the heart has treasure
It scarce knows how to keep.

These, these are voices given
For soul to speak with soul;
As true to truth and Heaven
As the needle to the pole.
I bow to wit, and beauty,
And I almost worship grace,
But I owe a special duty
To an honest tell-tale face.



About Africa.

MOST of our readers probably think of Africa as a country famous for black people with curly hair, thick lips and flat noses—a capital place for deserts and all sorts of wild beasts—a land where you may get plenty of elephants' teeth and plenty of gold dust—where you will see fierce lions and tigers and birds of beautiful plumage—and where, if you have a fancy for the thing, you may journey on an ostrich's back with almost incredible rapidity—a land where you may be broiled to death by the sun, smothered with the hot burning sand, die of thirst in the pathless desert, be

eaten up by tigers, or swallowed alive by a huge snake. If you have a relish for any of these, or for some genuine Gilbert Go-ahead adventures, we advise you to start off directly for Africa. We will warrant that your adventures will not lack thrilling interest and startling variety. Perhaps some of our young readers will be induced to take a tour, and write home an account of their discoveries. We do not intend to forestall any such undertaking by writing an extended article on Africa, but will confine ourselves to a few generalities.

Africa is a country marked by striking

contrasts. Some portions of it were the first to be explored and occupied by man, while others remain to the present day unexplored and unknown regions. In early ages, it was the seat and centre of learning and science, while now, the most of its inhabitants are shrouded in intellectual and moral darkness. Africa presents the most remarkable contrast

of fertility and desolation; the valley of the Nile is the garden of the world, while the wastes of Sahara are proverbial for their desolation.

In surveying its civil and social condition, we see the negroes, a weak and harmless race, made the prey of the Arab, the most despotic and remorseless of the human family.



The lion, the leopard, and the panther, feasting upon the vast herds of antelopes that graze over the central wastes of Africa, afford a striking analogy to human society—the weak, the timid and the defenceless, being made, without

mercy or scruple, the prey of the daring and the strong.

The prevailing aspect of the country in Africa is rude, gloomy and sterile. It may be considered as in all respects the least favored quarter of the globe. Its

immense deserts, exposed to the vertical rays of a tropical sun, are deprived of all the moisture necessary to cover them with vegetation. Moving sands, tossed by wind, and whirled in eddies, surround and often bury the traveler. The best known and most fertile portion of Africa is that which borders upon the Mediterranean Sea. The least known regions are the central portions, into whose depths no traveler has yet thoroughly penetrated; but it is the general impression of travelers, founded on partial explorations, that there are immense territories of fine land in the interior of

Africa—that they enjoy a healthful climate, and are populated by a large and not unlikely an intelligent people, whose entire history is as yet unknown to the world. We do know, from actual discovery, that there are many tribes in the inland territories greatly superior to those inhabiting the coasts.

The portions of central Africa that have been explored, have been found to be full of interest. They abound in varied and wonderful scenery, and are inhabited by tribes of varied character and habits. These tribes are quite distinct from each other, and as diversified



in their tastes and habits as you can imagine. We cannot better illustrate this fact than by wood-cut representa-

tions of local African chiefs introduced in this article. They seem to be arrayed in full costume, and, to their uncultivated

taste, their adorning doubtless appears very becoming.

In the moral existence of those portions of central Africa that have been explored, there are many very dark features. War is carried on with all the ferocity of the most barbarous nations; tribe is arrayed against tribe, and the territory of the conquered is made a desolation and a waste. Yet it must not be concluded that an unbroken gloom hangs over the moral condition of Africa. There seems to be something peculiarly engaging and amiable in the social feelings and habits there prevalent.

When Mungo Park was traveling in Central Africa, he arrived one night at Sego, in Bambarra, but the king was suspicious of him, and forbade him to advance and cross the river. Under these circumstances, he was obliged to return and lodge in a distant village. But there the same distrust of the white man prevailed, and no person would allow him to enter his house. He says, "I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit without food under the shade of a tree. The wind arose, and there was a great appearance of a heavy rain; and the wild beasts were so numerous in the neighborhood, that I should have been obliged to take shelter among the branches of the trees.

About sunset, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me. Perceiving that I was

weary and dejected, she inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle and bade me follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was hungry, she went out and soon returned with a very fine fish, which, being broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The women then resumed their labors of spinning cotton and lightened their labor with songs, one of which must have been composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a kind of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these:—

"The winds roared, and the rains fell;
The poor white man, faint and weary,
Came and sat under our tree.
He has no mother to bring him milk,
No wife to grind his corn."

CHORUS.

"Let us pity the white man,
No mother has he to bring him milk,
No wife to grind his corn."

The reader can fully sympathise with this intelligent traveler, when he observes, "trifling as this recital may appear, the circumstance was highly affecting to a person in my situation. I was oppressed with such unaffected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons remaining on my waistcoat, the only recompense I could make her."

So far as observations have extended, the people in central Africa are rude in their tastes and extremely uncultivated in all their habits and feelings. The dress and ornaments indicated by the costume of the chiefs as in the above cuts, marks a barbarous age, and shows that whatever qualities they may possess, there is ample room for civilization and Christianity to work improvement, and it is an interesting feature of the present times that great interest is felt among all Christian people in the regeneration of Africa. Almost every denomination of Christians is sending missionaries among them. The coasts are being occupied by

intelligent and thriving settlers, commerce with other nations is every year extended and enlarged, towns and cities are springing up, schools are started, and churches are built, and all the blessings of a well ordered government are being rapidly introduced.

While the coast is thus being occupied with Christian colonies and Africa is being surrounded with a belt of light, constant explorations are made into the interior, and the day may not be distant when Africa will come up to take her place among the nations, and in her advancement be honored and blessed.

Adventures of Gilbert Go-ahead.

[Continued from page 28.]

HAVING remained several weeks at Samarcand, I set out on horseback for Bokhara, a famous city which lies about a hundred and fifteen miles south-westerly of Samarcand.

Before I proceed in the story of my adventures, it may be well to give a more exact idea of this region. *Independent Tartary* is called by the people who inhabit it, *Turcomania*, which means the *country of the Turks*. It is, in fact, the birth-place of the Ottomans, who had their origin here some centuries since.

Turcomania, at the present day, includes several independent states, called *Khanats*, because their rulers or chiefs are denominated *Khans*. These are as follows, being arranged in the order of their importance :—1. Khanat of Bok-

hara. 2. Khanat of Khiva. 3. Khanat of Koondouze. 4. Khanat of Khokan. 5. Khanat of Hissar. 6. Khanat Scheherisebe; and finally, the country of the Kirquise. The population of all these states is supposed to be about seven millions. We know so little about those countries, however, that the number of inhabitants may be considerably more or less.

These countries contain small distinct tribes of Turks or Tartars, who, however, bear a general resemblance to each other in appearance, manners, and customs. Mixed with these, are Jews, Persians, Armenians, and others. The prevailing religion is Mahomedism. The modes of living are various: some of the people dwelling in cities, and carrying on trade and manufactures; others,

dwelling in the country, and rearing cattle ; and others still, living by plunder and rapine.

The country around Samarcand is hilly, but in proceeding towards the city of Bokhara, we soon came to a region consisting of barren plains, here and there raised by sand-heaps, in the form of a horse-shoe, this shape being given by the wind, which thus deposits the sand around low mounds of clay which constitute a portion of the soil. We crossed wide spaces entirely without vegetation, except patches of low brush-wood, a few dried and stunted herbs, mixed with the camel-thorn. Here and there a rat, which, by the way, looked very much like his American namesake—small lizards, and some solitary bird of a species unknown to me, were the only occupants that seemed to inhabit these solitary wastes. Yet, even here, we frequently meet with the ruins of cities which once existed, but which have passed away and been forgotten by history.

As we proceeded, we could see to the south a range of low mountains, and finally, as we turned to the north, we came to a valley, which we were told was watered by the river Zer-af-chan, or Golden river. We did not, however, reach the stream, as it runs to the right of Bokhara some six or seven miles. The country now assumed a very different aspect, being in the highest degree fruitful, and in some parts cultivated. We passed several villages, and now the country seemed to be pretty thickly peopled. The greater part of

the inhabitants were living in low houses constructed of earth mixed with withes of willow, and sometimes supported by posts. We often met with groups of tents occupied by people who roamed from plain to plain with droves of horses, camels, horned cattle, and goats.

At last, after three days' travel, we came in sight of the city. Viewed from a small eminence, the plan is very imposing. It is eight miles in circuit, and is surrounded by a triangular wall of earth twenty feet high, pierced by twelve gates of brick masonry. The country around is flat but rich, and the city is so enlivened in trees, as to give it a charming appearance. The great mass of low mud edifices are not seen, but the public edifices, towers and mosques rise here and there above the foliage, leading the beholder to imagine that he is about to enter a vast and magnificent city. But as he reaches the interior of the place, this illusion vanishes.

Most of the streets are indeed so narrow that a loaded camel blocks them up entirely ! In some of them, two or three can hardly pass at a time. They are also odiously dirty. By far the largest part of the houses are of one low story ; they are built of some dried bricks laid on a rude frame-work of wood. The roofs are all flat : towards the street they present bare walls without windows. Only one house in the city, so far as I saw, had glass. The holes for windows are defended by lattices, which are opened or closed according to necessity.

When I got into the heart of the city,

I found myself rubbed and pushed and jostled about by loaded camels, horses, and asses going along the narrow streets, as if I had been nobody at all. "Ah, ah!" said I to myself, "you don't know that Gilbert Go-ahead has come." It was very clear that the city of Bokhara had no idea of what had happened. In truth, it is always rather dampening to one's self-love, to enter into a great city where you are a total stranger, and where you soon perceive that you are only one of ten or twenty thousand persons, all as important to themselves as you are to yourself. A man who travels, finds out that there are too many people in the world to justify that swelling self-conceit which would make one feel as if he was a very important spoke in the wheel of all creation.

On entering Bokhara, I felt as I have often done before in similar circumstances, that is, rather dull, and half home-sick. In this strange place, I could not but feel the force of that dismal ditty—

"I cares for nobody, and nobody cares for me."

I have generally found a good dinner to be the best remedy for this complaint, and therefore, as soon as possible, I got to my lodgings, and made an excellent meal upon a sort of mutton chop, tea, and plenty of fruit.

My lodgings consisted of a single room in one of the caravanseras, of which there are about forty in the town. Some of them belong to the khan, and others to private individuals. They consist of low rectangular buildings, mostly

two stories high, inclosing a square court. Many of them extend to three hundred feet on each of the four sides. The entrance is by a general gateway into the court. The lower story is occupied wholly for merchandise, and a very busy scene of trade is displayed in the court and at the doors of the several stores and magazines. The upper rooms are used as lodgings. There is no look-out but into the court.

I soon found myself overrun with a set of idlers, who came to tell me the news, ask questions, and to offer their services. It was well enough for a time, but I soon found it very tedious, so I turned them all out and shut my door. This, it seems, was contrary to Tartar politeness, and when I went out, I found myself the object of an intense and hostile excitement. At least about fifty persons were gathered in the court near my quarters, and, as I descended the stairs, they thronged around and encircled me, making a great hubbub, and threatening me with violent gestures.

I, however, went straight ahead, and as I was a foot taller than any one among them, and, moreover, seemed pretty cool, they opened a space before me, and I got into the street. The crowd, however, formed at my heels, and followed me for a considerable distance. I did not look behind, but I heard the clatter of the rabble close upon me. At last, I felt something come flat against my back. Turning quickly round, I perceived that one of the mob had thrown at me a small melon, which took effect between my

shoulders, and was running down my back in a juicy shower.

I picked out the fellow who had thrown this by his attitude, and rushing suddenly upon him, I siezed him by the throat, drew him to the spot where the wreck of the melon lay, and while he grew black and blue with my clutch, I bathed his face in the fragments of the melon, taking care to make it go a little rough over his nose. I then gave him a jerk, and sent him spinning across the street. The fellow hallooed like a foxhound, and soon the whole street was alive with people. Chancing to look up, I saw that some were gazing over the battlements of the roofs, and through the openings in the walls of the houses, and half revealed by putting aside the lattices, I noticed the turbaned heads of many women. There was now a general hubbub in the streets, and I thought it time to beat a retreat.

Just as I was looking around to see which way to go, a narrow door in the wall close by was opened, and without a moment's reflection in I went. I ran along a passage and soon came to a court, shaded with trees, the floor being paved with variegated marble. In the centre, a fountain was playing, and around was a group of women. These screamed and fled. Having a very good opinion of women in general, and then being very good-looking, I followed close at their heels, all the way begging their protection. They, however, had no idea of listening to me. They flew up the stairs which led to a gallery extending around the court, and disappeared.

I expected the crowd to burst into the place, but it seems they had not seen me enter the door, and they were therefore thrown off the scent. I had time to look around me. The place I had got into was evidently the house of some very rich person. The court was enclosed by high walls of wood, richly carved and gaudily painted. The fountain was covered by a pavillion, beautifully executed, in a manner which reminded me of what I had seen in pictures of Arabian architecture.

"Well," said I to myself, "I'm always in luck, good or bad. A moment ago I was threatened with speedy annihilation by a mob; now I am a guest of one of the richest citizens of Bokhara." This train of thought was, however, soon cut short, for in a few moments a man came into the court, who, as soon as he set his eyes upon me, seemed smitten with horror. I bowed in the Eastern fashion, and looked very polite and smiling, but he waived me back, and shrunk from me as if I had been an alligator. He then went to a corner of the court and struck a gong, which made the whole court resound with its echoes. In a moment half-a-dozen men came in, and rushing at me, attempted to seize me.

Instead of yielding to fate, I sprang up the stairs, and ran along the gallery, but hotly pursued. Coming to a door, I popped in, and flew along a dark corridor which opened before me. As I was proceeding, the floor suddenly fell from beneath my feet, and I was pitched down headlong into a dungeon.

For a moment I was stunned, for I

had fallen at least fifteen feet, and had been received by the ground. When I recovered my faculties, I perceived that the place was dark as pitch. Indeed not a ray of light was visible. I groped about with my hands and feet, and soon took the measure of my apartment, which was some ten feet square. It was without a single article of furniture, except a piece of earthenware, which seemed to be a broken vase or pitcher.

"Well," thought I, "this is ——" but it is too long a story to tell in the first chapter.

S. G. G.

[To be continued.]

The Dream of Devotion.

[See *Frontispiece*.]

I.

I NEVER could find a good reason
Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
And all the bright joys of life's season
Be driven unheeded away.
Our cares would wake no more emotion,
Were we to our lot but resigned,
Than pebbles flung into the ocean,
That leave scarce a ripple behind.

II.

The world has a spirit of beauty,
Which looks upon all for the best—
And while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest :
That spirit—the dream of devotion,
Which lights us through life to its close,
And sets, like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful far than it rose.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

With more than five hundred letters on my desk that have arrived within two weeks, I sit down to our Monthly Chat. I look at the pile which literally covers my table and the floor all about me, and my heart swells with grateful emotions to all my little friends for their encouraging words and lively communications. Many thanks and a thousand kind wishes to you all. If I fill our space with extracts, I shall omit hundreds of letters as good as those that are noticed. They are all good, and I look on them with feelings of pride and pleasure.

HOPEDALE, MASS., Jan. 1st, 1854.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir*:—I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. You will find enclosed \$1 for the Museum. It is the custom here to have a festival every Christmas; but this year, Christmas coming on Sunday, we had the festival on Saturday. The exercises commenced at half-past two o'clock, and opened with an original hymn. Then came recitations, interspersed with music. After that came the more substantial part of the entertainment—that is, supper. After supper came recitations and music again. Then the curtain was drawn aside, and the Christmas Tree came in sight. It was a good-sized hemlock tree, and was covered with presents. The floor, too, had its share of presents, the tree not being large enough to contain them all. The presents were then distributed. Every one in Hopedale got at least one, and some got a great many. At about nine o'clock we all returned home.

Yours truly,

W. F. DRAPER.

MARKSVILLE, LA., Dec. 10th, 1853.

MR. MERRY—I must now beg you to excuse me for not writing oftener. I have not the time, for I have to study. Now I know you will say that's right, and so I do myself; but sometimes when I miss my lessons, I get almost discouraged; for I know I *do* study and try to keep from missing. I suppose I must persevere.

Oh! Mr. Merry, we are all anticipating so much pleasure at our school. We are to have a Christmas tree, and we are to speak a very interesting dialogue composed by our beloved teacher. She is a Northern lady, from Vermont. A Christmas tree! why the like was never heard of in our little Marksville before, and perhaps never would have been if she had not introduced it.

With many good wishes for you and your many friends, I am yours most truly,

NELLY S.

WHITEWATER, Dec. 20th, 1853.

DEAR MR. MEERY—I have taken your Magazine a year, and think it very interesting. Little Muck was very good, what there was of it. I take a great deal of pleasure getting out the Enigmas and Conundrums. I think I will take your Museum a number of years longer if I live, as I am only a little boy 9 years old. I will try and get you a few subscribers.

Yours truly,

PITT.

RIPLEY, Dec. 26th, 1853.

MR. MERRY—I live in a town on the Ohio River, and am proud to say I am a "Buckeye Girl." I have loaned a few numbers of the Museum to four little girls; they like it so well, that they want me to send for it for themselves. I send \$3, which will pay for four copies for the coming year; and also my own subscription.

Yours truly,

LIZZIE HEMPHIL.

DEAR MR. MERRY—Mother has taken "Merry's Museum" several years for us; and now my sister and I wish to take the Mother's Magazine for her. We suppose we are entitled to a volume of some former year; as by this arrangement we give you a *new subscriber*. We all greet with joy the arrival of each number of the Museum.

Yours truly,

MARY J. FORSYTH.

Kingston, N. Y.

This is a very pretty idea. Perhaps there are other little girls and boys who would like to make a similar love-token to their dear mother, who has done so much for them.

Dec. 19th, 1853.

MR. MERRY—I am very much pleased with the Museum. I think your last number better than any of the others. I have subscribed for 1854, and I do not doubt that I shall be more pleased with it than ever. Excuse mistakes—I am but a small boy.

Yours truly, ALBERT C. DANNER.

Dec. 19th, 1853.

DEAR MR. MERRY—I have been getting your Museum ever since I was six years old, and now I am nearly nine. I like it very much, particularly the letters from your little friends; but I have never seen one from Georgia, where I live; therefore I thought perhaps you would publish mine. ETTA.

MADISONVILLE, LA.

DEAR MR. MERRY—I have been a reader of the Museum several years, and like it very much. I think it very interesting—especially the Monthly Chat. I think the child who was not its father's own son, must have been his own daughter; and the longest day Adam ever saw, was the first Sabbath he was alone in the wide, wide world. I guess the riddle in the last number was the letter X.

Can some of our little Northern friends guess what kind of a tree never blossoms, yet bears delicious fruit? What kind of vegetable we have, that is ever green, and has no root, but has flowers and seed?

I must close by wishing you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year, and may you live to see the return of many such. Please let me have the pleasure of seeing this, my first letter, in the Museum.

From Blue-eyed Susie.

ENIGMA.

I am once in a century,
Though not in a hundred years;
I am never in mourning,
Though always in tears.

I am always in torment,
Though never in pain;
And always in water,
Yet never in rain.

I dwell oft in pleasure,
Yet in mirth am not found;
I dwell in the earth,
Yet not in the ground.

I dwell in the tempest,
Though not in the storm;
Now if you can guess,
Just tell who I am.

A person has a certain number of plums in a basket. He gives to A half the number and one plum; to B, half the remainder and one plum; to C, half of those still remaining and three plums. The basket is now empty. How many were in the basket before any division was made?

By ANNA.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is an orange like a church steeple?
2. Why are feet like olden tales?
3. Why is the largest city in Ireland likely to be the largest city in the world?
4. Why is a jest like a fowl?
5. Why is a nail, fast in the wall, like an old man?
6. Why does a miller wear a white hat?
7. Why is a king like a book?

I send you a puzzle, viz:

There was a man in prison, and another man came to visit him. The jailor asked him what relation he was to the prisoner. The visitor replied, "Brothers and sisters I have none, but this man's father is my father's son." What relation was the visitor to the prisoner?

From your friend, E. H. H.

MR. MERRY:—I enclose the following riddles:

1st.

There was a man who was *not* born,
His father was *not* born before him,
He did *not* live, he did *not* die,
And his epitaph is *not* o'er him.

2d.

There is a thing that nothing is,
And yet it has a name;
It hops, and skips, and nimble is
In every sort of game.

3d.

I'm longer and longer the lower I fall,
And when I am highest, I'm shortest of all.
L. O.

Now for the PUZZLE—I know you are all impatiently waiting to see what is said about that!

The song in question has brought us a great many pretty letters, and we sincerely wish that all who have sent a correct translation might have a bound volume. If our purse were long enough, so that we could afford it, we would send one to all at our own expense.

Those who live nearest and receive their numbers first, have an obvious advantage over those who live more remote. The proposition was made in the January number without much thought of this inequality; and, as in all such cases, we hold to giving all our enterprising young friends a fair and equal chance, we feel bound to offer another prize, and vary the proposition so as to meet the case.

One remark I have to make respecting the letters. We have seldom, if ever, seen an equal

number of letters so well written, and so tastefully done up and directed. With few exceptions, they are models of legibility, neatness and good taste. Now and then one is written in very delicate lines, and in pale ink, and perhaps on blue-tinted paper. Please remember in future that Robert Merry is getting old and his eyes are growing dim; also that he is obliged usually to overhaul the letters in the evening, and when he comes to one that is very blue and very pale, he is obliged to pass it into the waste basket without reading.

It is better always to write on pure white paper, and with jet black ink, and with fair bold lines. Especially is this indispensable, if you write for old eyes. Robert Merry never wears glasses, except the kind that Jotham Jones always wore when he was moderator of town meeting. He said he could not see "through his specks," so he took the glasses out and wore only the silver bows. Our specks are the same, except that they have *no bows*.

The number of answers received up to this time, Jan. 22, is 526. Of these 328 are correct, while the others fall into the very natural mistake of reading each line from right to left without inverting the order, making the song commence

"You'll straight win the book."

Two or three who sent this for their first answer, discovered the error and sent a second letter.

The true rendering, as you have all discovered by this time, is to commence at the right hand, and at the bottom, and read backwards and upwards. Thus—

"I am a short song," &c.

It would be amusing to give the letters that have brought in the answers, but as over twenty quires of paper have been written over in the composition of them, and many of them are written in a very compact manner, you will see obvious reasons for confining ourselves to a few extracts; but we shall keep the originals as a part of our manuscript library, and shall be proud to show them as beautiful specimens of neat penmanship, correct spelling, and tasteful enfolding and superscription.

Here is a letter which we commend as a pattern of brevity. We admire brevity—especially in business-letters.

MR. MERRY:—I send you the translation of the song.
C. M. H.

A great many assure us that they read the song in five minutes after receiving the number, from which we think it is a fair inference that our bright-eyed readers are quick to "reckon," and shrewd to "guess."

The instant I saw the song, I perceived that by reading it backwards, beginning at the bottom, would produce the following.
O. A. S.

If I am not the first to send you a correct translation, it will be owing to the distance we live from you, for I soon got the answer.
A. V. R.

MR. MERRY:—I am a very small boy, but I can do some things as well as others. I like the Museum very much, and have been trying some of my schoolmates to take it, and have partially succeeded. I hope they will take it—then I shall not have to lend mine so much.
C. A. H.

MR. MERRY:—I have taken your Museum two years, and it has been in the family eight. This month I thought I would be as cunning as your other subscribers, by working out one of your cunning puzzles. I read the song by beginning at the bottom and reading up hill, so to speak—a way that is not common in this part of the world.
W. F. K.

I am a very little girl, and you receive so many good letters that I am afraid mine will not be worthy of notice; but I have translated the song, and that is the reason for my writing.
ANNE M. O.

MR. MERRY:—I don't know that I am the first to solve the puzzle, but I like your Museum so well, that I have quite set my heart on getting a bound volume.
W. K. B.

MR. MERRY:—I think the puzzle too easy to receive so great a reward; however, I send the translation; also an algebraic question, viz: Find two numbers whose difference added to the difference of their squares is 52, and whose sum added to the sum of their squares is 62.

MR. MERRY:—I send the translation, and hope to win the book. My dreams will be sweet to-night. I will try and see how many subscribers I can send you.
C. L. S.

We hope that many have had pleasant dreams over this little contest, and that they will be equally pleasant when the result is made known. Probably all will be of the opinion of one of our little friends, who said, "Whether I get the book or not, I have had real fun in solving the puzzle."

I do not think it is very hard to solve your rhymes.
J. S.

A little harder than you thought, John, for your answer is wrong.

I despair of getting the prize, unless you shall award it to the one who shall soonest read the song after getting the Museum, for your proposition gives your nearer subscribers the advantage.
J. A. P.

When I was old enough to read, my father bought me all the back volumes of the Museum, and I take a great deal of pleasure in reading them. I send you the translation of the song.

H. J. A.

MR. MERRY:—Excuse me for sending this letter. I am a little boy, and this is the second letter I ever wrote. I think I have a translation of the song, and would like to have a book. I hope I am first. J. L.

It would be hard to tell which part of the Museum I like best, but I think the Monthly Chat. S. A. M.

MR. MERRY:—I am a little Miss, 12 years old. It was with difficulty that I got a new subscriber, to entitle me to a bound volume. And when I saw the song, I resolved to try for another.

M. L. B.

I do not expect to get the volume, but there is no harm in trying. Begin at the right hand, at the bottom, and read to the left till you get through.

E. S.

I should be glad to have every boy of my acquaintance take the Museum. After they have taken it one year, I'm sure they will not leave it off, even if they have to earn the money to pay for it. The song seemed very easy.

G. C. H.

MR. MERRY:—I did not go to the puzzle till I read your short speech, in which you wished us all a happy new year; and I said in my mind, "Thank you, I wish you the same." Then I solved the puzzle.

S. W. S.

I solved the puzzle in five minutes.

W. H. C.

You will have to solve it again, for you are not correct.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir:*

I have won, sir, your book,
By study and look.
You can see, when resolved,
What a problem I've solved.

Your meaning's enclosed
In letters transposed;
About an inch long,
I send your short song.

R. B.

This is a very good parody, but unfortunately the translation of the song is incorrect.

MR. MERRY:—I received the January No. this evening, and in fifteen minutes translated the song, which is, "You'll straight win the book," &c.

MARTHA.

Fifteen minutes more would probably have made it right. Ten letters, which we opened in succession, following the above, all contained the same mistake.

When I came home from school I found the Museum, and I thought I studied out the puzzle, and so in great haste I sent off a letter; but in the night I lay awake, thinking about it, and I now think I did not get it right. It must read upwards as well as backwards.

P. A. W.

I think my chance of winning the prize rather small, as my Green Mountain home is so far from your city; still, "nothing risk nothing have." So here is the song.

H. P. H.

MR. MERRY:—I have translated that little song, about an inch long, that begins at the bottom and ends at the top, and I very much wish that I may receive the handsome prize. But there are a great many ingenious little people in the world who read your pretty Museum, and I presume some of them are before me in sending the answer.

ALICE.

MR. MERRY:—I was delighted last night, when, calling at the post-office, I found my long-wished-for Magazine. I read it all through, and soon found that funny song at the end, which must be turned t'other side up to be right.

G. L.

MR. MERRY:—I like the Museum very much. When the last number came, I went to work to win the prize, but I am afraid that somebody else will get it, I live so far off. I think you should live nearer.

A. J. S.

MR. MERRY:—How do you do? I thought I would write you a letter and translate the song, and this is the way to do it: begin at the last word of the last verse, and spell backwards.

W. R. S.

MR. MERRY:—I am a little girl, ten years old—have long wanted to write to you, but was afraid you could not read it. We love to read the Museum very much. I have translated the song in the January number, but fear I am too late for the prize. I wish you a happy New Year.

HELEN S. W.

MR. MERRY:—I presume, sir, that solutions of your little puzzle by the dozen will reach you before mine, but this is nothing.

Perhaps, sir, you may not take it amiss, when I say (what I have long desired to) that our obligations to you for diffusing happiness and intelligence throughout our little family circle are unbounded; and we have always derived both pleasure and profit (two very desirable things) from your productions.

Whoever imparts to youth high and virtuous resolves, has a vocation approved by good men and blessed by heaven.

Yours, gratefully,

Mrs. D. J.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—You do not often receive letters from the Green Mountain State, I believe. I am a Green Mountain girl, and am proud to be a descendant of those who were led by Ethan Allen.

We have taken your Museum a great while, and all my brothers, and sisters, and myself, have read it with a great deal of interest. We received your last number to-day, and saw the notice of that song. Perhaps I am not the first, but I thought it would not do any hurt to write.

S. P.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—The January number of your most welcome Museum I received to-day, and noticing your very generous offer for a correct translation of the short song, I am resolved to try for the book, as my teacher says "The little words, *I'll try*, will accomplish almost anything." The following is my translation.

C. B. C.

MR. MERRY:—I must acknowledge to you that I was yesterday a little too anxious for the prize, and I see this morning that I was not right. But I have been taught, that if at first I do not succeed, to try again.

W. K. S.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have succeeded in reading your song, and hasten to write, scarcely daring to hope to win the more than acceptable prize lest I shall be disappointed. Yet I have always been taught that nothing was ever gained without trying, so I resolved to try, looking forward to the next number of the Museum with great anxiety to know who is the winner of that which cannot fail to bring pleasure with it.

M. T. C.

MR. MERRY:—I think I have succeeded in translating the song. I like your interesting Museum very much, and shall try to get some of my little friends to subscribe for it.

ABBY M. L.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am very much pleased with the Museum. Anything about drawing, painting, or engraving, I hail with delight, for I have a taste for such things. I sometimes copy the engravings in the Museum. I have read most of the back volumes of the Museum; we have them in our school library.

We country subscribers don't stand much chance of getting the bound volume offered to the one who *first* sends in the translation to your "Inch long song." Before we could get the Museum and answer it, your city subscribers would have the book.

S. T. G.

I have succeeded. I commenced at the end of the last line and read backwards.

L. C. C.

MR. MERRY:—The Monthly Chat is by far the most agreeable part of the Museum to me—not that any part lacks interest. Gilbert Go-ahead has interested me, if he does spin some pretty long yarns, and I have often wished that one grey-eyed Lou could be with you in your Balloon Travels. This is my first letter, and I shall not be surprised or offended if I do not see it in print.

LOU.

We must here close the extracts for the present. We may resume them hereafter, if we have room.

We have only to add, that the first correct translation of the song was given by Miss MARGARETTA CHERRY, of New York, and the book has been awarded accordingly.

As our young friends have manifested an unexpected interest in the contest for the prize volume, and as they have not had an equal chance in the contest, we propose another trial, and a series of prizes.

We wish to offer a sufficient inducement to all to enter the lists; and though all will not win, they will yet not lose their labor, for we are going to propose an intellectual effort which may be worth far more to you than a prize that can be estimated by dollars.

We offer the following six *Prizes*, viz.:

Prize 1st. Ten yearly volumes of Merry's Museum, neatly bound.

Prize 2d. Five yearly volumes of Merry's Museum, neatly bound.

Prize 3d. Four yearly volumes of Merry's Museum.

Prize 4th. Three " " "

Prize 5th. Two " " "

Prize 6th. One " volume "

To be awarded respectively to the six subscribers who shall construct the best and shortest English sentence, containing in it all the letters of the Alphabet, and also the nine parts of speech as enumerated in English Grammar, viz.: article, noun, pronoun, verb, adverb, adjective, preposition, conjunction, and interjection. For example, the following sentence contains all the parts of speech, but not all the letters of the alphabet:

"O, my mind was instantly and earnestly set on the beautiful prize."

The qualities that will be taken into account, in judging of the merits of a sentence, are, *breavity*, *accuracy*, and *elegance*. It will be an excellent lesson in composition.

The following conditions will be literally and strictly insisted upon:

1. Applications for the prize must come from subscribers. All are considered subscribers in whose family the Museum is regularly taken. Others who wish to contend for the prize, can do so by subscribing for the Museum.

2. All letters containing the sentence of the competitor, must be mailed before the first day of May next (postage paid).

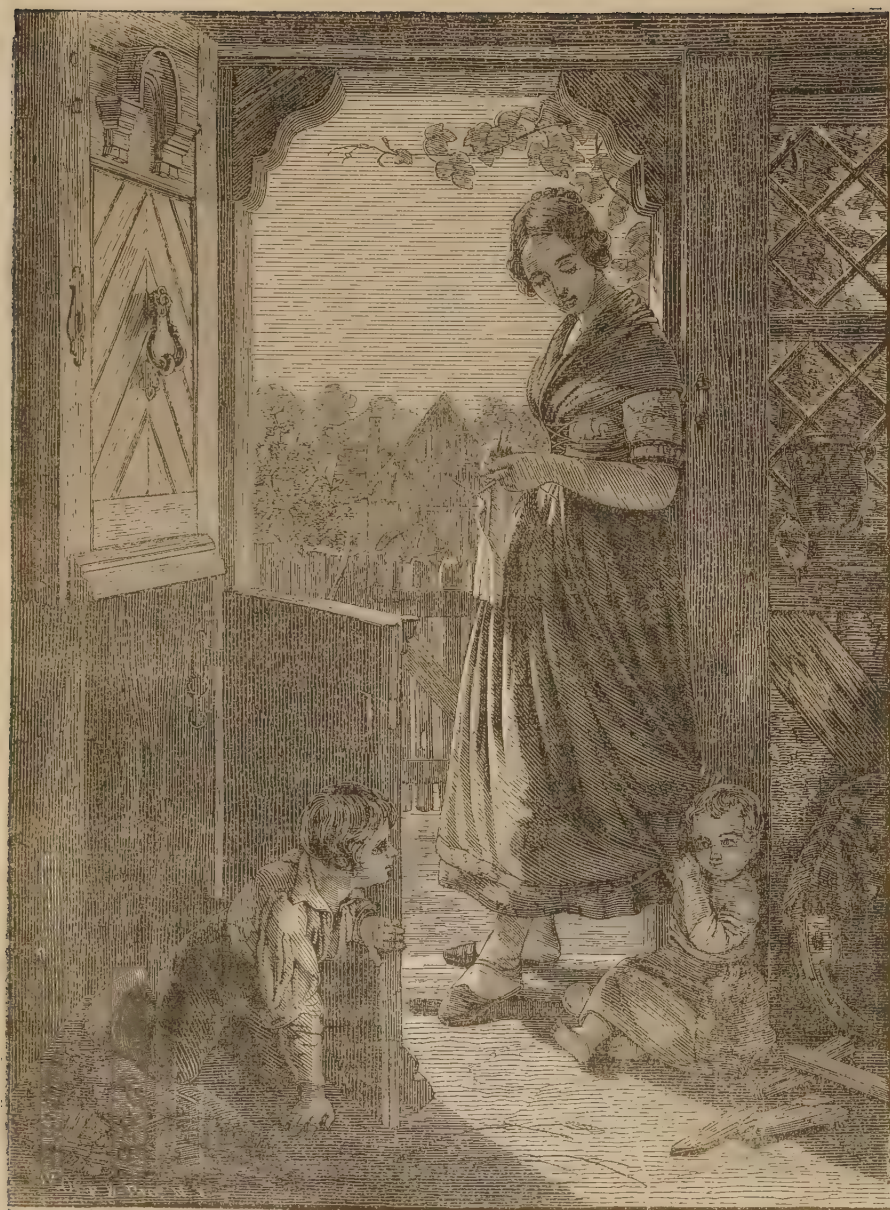
3. The prizes will be awarded as soon after as convenient; and in the decision, we shall call in a jury of eleven disinterested persons to assist us in making the awards.

4. None but proper English words must be used in forming the sentence, and a single inaccuracy in spelling will defeat the claim of the applicant, however good the sentence may be in other respects.

5. When the prizes are awarded, the successful competitors will be notified, and the volumes will be subject to their order at our office.

6. It is always good to depend upon ourselves, but our young subscribers may, if they choose, call in the aid of their older brothers and sisters, and their parents.

7. If any further explanations are desired, they will be given in the next number.



CHILDHOOD. See page 76.



March.

MARCH was originally the first month of the Roman year ; so named, according to tradition, by Romulus in honor of his father, Mars. Till the adoption of the new style in England (1752) the 25th of March was New Year's day ; hence in old records January and February, and the first twenty-four days of March, have frequently two years appended to them, as January 1, 1765-6.

March is numbered as the first of the spring months, and in the Middle and Southern States it brings buds and blossoms, and all the life and cheerful-

ness of spring ; but in the New England States it usually has more of winter than spring. One day it snows and blows, and every thing looks as drear and frosty as in December ; the next day, perhaps, the sun will be shining warm and fair, a soft wind will come breathing from the south and every thing seems like May.

It has been said that March is a mixture of all seasons—winter, spring, summer, and autumn—yet without the agreeable qualities of either. It is a sort of Jack-at-all-trades, yet good at none. Perhaps we may call it a kind

of half-way house between winter and summer, where the two seasons meet and enter into fierce contest for dominion. At one period winter seems to prevail, and powders the landscape over with his snows in evidence of his triumph. For a time he seems to have established his empire; rough Boreas comes roaring from the north—the icicles hang down from the eaves—the cattle stand shivering in the yard, and all round bears a wintry aspect.

On the morrow the scene is quite changed. Winter is driven back by his soft and gentle antagonist. Retreating to the hills and mountains of the north, he looks down upon the destruction of his works in the plains and valleys below. The snow melts, the ice gives way, the rivulets bound forward, as if in joy, the air seems like balm, the birds come forth from their hiding places, uttering brief snatches of melody, the school boy shouts merrily, and every thing seems to be wreathed in smiles. This is March as we have it in the Northern States—changeable, capricious even to a proverb; yet this month, with all its uncertainties, is generally marked with one characteristic. It is the period in which the snows which have been accumulated in the fields and on the mountains, are usually melted, and pouring into the rivers through a thousand chanel, produce an inundation along the banks called a *freshet*.

Almost every year, in the breaking up of winter, the rivers are so swollen as to burst their boundaries and over-spread the surrounding country.

The rushing waters, loaded with vast masses of broken ice, often speed forward with irresistible force, damaging the roads and carrying away mills, dikes, dams, and bridges. Sometimes cattle are overtaken on the plains and overwhelmed in the swelling waters—houses are undermined, and the lives of their occupants not unfrequently endangered.

Speaking of these things reminds us of the story entitled,

THE BABY SAILOR.

Whoever has made a passage up or down the Connecticut river, has noticed on either side of it, some twenty miles from its mouth, a succession of ridges sometimes rising to the elevation of one hundred feet. These are occasionally broken by chasms or openings, through which small rivers find their way to the large streams.

On the banks of one of these little rivers, at the period of which we speak, there was a small brown house, occupied by a family of the name of Riley; the father was the master of a small schooner that plied between Middletown and the West Indies. Leaving the mother and four children in their snug mansion, he had now gone to sea.

The winter, which had been extremely severe, continued till near the end of March. The snows had fallen to a great depth, and at this late period remained almost without diminution. At last the severe weather suddenly gave way—the wind came round to the south, and the air seemed almost like that of summer. A heavy fall of rain

occurred at the same time. Under these influences the vast masses of snow were suddenly melted, and gathering into streams, came rolling down the slopes in every direction.

The family of which we have spoken had gone to rest at night at the usual hour, little dreaming of what was approaching. The house they occupied was a slight wooden tenement consisting of but a single story. It was divided into three rooms, in one of which the three elder children were reposing. These consisted of a boy eight years of age, and two girls of six and five. The mother slept in a contiguous room. By the side of her bed, in an old-fashioned box cradle, was an infant five months old.

It was somewhat past midnight when the mother was awakened by an unusual noise. She arose and looked out of the window. The darkness was intense, and she could see nothing of the surrounding objects. The rain was falling in torrents, and the air was filled with a deafening and appalling roar. Quite unable to account for this, the mother dressed herself and stepped out of the door to ascertain the cause of the uproar.

This was soon apparent. The waters had filled the channel of the river, and the stream having risen above its banks, was sweeping rapidly over the little plain upon which the house was situated. It had already risen so high as to overspread a large portion of this, leaving nothing uncovered but the little mound upon which the house was situated. The scene that presented itself,

even in the darkness, was terrific. The raging waters, bearing forward fragments of trees and ploughing up the earth in their course were lashed with foam, their hoarse murmurs seeming but the expression of the fury with which they were agitated.

The danger which now threatened her family, flashed at once upon the mind of the mother. It was evident that the waters were rising and that the house must be speedily borne away.

Taking her resolution instantly, she dressed the three elder children and prepared to make an effort to cross the shallow branch of the torrent and gain the high land where they would be in safety. Leaving the infant in the cradle, with the purpose of speedily returning for it, she set out with the three other children, and with considerable difficulty crossed the current. Placing them upon an elevated ridge, she was about to return to the house, when a scene that cannot be described met her view.

By the faint light of the morning, which had dawned, she saw a vast mass of waters bursting from the gorge between the hills, and making directly upon the frail tenement that held her infant.

Uttering a shriek of agony, she ran forward; but all in vain. Long before she could reach the house, the torrent had fallen upon it and scattered it in a thousand fragments. Bewildered with the frightful scene, the mother sank down upon the ground, where she remained some time in a state of insen-

sibility. When she recovered, every trace of her house had disappeared ; only the fragments could be distinguished upon the rough surface of the distant waters. One object met her view riding upon the waves, and it seemed like the cradle of her child. The thoughts and feelings that filled her bosom at that moment we may imagine but cannot tell. Dejected and nearly heart-broken, the woman made her way with her three children to a neighbor's house. Here they met with every care and kindness, but nothing could appease the sorrow of the mother for her lost infant. Night and day her fancy dwelt upon the scene of horror in which it disappeared. Again and again her imagination called up every incident of that fearful night. She reproached herself for having left the infant, and said, " Had I but taken it with me, that, too, might have been saved."

Nor was her sorrow diminished when she thought of the father at sea. It was now time for him to arrive. Every day she expected to hear of his return. " Alas !" she said, " how will he mourn to find our house swept away—our very home annihilated, and our youngest child buried in the waters. Will he not reproach me for having deserted it in the hour of peril ?"

With thoughts like these her mind was agitated, and she refused to be comforted.

We must now turn our attention to the Captain of the schooner. The same storm which had caused the inundation which we have described, extended to

the south, and was experienced in its full force at the eastern extremity of Long Island Sound, where the little vessel then was. The wind, however, was in a favorable direction, and taking advantage of this, the light craft sped forward, and was soon at the mouth of the Connecticut river. The swollen stream now gave evidence of the freshet which had flooded the country above. Branches and trunks of trees, fragments of bridges, stacks of hay, boards, timbers, wrecks of every kind, came floating upon the tide.

In the midst of these various objects the Captain discovered one which excited his curiosity. It seemed at first a mere box, but on looking at it with his telescope, he perceived it to be a cradle. A boat was immediately lowered—the cradle was secured and brought to the ship. What was the astonishment of the Captain to discover in this a familiar object—the very cradle in which his own children had been rocked. Nor did his wonder end here. His child—the infant—was snug in bed, and that Providence which had laid the house in ruins had borne the helpless creature upon the waves and directed its course in safety.

The issue of the story need not be told. The meeting of the parents can be imagined, and the joy of the mother at the restoration of her child can be readily conceived.

MIRTH should be the embroidery of our conversation, not the web ; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the feature.



The American Bison.

I AM going to tell you about the bison, which is one of the most remarkable animals in our country. It is about as large as an ox. It inhabits both parts of the American continent ; and in North America, immense herds are frequently seen. The fore-parts of the body of this animal are very thick and strong ; the hinder are much more slender ; the body is covered in many parts with long shaggy hair ; the horns are short, rounded, and pointing outwards ; and on the shoulders is a great hump, which is the distinguishing mark of the bison.

The bison grazes like a cow ; he runs wild in forests, and his appearance is threatening and ferocious. No person could see this animal in the woods, for the first time, without showing him his heels, and escaping from his company as soon as possible.

The chase of these animals is one of the favorite sports of the Indians, who use the flesh as food, and have several ingenious ways of killing them. The

vast herds of bisons, in the western country, sometimes present a most astonishing spectacle. They press close together, so as to appear to be one solid mass, and then rush onward, driving before them, or crushing every thing that comes in their way. Their line of march is seldom stopped even by deep rivers, for they swim over them without fear, and nearly in the order that they traverse the plains. When flying before their pursuers, it would be in vain for the foremost to halt, or attempt to stop those behind him, as they rush on, no matter what is before them. In their course they frequently brush down large trees.

The Indians have a curious method of luring these animals to leap over a high precipice. A swift-footed and active young man is selected, who is disguised in a bison's skin, having the head, ears and horns so fixed, as to deceive even the bisons themselves. When thus arrayed, he stations himself between the

herd and some of the precipices, which often extend for several miles along the rivers. The Indians surround the herd, and rush upon them, with loud yells. The animals being alarmed, and seeing no way open but in the direction of the disguised Indian, run towards him, and he taking to flight, dashes on to the precipice, where he suddenly hides himself within some crevice. The foremost bison of the herd arrives at the brink—he cannot turn back; there is no chance of escape: the poor creature shrinks with terror, but the crowd behind press upon him, and he is hurled, with those who follow him, over the precipice. This seems a cruel and wasteful method of killing buffaloes, and fortunately it is not often resorted to by the Indians.

A better way of killing bison is that of attacking them on horseback, in which some of the Indians are very expert.

The sense of smell in the bison is wonderfully nice. It is said by hunters that the odor of the white man is far more terrifying to them than that of the Indian. In Long's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, a story is told of an exploring party, who were riding through a dreary country, where a vast number of bisons were used to roam. As the wind was blowing fresh from the south, the scent of the party was wafted directly across the river Platte, and over a distance of eight or ten miles reached the bisons. The instant their atmosphere was infected with the tainted gale, they ran as violently as if closely pursued by mounted hunters, and instead of fleeing from the danger, they turned their heads

towards the wind, eager to escape this terrifying odor.

The skins of the bison are commonly of a reddish brown color. They furnish the Indians and whites with excellent coverings in winter. A sleigh-ride would be uncomfortable without them, and they form an excellent protection from the rain and cold. They are called *buffalo robes*; the term *buffalo*, being generally, but incorrectly, applied to the bison.

The bisons have often been seen in herds of three, four, and five thousand, blackening the plains and prairies, as far as the eye could view. At night it is impossible for persons, unaccustomed to their noise, to sleep near them. Their continued roaring sounds like distant thunder. Although the bison is a very fierce looking animal, it is, at the same time, generally quite harmless. A little boy might go near them, and perhaps even chase them, without their turning to injure him.

A young bison, it is said, displays an affecting instance of attachment to its mother, when the latter happens to be killed by the hunters; the young one then will not leave her, but alarmed and trembling, follows the hunters, who are carrying away its parent.

To the Indian tribes, the bison is an invaluable gift. He supplies a large part of the food used by the natives, and coverings to their tents and persons; while his very refuse is used for fuel, in the desert places where not a tree or shrub is to be seen. How wonderfully are all things adapted to the wants of man!

The bisons are often taken in pitfalls covered with boughs of trees and grass, and when thus captured, they are easily killed. When the ice is broken up on the rivers in the spring of the year, the dry grass of the surrounding plains is set on fire and the bisons are tempted to cross the rivers in search of the young grass that immediately succeeds the old.

In the attempt to cross the bison often gets entangled in the ice, and is killed by the Indians.

A Letter from one of our Young Friends at Rome.

WE left Paris on the fifth of January in the cars for Lyons, and from there went down the Rhone to Marseilles. After remaining there three days, we took the steamer to Nice. When we arrived at Nice, the morning of the 12th Jan., the weather was so mild that our cloaks were oppressively warm. Nice is a beautiful place, situated on the sea-shore, at the foot of a mountain. Here, for the first time, we saw the orange growing; the trees were laden with their delicious fruit. We drove from Nice to Geneva. I never enjoyed a drive so much—indeed it is said to be the finest in Europe: the hard smooth road lies sometimes on the shore of the dark blue sea,—then inland, through groves of orange, lemon, and olive trees—then winding on the edge of a mountain, with rocky ledges overhanging us, or, in some places, passing through tunnels cut in the solid rock—then suddenly turning to descend, when below us we could see a large populated village, situated on the shore, surrounded by mountains, looking so cozy and pleasant in its retreat that one almost envies its inhabitants. Above it, on a rocky eminence, you will see another village; but oh!

when we entered its narrow, dirty streets, we found distance truly lent enchantment. In some of these towns we would stop to dine, or spend the night, as we were four days on the way. We were almost sorry to hear the cracking of our postillion's whip, announcing our entrance to Geneva. They are famous for their handling of the whip; I have actually heard one of them crack a tune.

I was very much disappointed in Geneva; its location is perfect, but the interior of the town, with the exception of its three palaced streets, is filthy. These are narrow; but the palaces (most of which we entered) are magnificent. One has a saloon, the cost of which, without the furniture, was one million francs; the sides are covered with mirrors, separated by gilded pilasters; the ceiling, with the finest frescoed painting. We remained in Geneva three days, and took the steamer one lovely moonlight evening for Civita Vecchia. Here we took a posting carriage for Rome. The dress of the postillions, and the John Gilpin rate with which they drive, is comical enough. The country about Rome is level and uninteresting; occasionally a flock of sheep or cattle, with

their keeper covered with the skin of a goat, give proof of some life. At the last post-house, twelve miles distant, we had our first glimpse of the great dome of St. Peter's, and we entered the gate of the Eternal City after sundown; but the moon was shining brightly, and, as we passed the portico of St. Peter's, we could see the fountains playing in its light. These are the most graceful and pleasing fountains of the hundreds in the city. It was a long drive to our hotel, and our eyes and heads were on the alert to catch a glimpse of the Coliseum, Pantheon, or some other prominent ruin; but no,—instead of these, we were passing through Paris-like streets, on each side lined with fine modern buildings; I felt disappointed. But the next day, when we drove to the Coliseum, I gazed in wonder at its vast dimensions, standing monarch of the vast ruins by which it is surrounded—ruins of what was once so great. I was glad our residence was not among them. We were again at the Coliseum at moonlight, when if possible it looked grander still. A large cross stands in its centre. On our first visit, we met a body of hooded friars, with their crosses, and chanting their monotonous tunes, coming from under its arches, and forming a strange contrast to the scenes formerly enacted on its arena. From the Coliseum we drove to St. Peter's—as Hare says, “from ancient to modern Rome”—and I wish I had words to express my astonishment. You can form no idea of its vastness and grandeur. Persons at the end looked like children, and statu-

ary which appeared like infant angels, were, when we came near them, colossal men. The high altar, over ninety feet in height, scarcely interrupted the view of the length. This deception is owing to the fine proportions. In one chapel were priests chanting vespers—in another, workmen raising a monument—beside many persons walking about with their guide books—and yet neither interrupted the other. It is very rich in colored marbles, endless quantities of statuary, immense pictures copied in mosaics, &c., &c. It all has the appearance more of an exchange than of a house of worship. We went into the ball, but the heat was so great we were glad to get out again as soon as possible.

One Wednesday we went to St. Peter's to see the Pope bless candles. Each side of the high altar were seats erected for the ladies; none were admitted except in black, and veiled; soldiers lined each side of the great aisle to guard the passage for the procession, which soon entered—priests, bishops, cardinals, noble guard—all in variety of dress and uniform, presenting a grand appearance. Then came His Holiness, a kind, good looking old man, clothed in crimson, and seated on a gilded chair, and, by means of velvet-covered poles, borne on the shoulders of twelve men in crimson. A canopy, carried by four in purple, covered his head, and two men with immense fans walked behind him. The poor, foolish old man gave his blessing, in passing, to a kneeling congregation, and then he was placed on a throne erected for him back of the high altar, each

person according to rank coming forward to receive his candle, first kissing his ring, and then the cross on his slipper; he was then trotted out, the procession following with lighted candles. It made my heart sick to witness such homage, and to hear afterward that one of our own bishops was in that procession. We visited the Vatican, where the Pope now resides, but I have not time to tell you of even the principal of its galleries of paintings, statuary, and libraries. The pictures are not more than fifty in number, yet consist of the finest in the world. The Transfiguration, by Raphael, is said to be the finest among pictures. Below the galleries is the mosaic department, belonging to the government. As for the churches here, they are numberless, all rich in marble columns, mosaic pictures, pavement and statuary, which are all explained by a long-skirted sacristan with a little black cap. I must tell you what we saw in a church, the other day. The sacristan, or rather the monk, took us into a side-chapel, where, between two figures, stood a box covered, by which he sat lighted candles, and then opened it. It contained a wooden baby, called Banbuino. It was wound with white satin; its feet in gold wire work; a diamond cross on each foot; a crown of gold, studded with precious stones, on its head; and its person covered with precious jewels. It was made by a monk, of olive-wood from the Mount of Olives, and was painted they say by St. Luke while the monk slept; and this horrid looking thing is to represent the infant

Saviour, and is sacred for its miraculous power of healing. While we were looking at it, a monk came to say a carriage was waiting to convey it to the room of a sick person. It does not make its visits gratuitously, and in this way the monks are supported.

The great season of the Carnival has passed. In former days, when the nobility enjoyed it masked, I can realize its great attraction; but this year it was miserable. It lasted six afternoons—commencing at three, and ending at five. It is now confined to the Corso, a street a mile in length, each cross-street guarded by a mounted soldier; every window and balcony was decorated in the gayest manner. The carriages pass up one side and down the other, many of the inmates in fancy dress, and masked. As they pass, they are saluted from the balconies with sugar-plums or bouquets, which compliment they return. Some of the dresses are pretty, and some comical enough. The throwing continues till five o'clock; then a gun is fired and the carriages disappear. In a moment, a company of cavalry clear the street; then nine horses come racing by riderless, but urged on by little tin wings beating their sides. They are stopped by barricades at the end of the Corso—a gun fires, and all is over. After the race, candles appeared in different balconies, and through the street, making quite an illumination. The object then was to keep your own light and put out your neighbor's; all means were resorted to—long poles, handkerchiefs, bouquets, &c. At seven, it was over for a year.

To-day we have been in one of the entrances of the Catacombs. These are passages, cut out of the solid rock, and extending ten miles—the circuit of the old city. By means of torches, we could see piles of bones, which formerly belonged in the niches. Numbers of finely-wrought sarcophægi, and other valuables, have been found here.

Childhood.

BY MARY HOWITT.

[See *Frontispiece*.]

Oh, when I was a little child,
My life was full of pleasure;
I had four-and-twenty living things
And many another treasure.

But chiefest was my sister dear,—
Oh, how I loved my sister!
I never played at all with joy,
If from my side I missed her.

I can remember many a time,
Up in the morning early,—
Up in the morn by break of day,
When summer dews hung pearly;

Out in the fields, what joy it was,
While the cowslip yet was bending,
To see the large round moon grow dim,
And the early lark ascending!

I can remember, too, we rose
When the winter stars shone brightly;
'Twas an easy thing to shake off sleep,
From spirits strong and sprightly.

How beautiful were those winter skies,
All frosty-bright and unclouded,
And the garden-trees like cypresses,
Looked black in the darkness shrouded!

Then the deep, deep snows were beautiful,
That fell through the long night stilly,
When behold, at morn, like a silent plain,
Lay the country wild and hilly!

And the fir-trees down by the garden side,
In their blackness towered more stately;
And the lower trees were feathered with snow,
That were bare and brown so lately.

And then, when the rare hoar-frost would come,
'Twas all like a dream of wonder,
Where over us grew the crystal trees,
And the crystal plants grew under!

The garden all was enchanted land;
All silent and without motion,
Like a sudden growth of the stalactite,
Or the corallines of ocean!

'Twas all like the fairy forest then,
Where the diamond trees were growing,
And within each branch the emerald green
And the ruby red were glowing.

I remember many a day we spent
In the bright hay-harvest meadow;
The glimmering heat of the noonday ground,
And the hazy depth of shadow.

I can remember, as to-day,
The corn-field and the reaping,
The rustling of the harvest-sheaves,
And the harvest-wain's upheaping:

I can feel, this hour, as if I lay
Adown 'neath the hazel bushes,
And as if we wove, for pastime wild,
Our grenadier-caps of rushes.

And every flower within that field
To my memory's eye comes flitting,
The chicory-flower, like a blue cockade,
For a fairy-knight befitting.

The willow-herb by the water side,
With its fruit-like scent so mellow;
The gentian blue on the marly hill,
And the snap-dragon white and yellow.

I know where the hawthorn groweth red;
Where pink grows the way-side yarrow;
I remember the wastes of woad and broom,
And the shrubs of red rest-harrow.

I know where the blue geranium grows,
And the stork's-bill small and musky;
Where rich osmunda groweth brown,
And the wormwood white and dusky.

There was a forest a-nigh our home,—
A forest so old and hoary,—
How we loved in its ancient glooms to be,
And remember its bygone story!

We sat in the shade of its mighty trees,
When the summer noon was glowing,
And heard in the depths of its undergrowth
The pebbly waters flowing.

We quenched our thirst at the forest-well;
We ate of the forest berry;
And the time we spent in the good greenwood,
Like the times of song, were merry.

We had no crosses then, no cares;
We were children like yourselves then;
And we danced and sang, and made us mirth,
Like the dancing moonlight elves then!



The Golden Eagle.

THIS is one of the largest and noblest of all those birds that have received the name of Eagle. The length of the female is three-feet and a half; it weighs from sixteen to eighteen pounds; but the male seldom weighs above twelve pounds. Its bill is three inches long, and of a deep blue; and the eye of a very brilliant hazel color. The sight and sense of smelling are very acute. The head and neck are clothed with

narrow sharp pointed feathers, of a deep brown color, bordered with tawny ones; but those on the crown of the head, in very old birds, turn gray.

There are numerous species of eagles, all of which are generally found in mountainous and ill-peopled countries, and breed among the loftiest cliffs. They choose those places most remote from man for their residence, and build their nests on the inaccessible cliffs. These

are sometimes protected by a jutting crag but are frequently wholly exposed to the winds ; for they are flat, though built with great labor. It is said that the same nest serves the eagle during life, and the pains bestowed in forming it would seem to authorize that belief. When a male and female have paired they remain together till death.

The eagle is at all times a formidable neighbor. He carries away hares, lambs, and kids ; often destroys fawns and calves, to drink their blood, and carries a part of their flesh to his retreat. An instance is related in Scotland of two children being carried off by eagles : they fortunately received no harm by the way, and were restored unhurt out of the nests to the affrighted parents.

Some time ago, it happened that a peasant resolved to rob the nest of an eagle, that had built in a small island in the beautiful lake of Killarney. He accordingly stripped and swam in upon the island, while the old ones were away ; and robbing the nest of its young, he was preparing to swim back, with the eaglets tied in a string. While he was yet up to his chin in the water, the old eagles returned, and missing their young quickly fell upon the plunderer, and in spite of all his resistance, dispatched him with their beaks and talons.

Of all animals the eagle flies highest, and on this account he was called by the ancients the Bird of Jove. Of all birds, too, he has the quickest eye, but his sense of smelling is far inferior to that of the vulture. His principal aliment is raw flesh.

The plumage of the eaglets is not so strongly marked as it is when they come to be adult. They are at first white, then inclined to yellow, and at last light brown. Age, hunger, long captivity, and diseases, make them whiter. It is said that they live above an hundred years ; and that they at last die, not of old age, but from the beak turning inwards upon the under mandible, and thus preventing their taking any food. They are indeed equally remarkable for their longevity and for their power of sustaining a long abstinence from food.

The descriptions of the Golden Eagle given by systematic authors correspond but little with the name. Willoughby says, that, "the small feathers of the whole body are a dark ferruginous or chestnut ;" Linnæus, that "the body is variegated with brown and rusty ;" Latham, that the "head and neck are deep brown, the feathers bordered with tawny, hind-head bright rust color, body dark brown ;" Bewick, that "the general color is deep brown, mixed with tawny on the head and neck ;" Fleming, that "the acuminate feathers on the head and neck are bright rust color, the rest of the plumage dusky brown ;" Baron Cuvier, that it is "more or less brown ;" Temminck, that "the young at the age of one or two years have all the plumage of a ferruginous or reddish brown, clear and uniform on all parts of the body ;" and in proportion as they advance in age the colors of the plumage "at first is white, then faint yellow, and afterwards it becomes a bright copper color."

Belon even ventures to infer that when Aristotle first used the term golden, he did not mean that it was gilded, but only rather more reddish than other species. But on turning to the passage in Aristotle, we find that he says expressly, that "the color is yellow."

"Take Care of Number One."

CHAPTER I.

AS we are about to give a sketch of some important events in the life of the younger Jacob Karl, we must detain the reader, in our first chapter, with a few particulars of his early days.

Jacob was the son of an Englishman, who came to this country, and settled, many years ago, in one of the villages near Boston. The latter was what is called an *eccentric man*; that is, his ways were all strange and peculiar. He lived in a small brown house, with few articles of furniture, and having no companion except Jacob and an old black cat. His garments were of a fashion many years gone by, and were at once threadbare by use and glazed over by a fine mixture of dust and grease. His form was bent, his step feeble, and his face had a pinched and starved expression.

In truth, old Karl had an appearance of great age and extreme poverty; yet he was not, in fact, over sixty, and he had a large leathern bag, carefully concealed, which contained gold, silver, and copper coin, to the value of about five thousand dollars! Why, then, did he live and look so much like a beggar?

That, gentle reader, is a question of thine own asking, and we do not deem ourselves bound to answer. Neverthe-

less, out of grace to one we greatly esteem, we will state a few facts, which may give a clew to old Jacob Karl's life and character. He was born and nursed in extreme poverty, and early acquired the idea that the possession of money is the possession of happiness. He grew up with this vain conceit, and the more he gained, the more eager he was to amass wealth. He began at first to hoard up pence, then shillings, and at last pounds. Finally, he became what is called a *miser*, and his whole soul was absorbed in the desire to increase and keep his cash. So deeply bent was he upon this one idea, that he kept both himself and his son Jacob on the very verge of starvation. Even old Fire-eyes, the black cat, had been subjected to the same regimen, had she not been gifted with a faculty of looking out for herself. Indeed, it often happened that a robin, or a sparrow, and now and then even a mole and a squirrel, was wrenched from her claws, to make the old man's meal; though puss grew wise at last, and usually kept her affairs to herself.

Old Karl's avarice, and the anxiety of mind attending it, made him prematurely gray, decrepit, and feeble. Yet all the time he fancied that he was

taking the best way to secure happiness. He was naturally what is called a man of strong mind ; he had, indeed, seen a good deal of the world ; read some books, and thought and reflected much more. But his mind was overturned by one error, and the whole sum and substance of his knowledge was at last concentrated in two principles—first, that *man is made for himself*, and second, that *money is bliss*. Both by example and precept, he endeavored to impress these ideas on the mind of his son, Jacob, and we must admit that he was but too successful.

We cannot dilate further upon this point of our story, but must proceed to launch our hero upon the tide of life and adventure as speedily as possible. It will be sufficient, therefore, to say here, that one cold winter's night Jacob was awakened by what seemed to him an unusual noise, proceeding from his father's bed. He got up, and groped his way, as well as he could, to the place. It was very dark ; but he could discover the cat standing on the foot of the bed, her hair and tail erect, and her eyes shining like two balls of greenish moonlight. The old man was breathing as if half suffocated. Jacob was a boy, but of sufficient experience to see that his father was ill. He spoke to him, but he gave no reply. He then looked about for a light ; but as the luxury of a lamp or candle was not tolerated in the hut, it was long before he was able to succeed in obtaining what he desired. At last he found a splinter of pine, and, after a smart blowing, in which he used his

cheeks for a bellows, he succeeded in lighting it.

He now proceeded to the bedside, and was struck with a strange sense of horror as he gazed upon his dying parent. The first sight of death is a terrible revelation to youth ; the image of the destroyer, once set upon the soul, is never fully effaced. From that moment, it is written upon the heart that man must die, and a shadow, never to pass away, is over every scene of after-existence.

Young Jacob was used to the haggard countenance of his father ; but never had he seen him wear such a cold, pallid, fearful aspect as now. At first his eyes were closed ; but as the strong light of the torch fell on his face, he opened them, and gazed full upon his son. He now seemed anxious to speak ; his lips moved, but no sound issued forth. He evidently struggled hard ; his limbs were convulsed ; his breast heaved ; and, at last, a faint whisper was uttered. The boy held his ear close ; and he caught this sentence, " Good-bye, Jacob—good-bye—*take care of Number One !*" Having said this, a tremor ran through the old man's frame—his eyes closed, and all was still.

The sable old Fire-eyes now leaped from the bed, and, taking up her position beneath it, curled her tail close round her feet, and sat with a vigilant and ghost-like countenance, waiting for the further progress of events. Jacob drew close to the embers, and, trying to keep himself warm, watched till morning. The time passed slowly, and, as the

poet says, "on leaden wings." The boy had, therefore, much time to ponder upon what had just passed, and to repeat over and over to himself the dying injunction of his parent. It may seem strange, yet he looked with a kind of reverence upon the old man; partly because he was his father, and partly because of that necessary ascendancy which a strong mind, and one of determined purposes, acquires over all around.

We note these things with some par-

ticularity here, for our story turns much upon that principle of selfishness woven into young Jacob Karl's mind, and which is contained in the homely yet significant adage—"Take care of Number One." But we need not say more upon the topic now, and only add that, when the morning came, Jacob called in the neighbors, and his father was duly buried. The progress of our tale must be reserved for another chapter.

[To be continued.]

The Hen Convention.

THE age in which we live is famous for conventions. All sorts of people of every stripe and feather come together, according to their own peculiar affinities, to advance their own projects. The last convention that we have heard of is the famous *Hen Convention*, now in session at Barnum's American Museum, in New York. Great preparations have been going on some weeks for their accommodation. They are all to be supplied with lodgings at the Museum, as, for obvious reasons, they have been advised to keep clear of hotels and eating houses.

Delegates have been pouring into town for several days till there are, as we understand, about 7000 in attendance.

Among these we observe quite a sprinkling of foreigners; such as

Mr. Shang Hai,

" Brama Pootra,

" Chitta Gong,

Mr. Black Java,

" Black Spanish,

" John Dorkings,

" Guinea Fowl & Co.

We are not able to say from authority what the precise object of the convention is, though we have our suspicions as we shall directly state. It is not a political convention, evidently—though there are a great many Hard Shells and Soft Shells in attendance. Nor is it a musical convention, though they have a great deal of music, and open every session with a general crowing and conclude with a congregational cackle, in which all are invited to join. Nor is it a temperance convention, for we are credibly informed that not a day passes but what every member gets "corned."

As near as we can learn from outside observations—we have not yet attended any meeting—we judge it to be a *Hen's Rights Convention*; and we suppose the main question in discussion to be:

"Whether cocks shall be compelled to 'set' and hatch the eggs while hens strut on the dunghill and crow." This will be seen at once to be a great question. We hope it will have a fair discussion and be definitely settled.

We exhort the cocks to be gallant in their bearing—reminding them that the very word "gallant" is derived from the latin of their own name—thus clearly indicating that their ancestors were a very polite people—a pattern of gentlemanly bearing.

We also exhort the hens to forbearance and moderation—to remember that they are the weaker bird—that their comb is not so large or so red—their feathers are not so long—their spurs are not so sharp, and in crowing their voice is not *quite* so clear or so loud, though it may perhaps be improved by practice—but we forbear further advice.

If we had been invited to attend the convention, and to open its exercises with a poem, it might possibly have run something like the following :

LINES TO A HEN.

Thou art a "bird," a pretty bird, thou amiable hen,
And a "spirit" too—thou hoverest about the barns of men;
A meek and quiet spirit, thou art rather seen than heard,
And I love thee for thy gentleness, thou sweet domestic bird.

A child of industry and peace thou dost appear to be,
And scratching round the world for food, is world enough for thee;
There's judgment in thy countenance, there's shrewdness in thy air,
And the innocence of chickenhood is ever dwelling there.

Thy voice is somewhat clamorous; but while most other birds

Pipe out their soft and love-like notes to sentimental words,

Thy cackling note, statistical, in business style is made,

To proclaim to all around when thou an egg hast laid.

I grant it lacks in sentiment, and possibly might seem

A little ostentatious too; but in this age of steam,

When self-display is "all the go," and "statistics" are "the rage,"

It surely is in keeping with the "spirit of the age."

And thy gentle voice, too, oft is heard, entreating, from the mud,

For thy chicken, some of them to come and light upon a bug;

And at eve thy private "curfew bell"—thy clucking tongue—is loosed,

To bid thy chicks forsake the world, and go with thee to roost.

Thus calmly dost thou pass thy days, thou amiable hen,

Renouncing woods and poetry for the bustling haunts of men—

The lark may sing, the eagle soar, the vulture joy in strife,

'Tis glory enough for thee to be domestic in thy life.

And now farewell!—be thou with joy and corn abundant blest,

And be thy last declining days thy brightest and thy best!

With this I cease, and my harp I hang, like Jews, on Babel's stream,

No more thy praise to warble forth, bird of my sweetest dream.

WORDS of sympathy lift not up the needy; only full sacks can stand on end.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

Balloon Travels.

[Continued from page 49.]

MERRY AND HIS FRIENDS AT ATHENS.

James. Really, I think Athens is as interesting as Rome.

Ellen. Yes, but it is very different. The modern city is small and ill built, and has nothing like the grandeur of the modern city of Rome. It has none of the palaces of marble, none of the fine churches, none of the imposing squares, of Rome. It has no St. Peters.

Merry. That is quite true. You must remember that during the wars between the Greeks and Turks, about twenty-five years ago, Athens was nearly laid in ruins. The present city has almost entirely arisen since Greece became independent. The houses are chiefly in the German style, and do not resemble the ancient Greek mode of constructing dwellings. There are only two or three good streets, the rest of the city consisting of what are little better than mere lanes.

Ellen. Yes, that is quite right, as to the new city ; but it being built on an eminence, we can see the plain around, and many of the ruins of antiquity. It really makes my heart beat to look at them—they are so beautiful, yet so sad.

James. Athens is certainly a very curious place ; the King's new palace is very handsome, and some of the new houses are handsome also, but they make a strong contrast with the Acropolis, which is said to have been an ancient fortress founded by Cecrops, fifteen hundred years before Christ. And then the ruins there—how wonderful !

Ellen. Yes, and especially the Parthenon, a temple of Minerva, although it is in a good state of preservation, it still looks as if it were three thousand years old, as it really is ; and beside, it is so grand, and so simple !

Seth. What was it built for ?

Merry. It was dedicated to Minerva, the Greek goddess of wisdom.

Seth. Athens seems completely surrounded with the ruins of ancient temples, devoted to the deities of the old Greeks.

James. Yes, and it would appear that they must have been a very religious people, by the great number of their religious edifices.

Merry. The ancient Greeks were, no doubt, a religious people, in their way. They viewed every thing in connection with religion. Instead of regarding all events as under the direction of one God, they conceived them to be parcelled out among many gods. When it thundered, the people thought that Jupiter was flinging his thunderbolts about. Mars was the god of war, Bacchus the god of drunkards, Mercury the god of thieves, Vulcan the god of blacksmiths. So there were gods of rivers, and woods ; the sea god was called Neptune, and the god of the infernal regions, Pluto. To all these, the Greeks erected temples, and to all they offered sacrifices and prayers. While we say truly that they were a religious people—

that is, that they spent a great deal of time and money in religious rites and ceremonies—we must, however, consider that, from one point of view, the greater part of their religion was not only false, but frivolous, vain, and even revolting. At the same time, such was the genius of the Greeks, that this mythology became the means of developing the national taste for art, and hence, while that mythology has passed away, the temples and statues, to which it gave rise, remain to excite the admiration, and guide the studies of the present civilized world.

Seth. You were speaking yesterday of Ulysses, Mr. Merry—was he a god?

Merry. No—he was only a hero; but the Greeks imagined that persons like him, who had performed great and remarkable deeds, were so superior to other men as to be divine, and hence they paid them worship as demi-gods. Thus Hercules, who was probably a chief of some petty tribe, and a man of great strength, was worshipped after death. The poets made up wonderful stories of his achievements. They considered him the son of Jupiter, and tell us that while he was a child in his cradle, he strangled two serpents sent to kill him by Juno, Jupiter's wife. When only eighteen years old, he delivered the people around Mount Citheron from a terrible lion, which devoured the sheep. He also performed certain acts called *herculean labors*, among which was killing a bear which ravaged the country of Numea, and destroying a nine-headed monster in the swamps of Lerna. This latter was a terrible affair, for the monster

was assisted by a crab which bit the feet of the hero, as he made his attacks. He also caught a stag of incredible swiftness; destroyed a race of monsters called Centaurs, with heads of men and bodies of horses; cleaned out the stables of Augea, which had been occupied by hundreds of cows for many years; and brought from the lower regions the three-headed dog Cerebrus, which guarded the gates of hell!

Seth. Well these old Greeks had very ingenious fancies, at any rate.

Merry. Yes, no doubt; and one thing more they had, that is, great art in telling their stories. Thus it happens that these very fables about Hercules are constantly alluded to by people of the present day. Every body has heard of the *Lernean Hydra*, and the *Augean stables*, and these expressions are rendered significant by the fables to which they relate.

Lucy. Mr. Merry, you promised to tell us about Ulysses, when we had a little leisure. Will you not give us the story now?

All the children. Oh, yes; the story of Ulysses.

Merry. Well, I will give a sketch of his adventures. You remember that he was king of the little island of Ithica and went with the other Greek kings and chiefs, to make war on the city and country of the Trojans in Asia Minor. When Troy was destroyed and the war was over, Ulysses set out to return home, as did the other warriors. He had several ships, but these were dispersed by the winds. Ulysses himself was cast

away on the coast of Sicily, where among other strange people, he fell in with a race of giants, called Cyclops. They had but one eye, which was in the middle of the forehead, and was as big as a goose egg. The chief, called Polyphemus, lived in a cave, and unfortunately Ulysses and his companions went into it, during his absence. When he came back, he found them, and kept them to be devoured, as if they had been beef or pork. Four of the adventurers were thus eaten by the giant, but Ulysses now contrived to get him drunk, and to punch out his eye with a stick sharpened at one end and heated in the fire. He thus managed to escape with his remaining companions.

In the course of his wanderings, Ulysses came to the islands belonging to Æolus, king or god of the winds. These are now called the Liparian islands, and one of them, Stromboli, was the place of the king's residence. He kindly entertained the wanderers for a month, and at their departure gave them bags filled with various kinds of favorable winds. Ulysses guided the vessel, and at length, gliding smoothly on, they came in sight of Ithica. At that moment the king fell asleep, and his companions, thinking he had money in the wind bags, cut them open, when lo! terrible gales rushed out, and drove them back to king Æolus. That monarch thought from their misfortunes, that they were a dangerous set of men, and drove them away.

After this they came to the country of Circe, a famous enchantress, who

turned every body into swine who came near her, by getting them drunk. Ulysses' companions were thus transformed, but the cunning old chief seems to have been a teetotaller, and so Circe found her match. Ulysses, in fact, threatened the goddess, sword in hand, and compelled her to let his friends out of the pig-stye, and become men again. After all, this story has a moral, for many a man has come very near being a swine by immoderate drink.

Ulysses, after a stay of a year, wished to depart, but Circe made him first go to Hades, the place of departed spirits, to consult a blind prophet named Tiresias. Having arrived at a certain spot, according to direction, he poured wine, oats, flour, and the blood of victims into a pit he had caused to be dug. A terrible scene ensued, for the shades or spirits of the departed came trooping out, in all the ghastly features of death. Among them Ulysses recognized some of his old friends and companions in arms, especially Agamemnon and Achilles, who had perished in the Trojan war. With these he held conversations, but he was dreadfully frightened, and speedily took his leave of the island of Ædea, and the dreadful Circe, who held dominion over it.

Still striving to return home, the chief came to the islands of the Sirens; two sisters who dwelt in a flowery meadow by the shore, sang so sweetly, that the mariners in passing, forgot home, and country, and friends, and went to stay with the maidens. Here they remained, listening to the entranc-

ing music, till at last they perished with hunger, and their bones remained bleached and unburied on the ground. Circe had told Ulysses to be on his guard in passing these dangerous shores; so he stopped the ears of his warriors with wax, and they escaped these seductive, but dreadful enchantresses.

But new dangers awaited them. They now came to a strait where the waters flowed with dangerous rapidity, between two monsters, Scylla on one side, and Charybdis on the other. Scylla, who dwelt in a cave at the water's edge, had a voice like the wailing of a young mastiff: she had twelve feet, and six long necks, with a frightful head and a double row of teeth on each. Evermore, by day and night, she stretched them out, catching the dolphins and sea dogs that passed. As ships glided by, each of the hideous heads seized upon and devoured a man. The companions of Ulysses were not an exception, and six of them perished in the jaws of the monster. The ship was soon after wrecked, and Ulysses, clinging to a mast, was sucked nearly into the jaws of Charybdis, and only escaped by being thrown out in the turn of the foaming current of waters.

He now floated along for nine days, when he came to the lovely island of Ogygia, of which a goddess named Calypso was queen. Here, attended by a troop of beautiful nymphs, in the midst of the most charming landscapes of wood and lawn, lake and river, she spent her time in a constant state of wild ecstasy. Ulysses was himself charmed with the loveliness of the place and its fair inhabitants. Calypso de-

sired to have him continue with her forever, and even intended to make him immortal like herself, so as to be a worthy companion of a goddess. But after staying eight years, he was permitted to depart in a vessel he had built with tools which she furnished him.

At last, after ten years of wandering, in addition to ten of warfare, the king reached his little kingdom of Ithica. Here he found his palace beset by a host of adventurers, seeking the hand of his queen, Penelope, in marriage. They all represented to her that her husband, after such a long absence, must be regarded as dead, but she remained true to his memory. Her suitors were very rude, and devoured her substance, as well as spread confusion through the palace by their carousals. She resorted to many devices to keep them away, and when finally her family friends urged her to choose some one among them for a husband, she agreed to do so, as soon as she had finished a web she was weaving as a funeral ornament. She continued to protract this work for three years, by undoing at night what she had woven during the day.

When Ulysses arrived, she was reduced to great extremity. Such, indeed, was the state of things, that he deemed it advisable to appear in the disguise of a beggar. He made himself known, however, to his son Telemachus, and his herdsman Eumæas, with whom he took such measures that all the suitors to his wife were slain, and the wanderer was thus happily restored to his home, his family, and his kingdom.

S. G. C.

[To be continued.]



The Wild Turkey.

THIS beautiful bird is abundant in the wooded and uncultivated parts of the Western States, and the vast forests of the great valley of the Mississippi.

In the fall of the year, it spreads itself through the country in search of food, upon which its migrations depend. (This period is called by the Indians the *turkey months*.) These are made entirely on foot, till the turkeys reach a river. They then ascend to the tops of tall trees, and, at the cluck of their leader, fly to the opposite bank, the young ones sometimes falling into the water and drowning. Their speed is very considerable, and, when molested, they run with the velocity of a hound. After long journeys

in frosty weather, they sometimes associate with the poultry near farm-houses, and enter the barns for grain. During this season, great numbers are killed by the inhabitants, who preserve them in a frozen state and transport them to a distant market.

The female lays her eggs in April, in a hole slightly scratched in the ground, and covered with withered leaves. These she studiously conceals, and seldom abandons, and hatches from ten to fifteen young birds. The care and tenderness of the parent is now evinced by watching for the slightest danger, and resorting to places where there is the best supply of fruit and berries:

Adventures of Gilbert Go-ahead.

[Continued from page 60.]

I HAVE but a confused recollection of what happened to me, for several hours after my plunge into the dungeon. My fall was so sudden, and the shock so severe as to upset my understanding. I only recollect that I groped about in the darkness, and came to the conclusion that I was alone, and completely imprisoned. I shrieked aloud—I ran from one side of the room to the other—I felt along the walls—I crawled over the floor—and then, gradually, a sickness came over me, and I fainted away.

How long it was I cannot tell, but after a time I awoke, and saw a light streaming through the crevice of a door, into my room. I sat up, and began to gather my senses. I heard voices, and then I recollected what had happened, and where I was. I listened, and heard two men talking about me.

"Oh, he is dead," said one—"I went in an hour ago, and he was as stiff as a dried crocodile."

"Well, well," said the other—"then we have nothing to do but to put him into the canal, with a stone about his neck."

"Exactly, but what a supper he will make for the fishes! Why he is nearly twice as large as any of us."

"So much the worse, for he'll be a heavy load for two of us."

"Oh never mind, though he's long he is as lean as a rake handle. Are you ready?"

"Wait a minute!"

By the time the conversation had reached this point, I had made up my mind what to do. I determined to pretend to be dead, and then let these amiable sextons take me out of prison: for the rest I would trust to circumstances. So I stretched myself at full length on the ground and lay stiff and still as a Thanksgiving pig just out of the oven. The fellows soon came in, and holding their lamp close to me, took a survey of my person. It is very rare that people hear their own funeral orations, but on this occasion, I had the satisfaction of listening to mine.

"What a long, lank looking cut-throat of a fellow he is," said one of the coroners. "He must have been a desperate scamp."

"Yes, yes," was the reply. "He is evidently a Turcoman. I don't wonder that the sultana and her women were frightened to see him enter the convent. Allah! How the Khan raved and tore his beard when he heard of it."

"No doubt: the khan don't like to have any man even set eyes on his women, and there he is right. But I don't believe this fellow was a Turcoman. On the contrary, I think he was an Affghan."

"An Affghan? an Affghan? why do you think so?"

"He has just the make of an Affghan: the lank, long limbs; hands like eagle's claws; a hooked nose, like the beak of a vulture, and a spreading

webbed foot. I could swear by that, he was born within sight of the Koosh mountains."

"Then, perhaps he was one of our countrymen?"

"I could take my oath of it."

"And we, poor slaves that we are, must tumble his body into the water like a sack of dirt."

"*Must!* Why *must* we?"

"Because if we refuse, we shall take his place and go into the canal ourselves."

"That does not follow, as a matter of course; to tell you the truth, Narik, I'm tired of this slavery, and if you had a little courage we might escape."

"Escape! How?"

"We have a commission to take this body to the suburbs: let us take it—and when we are there we can see what our boy Aga can do."

"Agreed—with a slight modification of your plan."

"How?"

"Let us take another with us."

"Who?"

"Vathine."

"Your sister—is she in Bokhara?"

"She is here."

"And a slave? Beard of Mohammed—I guessed as much! She is a slave here in the palace! I thought I recognized her gazelle eyes. It was she that gazed at me through her screen and waved her hand to me. What a donkey I was not to recognize Vathine. How did it happen that she came here?"

"Oh, as such things always happen. A troop of Turcomans swept down from

the mountains upon our poor hamlet, one moonlight night. I was away—you were away. What could our old decrepit father do? What could women do? They could only wail. Will the Turcoman desist from his plunder because his victims scream? Will the hawk forego his meal because the dove bleeds and trembles in his grasp? No, no! Vathine was too good a prize to be released. With a troop of other slaves, captured by the robbers in their foray, she was brought to Bokhara, and sold to a merchant who supplied the harem of the Khan."

"And when did she come hither?"

"A month since."

"Alla-il-Alla! Where is she now?"

"In the pavillion of the outer garden."

"Well—and how shall we proceed?"

"We will have her come into the garden: we will then put her in the place of this corpse—wrapping her up well. Thus we can pass out, for the guards will be deceived, and will not stop us. We shall be outside of the walls by ten o'clock, and our escape will not be discovered till morning. So we have twelve hours the start of our pursuers."

"Good! let us proceed at once."

Really, Nasik, I thought you a stupidified dunce. It seemed to me that your soul was bent to slavery, and that you never thought of home—of Kaboul—of our native hills—of your parents—of Vathine—the beautiful Vathine—your sister! I thought you a coward—stooping to the load laid by tyrants upon your back—while you, out of simple fear of the

lash, quietly submitted. Oh, I now find your heart heroic—true to its birth at the foot of mountains that touch the skies, and bring down waters to the valley, which have been tinged with the light of angel's wings. Alla-il-alla. Let us go."

The two men now made their preparations, and as they bent down to take me up, I rendered myself as rigid as if I had been magnetized. With some tugging and grunting, they got me upon their shoulders, and carried me through a door, and a long dark passage, till we came to the open air. I was very near sneezing, and in the effort to prevent it, I slightly contracted one of my legs. "Beard of Mahomet!" said the fellow who had the nether end of me, "if I didn't know this man was dead, I should say he gave me a kick! But, dead or alive, I hope we shall soon be done with him, for he's as heavy as a camel. I should think his bones were made of iron!"

We were proceeding across the garden, entirely surrounded by darkness, when my carriers paused to take breath. They tumbled me upon the ground rather uncivilly, but I was playing the dead man, and so I did not consider it as belonging to my part to resist it. The men now held some conversation, which I did not distinctly hear, as my head was jammed in between some shrubs, which, by the smell, I took to be Persian lilacs. After a time, I heard one of them say distinctly—

"It is an excellent plan. We will bury the body beneath yonder heap of

stone and earth, and it will be some days before they find it out. We can bundle up Vathine as the corpse, and pass out all the same."

"Excellent, excellent," was the reply. According to this arrangement, I was carried near the wall of the garden, and laid down preparatory to my burial. Having no desire to undergo this process, I quietly rose first on my feet, and then I stood upright.

Had the two men been suddenly frozen into icicles, they could not have been more completely riveted to the earth on which they stood. It was too dark to study their physiognomy, but I easily guessed their aspect of horror at seeing a man, and a pretty tall one, thus suddenly raise himself from the dead.

After a very short pause, I said—"Whist, I am your friend; I know your plans, and will assist them. Let us go together!"

"Who are you? What are you?" stammered one of the men.

"A prisoner—a slave, like yourselves. Do not stop to parley. Proceed! Bring Vathine hither at once, and let us prepare her for her expedition."

After some explanation, Nasik went, and in half an hour he came back with his sister. She was nearly dead with fright, and it was a long time before she could be persuaded to perform the part assigned her. Almost perforce, she was at last laid out, and by the aid of a little straw, stuffing, and splicing, she was made into a very portly corpse. We all three took her up; and staggering under our load, as if it were very heavy, we

passed through the outer garden, and came to the gate. Here a difficulty arose, for the guard had only been ordered to let two men pass with the body. I very easily settled the matter, however, by slipping two dollars into the fellow's palm, as he held it at his back—a motion which is very common here, by the way, and is as easily understood in a public officer to mean bribery, as that a dog's wagging his tail and looking you in the face, means that he would like something to eat.

It was now near midnight, and not only the city, but the suburbs, were wrapped in a silence as profound as the darkness. As soon as we got well clear of the city walls, Vathine was taken out of her straw coffin, and restored to life. She now proceeded at a quick pace, but in silence. The two men seemed to understand the route, and before the sun rose, we were at least fifteen miles from Bokhara.

It was deemed prudent to lay by during the day, and so we concealed ourselves in a clump of trees which had grown up amid the ruins of some buildings. Nasik ventured out, however, and brought us some dried goat's flesh, and some bread made of beans and rye pounded together. I had now time to make inquiries and to tell my story in return. I found both the Affghans quite intelligent as to affairs in this part of the world. When I told them I was an American, they seemed delighted, and told me that from the first they knew I was of their own blood and lineage. When I asked them where they sup-

posed America was, they both spoke at once and told me it was a mountain country on the southern slope of the Hindoo Koosh mountains; that it actually belonged to Kaboul, or Affghanistan, though the chief of the district claimed to be independent.

It may readily be supposed that I felt not only mortified, but offended, to discover that the name and fame of the United States had never reached these regions. It was a little too much to have it supposed that I belonged to a new "patch" of earth up in the mountains, over which some barbarian chief exercised dominion. I held my tongue between my teeth for some time, but at last I gave vent to my feelings.

"Gentlemen," said I, "at what college did you graduate?"

They both gazed at me in wonder, but said not a word. "Gentlemen," I added, "do you mean to say that you never heard of the stars and stripes?"

They shook their heads.

"Do you mean to say you never heard of George Washington?"

A shake of the head.

"Nor of Bunker Hill?"

A shake.

"Nor of Zachary Taylor, nor Buena Vista?"

A shake.

"Nor of Winfield Scott, nor Churubusco, nor the Halls of Montezuma?"

An emphatic shake.

"Nor of Franklin Pierce?"

"He's mad!" said Nasik to his friend.

"No, no—I'm not mad," said I,

emphatically. "It's hard work to turn the head of a Yankee. His brains are as true as the cog wheel of a brass clock. He's like a catamount—he takes big leaps now and then, but he always comes down on his feet. The difficulty lies in your ignorance. I see how it is. You never went to school: you never studied Parley's Geography, you don't take the newspapers. Just tell me, did you ever see Webster's Spelling Book? or Merry's Museum?"

"Never!"

"I thought so. Did you ever see the Bible?"

"We never heard of it."

"Did you ever see a Connecticut clock?"

"Never."

"That's enough," said I; "that's enough. What can be expected of men who never heard of the stars and stripes, George Washington, Bunker Hill, Old Zack, Franklin Pierce, the bible, or a Connecticut clock! Poor benighted heathen, that you are! Nevertheless, we won't quarrel. You have all the faculties of men, no doubt, and serve God after your fashion. Pray, what is your religion?"

"We are Mahometans."

"You believe in the Koran."

"No, we don't believe it: that is not our business. The priests believe it for us."

"So, so. Do the priests eat for you? Do they drink for you? Do they sleep for you?"

"No; in all worldly matters we act for ourselves: as to religion, we can't

be expected to understand it. It is written in books which we cannot read; so the priests do our religion for us."

"That's very convenient: how do you pay them?"

"Oh, we give them alms; build temples for them; pay them reverence; furnish them with monasteries; pay them roundly for the sins we commit; give them the tenth part of all we produce or gain."

"They have a nice time, no doubt."

"Certainly, and why not? They are the ambassadors of the Prophet, to whom heaven and earth belong. He commands all nations to give to the priests, and in this, he only requires that to be given which is his."

"Exactly; and you ought to be thankful that the priests only take tithes, when they might take the whole."

Here the conversation took another turn, and what followed will require another chapter.

S. G. G.

[To be continued.]

PUNCH professes to teach the art of book-keeping in one short lesson, which is "don't lend 'em."

FISHERMEN must possess extraordinary medical powers, for they never attempt to cure a fish till he is dead.

BLACKSMITHS, it is said, FORGE and STEEL every day; but we think people speak ironically of them.

THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE was invented by Pythagoras, the Grecian philosopher, 528 years before Christ; hence it is now about 2382 years old.

Curious Rhymes.

WHAT is earth, sexton ?
 A place to dig graves.
 What is earth, rich man ?
 A place to work slaves.
 What is earth, gray beard ?
 A place to grow old.
 What is earth, miser ?
 A place to dig gold.
 What is earth, school-boy ?
 A place for my play.
 What is earth, maiden ?
 A place to be gay.
 What is earth, seamstress ?
 A place where I weep.
 What is earth, sluggard !
 A good place to sleep.
 What is earth, soldier ?
 A place for battle.
 What is earth, herdsman ?
 A place to raise cattle.
 What is earth, widow ?
 A place of true sorrow.
 What is earth, tradesman ?
 I'll tell you to-morrow.
 What is earth, sick man ?
 'Tis nothing to me.
 What is earth, sailor ?
 My home is the sea.
 What is earth, statesman ?
 A place to win fame.
 What is earth, author ?
 I'll write there my name.
 What is earth, monarch ?
 For my realm, 'tis given.
 What is earth, Christian ?
 The gateway of heaven.

Anecdote of Dean Swift.

THE following is well authenticated.
 A gentleman who was in the habit
 of attending the ministry of Dean Swift,
 and much addicted to sporting, very fre-
 quently sent presents of game to the

Deanery. The footman who went to
 the door complained to his master that
 the man invariably delivered the game
 in a very unbecoming manner. "Tell
 me," said the Dean, "when he comes
 again, and I will go to the door." Soon
 after, the footman announced to the
 Dean the man's arrival with another
 present. The Dean immediately went to
 the door, and was thus accosted, "Please,
 my master sent this hare." "Now,"
 said the Dean, with some appearance of
 displeasure in his voice and manner,
 "that is not the way to deliver a mes-
 sage from your master here ; just step
 within and suppose yourself to be Dean
 Swift, and give me that hare, and I will
 go out and come to the door and show
 you how you ought to deliver your mes-
 sage." The man having agreed to this
 temporary exchange of their respective
 social positions, this eccentric divine
 immediately took the hare, went out
 of the house with it, and having taken
 a short walk up the street, returned and
 gave a suitable knock at the door. It
 was immediately opened. "If you
 please, sir," said the temporary servant,
 in a most respectful manner, "my mas-
 ter's compliments, and he wishes you to
 accept this hare." "Oh ! thank you,"
 said the man, acting the part of the
 Dean to the very life, and taking out
 his purse, "*here is a half crown for
 you !*" It is almost unnecessary to add
 that the hint was taken, and the man
 for the future delivered his presents of
 game with a proper courtesy and re-
 spectfulness, receiving with every de-
 livery a trifle for his trouble.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE repeated kindness of our young friends impose on us constant obligations.

For the new subscribers that you are constantly sending in—for your kind words and cheerful encouragement, we thank you.

We are pleased to see that the new prize trial is received with so much favor, and that so many of the boys and girls have undertaken in earnest to win. Several sentences have already come in, and we are well convinced from the specimens furnished that whoever wins has got to set his mark high.

But let no one of you, however young, think that others can beat you. You don't know what you can do till you try.

We have received the following letter:—

ONONDAGA VALLEY, Feb. 10th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—In the Museum of this month I see you make your subscribers an offer in respect to forming a sentence with all the letters of the alphabet, and all the parts of speech. I would like to know if you want to have all the parts of speech in the order that you gave them in the Museum.

Yours, &c., JAMES L. SKINNER.

REPLY:—We are very glad to receive questions like the above, for we desire that all our young friends should understand fully the subject. We do not expect the parts of speech to be introduced in any particular order. If they occur in any part of the sentence it is sufficient.

Some one inquires if we expect the participle to be introduced. Answer—That was not named in the proposition, the participle being considered only a form of the verb; therefore it is not necessary that it be introduced.

We make one more remark, viz.:—From some sentences already received we judge that many do not attach importance enough to *brevity*. Several sentences received might be abridged one-half, and still come within the rules. Let it be well understood that the *shortest* sentences will take the precedence. There is no difficulty in making a long sentence to meet the conditions; but can you make one with only 35 or 40 letters?

CORRINGTON, Jan. 30th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—Dear Sir.—Though I am not a subscriber to your Museum, I cannot see any impropriety in my addressing you when it is only to ask a favor of

you which I doubt not you will be pleased to grant. I have seen some of your Museums bound and like them very much. They are suited both to the humble cottage and the palace—to the capacity of small and great. The stories are both simple and sublime. I know of no work of the kind which is so well adapted to the reading of young people. I wish to ask you to publish in your next number what is the price of all the volumes of the Museum from its beginning up to the present time. I desire to purchase them if I can. I am very well, and hope you may enjoy good success as long as you live. Yours truly, L. T.

We have in some of the previous numbers answered, substantially, the inquiry of our friend; but we are happy to state again, that the publishers constantly have on hand the thirteen yearly volumes of Merry's Museum in various styles of binding. They will supply the entire set in neat, substantial cloth binding for \$1 a volume, or \$13 for the set.

Some of our friends have lately procured the whole set by obtaining 25 new subscribers and sending \$25 for the same. Others, who before had some part of the set, have completed it in the same way. The postage is, we believe, 12 cents on each volume. A little effort and perseverance will procure for you the library.

AUGUSTA, ME., Jan. 21, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I have become very much interested in the Museum by reading your stories and pleasant "Monthly Chat." I feel as if I were pretty well acquainted with you, else perhaps I might not dare to write you a letter. I send you the translation of the song.

I take a good deal of pleasure in studying out the puzzles in the Chat. I think the pleasure of solving them is generally sufficient reward; but I like the Museum so well that I should be very glad to get the bound volume which you offered as a prize. I dare say it has been secured by some one else before this time.

From your Down-East Friend,

MARY A. LITTLE.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Jan. 20th, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am afraid that the long distance between New York and Memphis, and the tardiness of the mails may prevent my being the *first* in sending you the correct translation of your enigmatical song. Now I think it will be very hard on us *far-off* boys, who may be fully as smart as your city boys at guessing, (although not living so near Connecticut as they do), if being so long a distance from you is to be so great a misfortune to us, as to preclude us from your prize. And if you so decide, after telling you that I made the translation within three hours after the number was received, I shall certainly expect you to aid us unfortunate Tennessee boys in getting up a petition to President Pierce to have our country moved nearer to yours, in order that we may have a fair chance and equal rights with your nearer subscribers; this, father says, is good, sound state rights doctrine.

Your friend and reader,

PINCKNEY LATHAM.

We agree fully with our friend in his exposition of *state rights* doctrine. It expresses our mind exactly. If the Tennessee boys will suggest any feasible plan by which *their* country can be moved nearer to ours, we will circulate the petitions. Any thing that will bring the states nearer together and bind them in closer sympathy, and especially any thing that will bring our friends closer around us, shall have our earnest approval.

WINCHESTER, MASS., Feb. 10th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am a little girl ten years of age, and have never written to you before, because I was afraid that you could not read it. Father says that he believes you compose the letters in the Museum yourself. I told him that I would write and see. I have taken the Museum for four years, and I am very much interested in your pretty stories. Please publish my letter if you think it is worthy of it.

From your black-eyed friend, EMILY V.

DRAKEVILLE, Jan. 26th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have been a subscriber to the Museum since 1846, and have got all the back volumes except those of 1842 and 1843. I have tried to get you subscribers, but the people tell me that they have better ways to spend their money, or that they will see about it, and that is all they ever do. Instead of sending me a January number of Merry's Museum, you sent me a copy of the Mother's Magazine with the cover of the Museum on it. I thought the Museum had become very serious, but never mistrusted a mistake. My cousin also takes it, and last night he asked me if I had read the story of the Boy Bachelor. I told him I had not, and that there was not much in my number but Scripture Portraits. I then borrowed his, and I have translated the song. I hope I shall win the prize.

Your friend, HARRIET DURHAM.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Jan. 21st, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—As there is no school to-day, I thought I would write to you.

The town in which I live contains about 5,000 inhabitants. In the summer it is very pleasant, because there are so many oak trees; it is sometimes called the "Buroak city." I go to school, where I study arithmetic, geography and drawing; besides, I take dancing lessons twice a week. Last summer, my father presented me a little French pony, and a side saddle. I have two little friends, who have ponies too, and we used to take long rides in the country. Once in a while our teacher would go with us. Most all of our readers have told you how much pleasure the Museum gives them; and all I can say is that we wait its coming with impatience, and when it *does* come, we read and re-read with joy. Most every evening we bring the bound volumes in to the sitting-room, and read until it is time to retire to rest.

From your dark-eyed ALICE.

LANCASTER, Jan. 19th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I live away out in Wisconsin, within a short distance of the famous Mississippi, and I suppose my chance for getting the prize will be small, as you have probably received answers already.

Now, Mr. Merry, when you get around to New York with your balloon, I wish you would just take a trip across the Western prairies and up the Mississippi, and

tell us what you think of our country. I will send a puzzle, which you may publish if you think proper. It is this:—Spell the word figurative with four characters. I am ten years old, and mean to take the Museum until I am fifteen. I like it very much, and am much pleased with the bound volume you sent me.

ALEXANDER H. BARBER.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Jan. 28th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:

I can translate your song
About an inch long.
I did study and look,
So please send me the book.

I send you a puzzle, it may not be new to all:—Three boys (and bad ones they must have been) while rambling in the fields one day, saw a bird's nest, which they determined to rob. They agreed that the oldest should take half the eggs it contained, and half an egg; the next, half of what remained, and half an egg; and the third, half of what still remained, and half an egg. There were to be no shells broken, and no eggs left in the nest. Now the question is how many eggs were there in the nest when the boys found it?

Your friend and subscriber,
HENRY M. LEWIS, JUNR.

TRUNE, TENN., Feb. 1st, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have been for seven or eight years a delighted reader of your excellent Museum. It has had a great moral influence upon me, and it is my sincere wish that it may become a visitor to all the families in the United States.

I write you this letter partly to return thanks to you for your kindness, and partly to obtain the prize you offered for a translation of the song.

Yours, truly, J. J. PAGE.

HUSTISFORD, DODGE CO., WIS., Jan. 26th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have just received the January number of the Museum. It is rather late to receive it, but the mail is very irregular. I have translated that song and will send it. I have passed many pleasant hours reading the Museum. I wonder if you put all the letters you get, into print. I like the Monthly Chat very much indeed. I live in a little village on Rock River. It is very pleasant here in the summer, for we have a great many wild flowers and birds, and plenty of berries and other fruit which you do not have in the city.

Yours, respectfully, JOSEPHINE L. HUSTIS.

MONTROSE, Feb. 9th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—The following riddle is in the February number:—

"There is a thing that nothing is,
And yet it has a name;
It hops, and skips, and nimble is,
In every sort of game."

I think the answer is—*shadow*. G. F. BENTLEY.

MR. MERRY:—The answer to the first riddle in the February number is—the man's name was—*Not*. The answer to third riddle is—a *spider's thread*.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

- * 1. Because it is often peeled (*peeled*).
2. Because it is every year doubling (*Dublin*).
5. Because it is in-firm (*infirm*).
6. To keep his head warm. A. S. T.

MONROE, CONN., Feb. 9th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I thought I would write you a letter, and give you the answer to the puzzle in the last number—Brothers and sisters I have none, but this man's father is my father's son. The visitor was the prisoner's son. The answer to the enigma is the letter E.

Yours, truly, WILLIE CLARKE.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I send you the answer to several conundrums, &c. The second is—because they are legends; third, because it is always Dublin (*doubling*); fourth, both contain a merry-thought; seventh, he has pages. The answer to the enigma, I think, is the letter E. I felt rather disappointed at not getting the prize. I have a faint hope for the next one.

Yours, truly, S. ARTHUR BENT.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

MR. MERRY:—Please ask your readers, who understand French, to write in French, "I am very hungry, let us go to supper," and use only four letters. Enclosed is my dollar for another year.

From your friend,

GEORGE EDWARD COOKE.

This puzzle is so ingenious that we cannot refrain from giving the answer. It is capital, but it would take a pretty shrewd Frenchman to solve it. The following is the explanation:—
J. a. $\frac{P}{A}$, which reads thus, "jai grand appétit allons souper."

ENIGMA.

I am composed of nine letters:—

My 6, 2, 9, is a drink much used in Scotland.

5, 4, is a pronoun.

1, 8, 3, is the whole.

6, 7, 9, is a verb.

5, 1, 7, 8, 3, 9, is a kind of stone.

4, 5, 5, 1, is a girl's name.

My whole is the name of a Sound in the United States.

CLAPVILLE, MASS., Feb. 6th, 1854.

I am composed of fourteen letters:—

My 14, 8, 10, is a boy's nickname. •

1, 2, 9, 4, is a part of a ship. •

13, 12, 4, is a small animal found in houses.

13, 5, 11, 7, 13, 4, is a man's name. •

11, 5, 9, 10, 5, 6, is a city in Massachusetts. •

10, 5, 8, is a weight. •

13, 5, 9, 7, is a beautiful flower. •

11, 12, 4, 10, 5, 14, is a fastening for a garment. •

11, 5, 5, 10, is an article of apparel. •

9, 8, 3, 10, 8, 2, 6, 14, 2, is at present the head of one of the North American Republics.

5, 8, 10, 9, is a kind of grain. •

My whole is the name of a distinguished bishop in the United States.

ALEXANDER.

SO. ABINGTON, Feb. 4th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I am a little boy about eight years old, living in the town of Abington. We have the boot and shoe business carried on here to a great extent, and there have recently been built five or six beautiful two-story school-houses in this town. I like the Museum very much indeed, and can hardly wait for it to come. Having seen a great number of enigmas in it, I take the liberty to send one. As it is my first attempt I

shall not blame you if you do not publish it, but I should be very glad if you would.

I am composed of twenty-six letters.

My 7, 9, 12, 12, 15, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.

8, 21, 25, 1, 2, 1, is a town in Brazil.

6, 12, 1, 20, 8, 5, 1, 4, is a town in Oregon.

16, 5, 18, 13, is a town in Russia.

19, 12, 9, 7, 15, is a bay in Europe.

6, 15, 24, is a river in the United States.

22, 5, 22, 1, 25, is a town in Michigan.

17, 21, 9, 14, 8, 25, is a town in Massachusetts.

11, 1, 10, 1, 14, 1, is a town in Russia.

23, 1, 2, 1, 19, 8, is a river in the Western States.

26, 5, 2, 21, 12, 15, 14, is a town in Georgia.

My whole is what every little boy and girl should know.

From your friend, EDDIE.

STAMPFORD, Feb. 9th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—Dear Sir,—Will you please insert this in your next number.

My whole name consists of sixteen letters.

My 4, 8, 14, is a very destructive animal.

10, 11, 12, 13, 6, is what every door needs.

16, 15, 9, 2, is a part of the face.

7, 2, 9, 14, is a point of compass.

10, 15, 4, 9, 2, is a noble animal.

7, is W.

And my whole name is a celebrated man.

F. W. & J. D.

My whole is an article of produce.

Drop my first, and I am an element pervading all matter.

Drop my first two, and I am indispensable in sustaining life.

Drop my first three, and I am a preposition.

Drop my first four, and I am a favorite beverage.

YATES ELLIS.

What parallel of latitude passes through the most cities?

A stone of forty pounds weight may be broken into four pieces that will weigh every pound from one to forty. What will be the weight of the different pieces?

Divide 83 into two parts that shall be to each other as $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 8.

Frank and John live three-fifths of a mile apart; now if Frank meet John three-sevenths of the way, how far will they be from each home.

Two neighbors purchased an eight-gallon cask full of molasses. They have, at home, only a three-gallon and a five-gallon measure. How shall they, with these, divide the molasses equally between them?

I send this charade, which, if you think proper, please publish:—

My first gave us early support,

My next is a virtuous lass;

To the fields if at eve you resort,

My whole you will probably pass.

With respect, W. G. PRESTON.

CONUNDRUM.

What two letters of the alphabet are written on every thing terrestrial?

MR. MERRY:—What animal is it that first goes on four legs, then on two, then on three?

MILO EMERY.







The Bee Hive.

NATURE affords but few more decisive evidences of the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator, than may be observed in the labors of bees. An observer will scarcely know which to admire most, the wonderful manner in which these insects are adapted to their circumstances, or the unity, industry, loyalty

and sagacity which prevail among them.

One of the most wonderful of the various employments of bees, is the ventilation of their abode. When you consider the numbers contained in a hive, the closeness of the atmosphere, and the small hole at which the air principally enters, you will readily conceive how

soon it must be rendered unfit for respiration. What would you say, should I tell you that the bees upon this occasion, have recourse to the same instrument which ladies use to cool themselves when an apartment is overheated? Yet it is strictly the case. The little creatures unite their wings so as to form a very proper sort of fan, and move them so rapidly that they can hardly be seen. When they are engaged in ventilating their hive, the bees, by means of their feet and claws, fix themselves as firmly as possible to the place they stand on. When one retires, another occupies its place; so that in a hive well peopled there is never any interruption of the humming sound occasioned by this action.

When the bees begin to work in their hives, they divide themselves into four companies: one of which roves the fields in search of materials; another employs itself in laying out the bottom and partitions of their cells; a third is employed in smoothing the walls; and the fourth company brings food for the rest, or relieves those who return with their respective burdens. But they are not kept constant to one employment; they often change the tasks assigned them; those that have been at work being permitted to go abroad, and those that have been in the fields already take their places.

They seem even to have signs by which they understand each other; for when any of them wants food, it bends down its trunk to the bee from whom it is expected, which then opens its honey

bag, and lets some drops fall into the other's mouth, which is at that time open to receive it. Their diligence and labor are so great, that in a day's time they are able to make cells, which lie upon each other numerous enough to contain three thousand bees. In the plan and formation of these cells they discover a wonderful sagacity.

The danger of being stung by bees may be in a great measure prevented by a quiet composed behavior. A thousand bees will fly and buzz about a person without hurting him, if he stand perfectly still and forbear disturbing them even when near his face. It is said that a person is in perfect safety in the midst of myriads of bees, if he is but careful to keep his mouth shut, and to breathe gently through his nostrils only—the human breath, it would seem, being particularly offensive to their delicate organs.

But there is one silly practice to which, I am sorry to say, bees are quite as much addicted as certain weak-minded mortals. I mean the practice of duelling! On a fine summer day, when the sun is beautiful and warm, duels may often be seen to take place between two inhabitants of the same hive. Sometimes the quarrel appears to have begun within, and the combatants may be seen coming out of the gates eager "for blows." In some cases, a bee peaceably settled on the outside of the hive is rudely jostled by another, and then the attack commences, each endeavoring to obtain the most advantageous position. They turn, dance

about, throttle each other, and such is their bitter earnestness, that a person can come close to them without taking off their attention.

After rolling about in the dust, the victor, watching the time when its enemy uncovers its body, thrusts in his sting, and the next instant its antagonist stretches out its quivering wings, and expires. Sometimes the enemy is killed in the hive ; then the victor carries the corpse out of the city and leaves it. These combats are strictly duels, not more than two being concerned in them.

We have only room for one more story about bees. In 1525, a mob of peasants attempted to pillage the house of a gentleman in Germany, who having in vain tried to dissuade them from their undertaking, ordered his servants to bring his bee hives and throw them into the midst of the angry multitude. The effect answered his expectations : the peasants were immediately put to flight, and happy were those who escaped unstung.

Kindness.

HOW soothing are kind words ! They are the offspring of a kind heart, and they flow naturally and gracefully from him who cherishes a spirit of kindness ; and it would be hard to tell to which they impart most happiness ; to him who receives them or to him who utters them. They are a real joy to both, and if any of our little readers doubt this, or if they have a mind to test it, let them commence in the morning with their heart full of

kindness to every body, and try for one whole day to see how many they can make happy by their kind words and acts, and if at night they do not say that it has been the happiest day of their life, and if some others who have heard their kind words and been benefited by their actions do not say that they have been made happy too, then we will doubt the truth of our remark, not before.

The best argument we can use is to appeal to your experience. Are you not happier when you have most of a spirit of kindness—when you forget yourself and try to make others happy ? Call to mind the brightest day in all your life. Did you enjoy it alone or did others enjoy it with you ? And did not enjoyment arise mainly from your efforts to contribute to the enjoyment of others ?

A kind word is a cheap gift, but oh how precious it is ! gold cannot measure its value, words cannot utter it. If we say it is like the dew falling on the thirsty flower, or like the ray of sunlight piercing the dark cell of the prisoner, we utter a true comparison, but not half of the truth as to the value of one kind word.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Will often heal a heart that's broken,
And make a friend sincere.

An unkind word may crush to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which if a smile but own its birth,
May bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak,
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.



April.

WHAT a beautiful variety there is in the changing seasons of the year ; and these changes come in such an agreeable succession, that we think that each, while we enjoy it, is pleasanter than the last. If we are ever tempted to be dissatisfied with our changeable climate, and to wish that it were all spring, or all summer, or all winter, or all sunshine and no storm, let us think a moment, how we would like an unvarying monotony. We should soon be weary of it, and the outward world would lose nearly all its charms.

The changing seasons of the year are a source of constant enjoyment by their novelty. We hail each change with gladness, and even the brute creation unites in demonstrations of joy.

April has now come, and with it the

full opening of the cheerful spring time. This month derives its name from the Latin word *Aperio*, to open, because at this period, the earth is opened by the sower and the planter, to receive the seed. In the southern parts of the United States, it is a warm pleasant season, and so it is in Italy and Spain. In Carolina, the weather is so warm in April, that the people put on their thin clothes, the forests are in leaf, the apple-trees are in bloom, or perchance, already the blossoms are past.

But with us at the north, April is a windy, capricious season. A few birds are with us, and we have many warm days, with alternate sunshine and shower, but the flowers have not appeared, and scarcely a green leaf is to be seen. The grass begins to look a little green where

the soil is rich and the land slopes to the south.

Still, April is a month in which we all take delight, for it is at this season that we begin to work in the garden, and there is the putting forth of spring all around us. The snow is gone, the ice has fled, jack-frost comes not, the hens in the farm-yard make a cheerful cackle, the geese at the brook keep up a jolly gooble, the boys play at ball on the green, the lambs frisk on the hill-sides, the plow is in the furrow, winter is gone and all nature rejoices in the cheerful spring time.

One of the first and most delightful signs of spring, is the return of the birds. The gentle blue-bird comes first with her liquid notes, chanting at early morn the glad tidings of departing winter. Then comes the robin full of business, then the sparrow and the wren, then the woodpecker is heard drumming in the wood, and then the pigeons are

seen shooting swiftly by in thousands, and then the wild geese

———"lone wandering but not lost,"

high in the air, night and day, are heard and seen in their long journey to the lakes. April is full of pleasant things notwithstanding its fitful changes, and when our young friends grow old and read books through spectacles, and talk about old times as they were when they were children, and read Merry's Museum, we doubt if any season of the year will be fraught with more pleasant and happy associations than the sunny spring time.

Those days now seem far off in the distant future. They are the autumn of your life which will hasten on apace. Would you then enjoy a happy harvest time and reap the reward of a life well spent, then improve this spring time of life.

Balloon Travels.

[Continued from page 86.]

Merry. Well, children ! we have now taken a hasty view of Athens—so we must be off !

James. Where shall we go now ?

Merry. Why, we may as well mount our balloon, and as we are sailing along, we can decide what to do.

All the Children. Agreed—agreed !

Merry. Well, here we go, up, up, up ! Now you can see the sea—for Athens is only two or three miles from it.

Ellen. Yes, to the west—but here to the east the land stretches away to a considerable distance.

James. It is very uneven, and to the north-east quarter is a mountain. What is the name of it, Mr. Merry.

Merry. Mount Hymettus.

Ellen. Oh ! the mountain so celebrated for its scenery ? After all, it appears only a bleak ridge of rocks.

Merry. Its top is rocky and barren,

but its sides, about half way up, are covered with low shrubs and heath, which give forth a delicious perfume. The bees make their honey of the flowers of these, and so it is as celebrated in modern days, as it was in remoter ages. But, do you observe yonder plain—not far from the sea, and near a small village?

Ellen. I see it—and with the glass I can see a low mound about it. Is that the plain of Marathon?

Merry. Yes.

Ellen. I thought so; and that mound was erected by the Greeks in token of their victory over the Persians.

James. When did that take place?

Merry. In the year 190—before Christ.

James. What! near 2,400 years ago. Is the mound erected by the Greeks still visible?

Merry. Yes; and what is very curious, the remains of the arrows used by the combatants, are still found on the field and in the mound. Nor is even this all—it seems that the ancient writers say that the Persian army on that occasion was immense, numbering four or five hundred thousand men. They tell us that Darius, king of Persia, drew his soldiers from no less than twenty-six nations or tribes, and as the arrows, known to be peculiar to the tribes of Ethiopia, are found on the plain, it is inferred that the ancient annals are probably correct.

Seth. Well, but who beat in the battle of Marathon?

Merry. The Greeks, who did not ex-

ceed 10,000 men, defeated the Persians, and caused them such dreadful slaughter that, after a few varied enterprizes, they quitted Greece and returned to Asia. But see yonder—do you observe that large island stretching along the shore?

James. I see it—what is the name of it?

Merry. It is now called *Negropont*, but it is named *Eubœa* in ancient history. It is the largest of the Greek islands, being 120 miles long and from two to twenty miles in width. It is very fertile and its history is interesting. But, now, look yonder to the north-east, there is the isle, since called *Scyro*, but which was called *Scyros* by the ancients.

Ellen. I remember to have read of it—it was here that Theseus fell off the cliff and was killed.

Laura. Yes; and I always thought it was rather a shabby end for so famous a hero.

James. What is the story of Theseus, Laura? I don't exactly recollect it.

Laura. Why Theseus was one of the most famous of all the early heroes of Greece: he was at least equal to Hercules, and his adventures are even more romantic.

Ellen. Come, tell us the story of Theseus, Laura.

All the Children. Oh, yes! the story of Theseus.

James. Why, an account of all his adventures would fill a large book. I will, however, give a sketch of his life. It appears that he was the son of *Ægeus*, king of Athens, but he was brought up in the palace of his grand-

father, at some distance from that city. When, at last, he had reached manhood, his mother took him to a place where his father's sword was hidden under a rock. Theseus was so strong that he easily rolled away the rock, and armed himself with the sword.

He was now to go to Athens and present himself to his father. He accordingly set out, and though his grandfather cautioned him against going by land, the road being beset by robbers and wild beasts, he determined to do so, being very anxious to perform some great exploits in imitation of Hercules, whose fame at that time filled all Greece. On his way he met with a great variety of adventures. One day he came across Sciron, a famous thief, who was accustomed to waylay the people of Attica, and, after robbing them, he made them wash his feet, and then he pitched them off the cliff headlong into the sea. Theseus served him as he had served others, and thus put an end to him. He also found that a man by the name of Procrustes, was accustomed to take travellers to his house and put them on a bed. If they were larger than the bed, he chopped them off : if they were too short, he caused them to be stretched, so as to fit the bed. Theseus encountered this brutal tyrant and slew him.

As he came to Crommyon, on the Saronic Gulf, he found that the country was ravaged by a gigantic sow : Theseus boldly commenced the hunt, and after a fierce struggle he dispatched her. At length he arrived at Athens, when new dangers awaited him. His father was

very old, and he was surrounded with bad men, who wished to get rid of him, and usurp his throne. When they heard that Theseus had come, they feared he would aid his father, and so they conspired against his life. Mesea, who was one of the wives of the king, had persuaded the old man to give Theseus a dose of poison ; as he administered the cup, however, he saw the sword in the hand of his son, and instantly recognized it. This led to explanations, and King Ægeus finding out who he was, received Theseus very kindly. The latter now became the support of his aged sire. The plotters of the court made war on the king, but Theseus slew them all in battle.

It appears that Hercules had brought a very famous bull from the island of Crete, and left him at Marathon. He had got loose, and, by his terrible ravages, set the whole country in a state of terror. Theseus went in quest of him, and at last caught him and brought him back to Athens, where he exhibited him in chains to the wondering inhabitants.

The Athenians at this time were very unhappy on account of a tribute they were obliged to pay to Minos, King of Crete. This monarch is considered as the first law-giver of the island over which he reigned. According to the poets, he was a son of Jupiter, and one of the judges of Hades, the place of departed spirits. Still he was an earthly king, and the first on earth that had a navy. He is said to have retired to a cave, where Jupiter, his father, instructed him ;

and, when he came out he announced the laws with which he had been inspired. It would appear that Mahomet, many hundreds of years after, took a leaf out of King Minos's book.

Minos had a large family, and there were some very extraordinary characters among them. Of these, Androgeus was one. He was very famous as a wrestler, and went to Athens, where he proved superior to every antagonist. He was afterwards killed by the bull of Marathon, which Theseus afterwards captured. To revenge the death of his son, Minos made war on Athens, and which, as this was in the early period of its history, was a small and feeble power. In order to obtain peace, the King *Ægeus* was obliged to pay an annual tribute to the Cretean King of seven girls and seven youths, to be devoured by a horrible monster called Minotaur.

Soon after the return of Theseus to Athens, the time arrived for the payment of this terrible tribute. Theseus, to the amusement of everybody, and especially his father, ostentatiously offered himself as one of the victims. His purpose was to deliver his country from this dreadful penalty, or perish in the attempt. The vessel soon departed for Crete, her sails being black in token of mourning. Theseus tried to comfort his desponding father by promising to change them to white.

When the company arrived at Crete, they were all exhibited to Minos. It appears that Ariadne, his beautiful daughter, was present, and she was so

struck with the noble appearance of Theseus, that she fell in love with him. She could not bear the idea of his being devoured by the monster, Minotaur, and so she determined to save him. She made her feelings known to Theseus, and he warmly returned her affections.

Now, it must be understood that the Minotaur was half bull and half man. In obedience to an oracle, Minos had built for him a cave in the earth, which had so many dark and winding passages that whoever was put into it, could not find his way out, and finally perished by being devoured by the Minotaur. Into this dreadful labyrinth the miserable Grecian victims were plunged, but Ariadne had furnished Theseus with a thread by means of which he could retrace his steps, and find his way out of the horrible prison.

Provided with this ingenious and happy device, Theseus and his companions entered the cave, and it was not long before he met the Minotaur, who no doubt expected to take them all down at a swallow. But Theseus, nothing daunted, offered him battle, and a terrible conflict ensued. The Minotaur roared and tore up the earth and plunged at the youth, but the latter defended himself, and at last, seizing his enemy by the hair, he dashed out his brains, pierced his heart, and thus put an end to him. Theseus and his companions then secretly departed, and of course took Ariadne with them.

On their way back to Athens they stopped at the island of Naxos—where Theseus abandoned Ariadne, in obedience to the Goddess Minerva. Ariadne

was, however, consoled, for while she was weeping for the departure of her lover, the Goddess Venus came and told her she should be married to the God Bacchus. The latter soon after arrived, and presented the young lady with his hand a golden crown, which was afterwards placed among the stars, and I believe, remains to this day, as one of the constellations.

After various other adventures, Theseus arrived at the port of Athens, but he forgot to change his black sails for white, as he had promised. His father, of course, thought he had lost his son, and this grieved him so much that he destroyed himself. Theseus now became king, and distinguished himself by his wisdom as a legislator. In his time, Athens, which was but little more than a village on a rock, spread to the plain below, and became a large town. The state of Attica also increased greatly in power, population, and prosperity.

Although Theseus was thus occupied in affairs of government, he found time to engage in warlike enterprises. It seems in those days that there was a nation called Amazons, in which the women took the part of men, and the men the part of women. The females went to war, while the males stayed at home, and took care of the households. Hercules, aided by a band of heroes, made war upon these people. Among his companions was Theseus, who behaved so bravely that Hercules gave him in recompense the beautiful Antiope, Queen of the Amazons, for his wife. The Amazons afterwards invaded

Attica, and made some havoc with their bows and arrows, and battle-axes—but they were finally defeated by Theseus, with great slaughter.

This famous chief also engaged in the Calydonian hunt—which is an event celebrated by most of the ancient Greek poets; but I am making my story too long—so I must pass it by.

All the Children. No—no—it is not too long. Tell us of the Calydonian hunt.

Laura. Well, Calydonia was a city of Ælotia, in Asia Minor, of which Ceneas was king. He had a child to which they gave the name Meleager, but when he was seven days old, the fates came to his mother, Althæa, and told her that when the stick of wood which was burning in the fire, was consumed, he would die. With a woman's wit, she snatched it from the pile, and laid it carefully away in a box. The child was then saved, and he grew up to be a man and a famous hunter.

It seems that there was plenty of wild boars in the forests of Ælotica, and so Meleager invited all the princes and heroes of Grece to a boar hunt—it being stipulated that he who should slay the boar, should have his hide. In this celebrated sport, Theseus took part, though it does not appear that he greatly distinguished himself. Among the hunters was Atalanta, from Arcadia in Greece. Some of the young men refused to hunt, where a young lady was permitted to take part. However, the sport soon began. A furious boar was started, and several of the hunters

were soon slain by his terrific tusks. Many accidents happened, and one of the hunters killed his companion, by mistake.

Atalanta, with an arrow, gave the monster the first wound, and soon after Meleager ran him through the body. He gallantly gave the hide to the young princess, but two of his uncles, brothers of his mother, were offended, and took it from her. Meleager was enraged and slew them. Upon hearing of this, Althæa took the half-consumed brand from the box and cast it into the fire. As soon as it was reduced to ashes, Meleager gradually failed and soon after expired. When this had happened, and Althæa, the unhappy mother, had time to reflect, her remorse was so dreadful, that she put an end to her existence. The sisters of Meleager were plunged into grief so bitter that they refused sustenance, and the Gods changed all but two of them into singing birds, which the Greeks called *Meleagrides*.

Seth. That's a good story enough, but it don't seem to be much about Theseus. I like him, and hope you will stick to his story, Laura.

Laura. I am nearly through with it, Seth; for though I can tell a great deal more about him, I think it is time to come to a close. It appears that he was one of the fifty adventurers who sailed in the ship Argo, to obtain the famous golden fleece of Colchis. In this expedition he carried off Helen, daughter of the king of Sparta, who, though only nine years old, was exceedingly beautiful. He placed her under the

care of his mother, but she was rescued by her brothers, Castor and Pollux, and returned to her family.

James. Was that the same Helen who gave rise to the Trojan verses, and the most celebrated beauty of Grecian history?

Laura. Yes, the same. Theseus was engaged in a very perilous enterprise. Proserpine, daughter of the goddess Ceres, was one day out with her companions, picking flowers. She plucked roses, and violets, and other blossoms, and at last she came to a narcissus, which had a hundred blossoms on a single stem. She reached out her hand, and as she pulled it up, lo! Pluto, god of the infernal regions, rushed out of the ground, and scooping a downward pathway in the earth, he carried her off to his dismal home and made her his queen. Her loss made a great sensation, and her mother went over half the world in search of her.

Now, Theseus had a very dear friend and companion, named Pirithous. He had been his associate in many adventures, and now they both undertook to rescue Proserpine from her exile and imprisonment. They descended into the region of shadow, but Pluto being a god, knew what they were after, and caused them both to be seized and chained to an enchanted rock. Here they sat unable to move, until Hercules, in search of the dog Cerberus, came that way and saved them. He held out his hand to Theseus, and immediately delivered him from his confinement, but when he extended his hand to his com-

panion, the earth shook terribly, and Hercules and Theseus fled from the place, leaving Pirithous to remain forever chained to the rock, in punishment for his audacious attempt.

But I must draw my story to a close. After a time the fickle and ungrateful

Athenians banished the hero who had done so much for them. He returned to Scyros, and there, whether by accident, or, as some say, by treachery, he was plunged down a precipice, and killed on the spot.

S. G. G.

[To be continued.]

The Alpine Herd Boy.

IN Switzerland, among the Alps, in a low-eaved cot, lived Peter, the herd-boy of Monsieur Vattémal, a rich landholder in a neighboring valley. This gentleman had but one child, a son, born a week later than Peter. As his mother died soon after, the child was given to the herd-boy's mother to be nursed. Hippolyte was delicate, Peter hardy. It was a pretty sight when the latter led his foster brother by the hand up the side of the mountain. For five years they lived in the same cot, partook of the same fare, and little suspected the difference of their lot. M. Vattémal brought a lovely bride to the valley, and one pleasant eve, his *char-à-banc* stopped at the cot, while Peter's mother hastened, with fast falling tears, to meet the parents of her foster child, knowing too well that they were come to take him from her. Hippolyte left the cot that evening. His father was gratified to see the good effect of his mountain life. Although more delicate and graceful than Peter, his constitution was sound and his motions vigorous. The children now dwelt a mile apart, but often met. When Peter was eight years old, M. Vattémal gave him les-

sons with his son. At the age of twelve Hippolyte was sent to Geneva to be fitted for college, while to Peter was given the situation of herd-boy. The sterling principles of truth and honesty, early grafted in his character, made him quite worthy of the place he filled.

Most of the Swiss peasants knit while tending their flocks—Peter studied. Although M. Vattémal thought that four years' schooling was enough for the herd-boy, Peter did not. He resolved at fourteen to open an evening-school in his mother's kitchen. Many of the mountaineers had expressed a wish to learn to read. They deemed Peter a fortunate and learned lad. His mother was astonished, but would not refuse him. As soon as the long evenings commenced, he opened his school. It was successful. He not only had the pleasure of teaching many to read, but found their remuneration, when collected, quite ample, although each gave but a small sum. For three years he was a faithful herd-boy, but at the opening of the fourth year informed M. Vattémal that he was going to Geneva, as a traveller, who met and travelled

with him on the mountains, had given him the address of the principal of a large academy there, who would, perhaps, instruct him in the higher branches of learning as payment for Peter's services. M. Vattémal listened with much interest.

"So, my lad, you despise the lot of a herd boy."

"Sir," replied Peter, "I despise no lot, but aspire to one higher. In this book I now hold, I have learned how the poorest and humblest citizens of America attain, by patient industry, to a sphere far higher than that they were born in."

"Ah, my young man! pray who lent you this wonderful book?"

"An American traveller met me on the mountains. I was reading the life of Fenelon—a present from your son—when he spoke to me. Before we parted he told me of Monsieur Carday's establishment, and urged me to go to him. He called upon me twice after our interview, and gave me this book, with a letter of introduction to M. Carday."

M. Vattémal took the volume, and read the name of the giver on the fly leaf.

"One of the greatest statesmen of America—of the world!"

"Sir!" cried Peter, surprised at his employer's emotion.

"Peter," said that gentleman, "the friend who gave you this book has one of the greatest intellects that ever made a nation glorious. Obey your monitor; go to M. Carday. I will take you part of the way, and assist you with my purse."

"Sir," replied Peter, with a blush of gratitude suffusing his face, "I have means. May I ask you to use the sum destined for me, to aid our mountaineers?"

"It shall be as you wish."

"The Chamois hunter, Rogernoir, is quite disabled by a recent fall——"

"I understand you, my noble lad. I will employ the fund destined for you, in the behalf of his family."

Peter withdrew with firm tread. As he walked to the gate a monarch might envy the majestic step of the high-souled herd-boy. His mother met him. The few articles they owned were packed snugly in one corner. As Peter's eyes rested wonderingly on this arrangement, his mother whispered,

"I shall not part with you, my son."

"Dearest mother!" He could say no more.

"I have a distant relative, a pastry cook, in Geneva. I shall find employment, and be near my son."

In two days they departed. M. Vattémal escorted them more than half way. As he parted from them he slipped a purse into the mother's hand, and whispered,

"From Hippolyte, to his foster mother."

The pastry cook was quite pleased to see his cousin. His wife, with the help of Hippolyte's purse, soon arrayed the peasant in suitable apparel. The herd-boy's mother was comely and well-bred, so that her city friends were quite pleased with her. They lived very near M. Carday. That gentleman was happy to oblige his American friend. Peter

was to teach the lesser boys, and in return receive instructions from the best masters. His time was almost constantly occupied, save the few hours spent with his mother. Sometimes they rambled on the shores of Lake Geneva, or took an ice in one of the public gardens. Peter wrote a good hand. He earned some francs by copying, at odd intervals, law papers for a friend of M. Carday. It was one fine Sabbath eve as they walked by the Lake, that Peter informed his mother of his determination to go to America, and become a lawyer. The chance of success in Geneva, without patronage, was so small, that Peter resolved not to hope for it. As before, his mother's only answer was a decision to go with him. M. Vattémal was consulted; he gave his approval with a sum sufficient to defray their expenses. In a month after they left Geneva. M. Vattémal received a letter written by Peter immediately after their arrival in Boston. The rich landholder was sitting with his family on the balcony when the letter was brought in. Hippolyte, now an exquisite of the first water, was smoking. The father looked up at his son as he finished reading the letter.

Alas, thought he, what would I not give if my light-headed son could write such a manly letter as this. But Hippolyte will be a dandy until he is a father; then he will become a nobody.

In Boston Peter presented his few letters. He hired three rooms in a pleasant location, and soon had several pupils to whom he taught German and

French. His mother found ample employment. She was a skilful basket maker. Her toys met rapid sale, as they were quite unique in Boston. She also netted well. She followed the advice of some female friends, and exchanged a room for a small shop in the building. This was soon filled with articles furnished by her indefatigable friends. Her son assisted her to arrange the goods tastefully; her nets, toys, and baskets, were soon added to by an accomplishment learned of her cousin, the pastry cook. These articles of cookery became famous. As Peter went up step by step to his goal, his mother with a bound attained hers, for her shop was enlarged and her success permanent. She assisted her son with funds, and at last, with sparkling eyes, read the letter in which he informed M. Vattémal that he was now a lawyer. That gentleman was just concluding a marriage treaty for Hippolyte when he received the news.

So, thought he, my son is an empty-headed roué, while the herd-boy is a lawyer—a man of intellect, with a noble soul. "Nature makes no distinctions."

Mr. W——, the traveller amid the Alps, had been a true friend to Peter. By his advice the mother and son moved westward. They had been frugal and industrious. This was the only magic that had given them sufficient means to go to Michigan and purchase a house on the shore of one of the lakes, not far from a large town. The dwelling was a plain, two-story stone house with three acres of rich land surrounding it. In

the town Peter hired an office ; as he understood conveyancing well he soon found business. His letters introduced him to good society ; his polished manners enabled him to keep his place in it. His mother supplied two toy shops with products of Swiss origin, and with those delicious articles she learned to make at Geneva. Her income was quite large, as some of the towns adjacent heard of her skill, and sent weekly to the Lake-house, as it was called, for her products. Yet few persons, save the shopkeepers, knew that she made the confections so famous with old and young.

Peter was very successful, because skillful and upright. He married soon after the death of Hippolyte, who was drowned while bathing in the Arve. M. Vattémal had now quite a family. The letters of Peter aroused his ambition to settle his children well. Every avenue to business in Switzerland was so thronged as to discourage him from attempting to place them advantageously. Hippolyte's wife and child had been laid in the family vault, before the rapid waters of the Arve flung his lifeless corpse on the pebbly shore. M. Vattémal astonished Peter by suddenly appearing at the Lake-house. The beauty of the environs and cheapness of land pleased M. Vattémal. He concluded to purchase a farm adjoining Peter's estate, and soon had the satisfaction of installing his family in their new home. Peter's wife and mother were true friends to Madame Vattémal, who was long in becoming acquainted with the language and manners of her adopted

country. M. Vattémal had the satisfaction of seeing his sons suitably embarked in business. One of them became in time Peter's partner, and to the wise training of Peter owed much of his sagacity in his profession.

Time brought many changes to the environs of the Lake-house. Peter remained the same, save the usual marks of age. Simple in his habits, even in his temperament, and pious in his feelings, he became a centre of attraction to old and young. The plain stone dwelling betrayed none of that love of change too frequently seen in this country. It was unaltered since he first purchased it. The Lake-house was long noted for its hospitality. Music was not neglected ; Peter played well on the organ and flageolet. His wife was a good musician. She delighted to gather the young people on the lawn, and treat them to fine strawberries. As Peter was known to be wealthy, his children too often felt the homage paid to riches. When he perceived any tokens of pride in them he would say,

"Do you see that picture over the chimney-piece. The boy represented there, as sitting on a rock with sheep near him, his hat torn by rough mountain winds, his feet bare, and his clothes patched, is now your father. As you see him there, so he looked when herd-boy for M. Vattémal."

BE PROMPT.—"How do you accomplish so much in so little space of time?" said a friend to Sir Walter Raleigh. When I have any thing to do I go and do it, was the reply.

"Take Care of Number One."

CHAPTER II.

[Continued from page 81.]

THE funeral of old Karl was not a matter of great ceremony, and was soon over ; yet it made a deep impression upon his son. When it was past, and the boy came back to his home, the place seemed even more desolate than the grave. The old black cat, now his only companion, more lank and lean than ever, looked upon him with her large green eyes, in a manner so anxious and wistful as to excite a gush of sympathy in the child's bosom. Reaching forth his hands, he took her to his bosom, and burst into a flood of tears. This gave him some relief ; but when evening arrived, his sense of desolation became overpowering. Feeling that he could remain there no longer, he took his cap, and sallied forth, scarcely knowing whither he went. By a kind of instinct, his feet took the path to the graveyard, and in a short time Jacob was standing by the heap of fresh earth, beneath which his father lay. He sat down, and old Fire-eyes, having followed him, took up her position on a moss-covered tombstone, close by.

Jacob's eyes were now dry, but his heart was burdened with unspeakable sorrow. He sat for a long time musing upon his own fate and his father's memory. After a time his eyes wandered to the scene around,—to the gravestones that stood erect, or inclined at various angles, in the field before him. He then looked a while at the stones, and finally, resting

his head upon his folded arms, he fell asleep. He then dreamed of many things, passing, in wild confusion, before him. At length he seemed to be again at home, and his father to be on his death-bed. The old man was faint and gasping ; but he whispered something about a heap of gold and silver buried deep in the cellar, and hidden beneath a stone ; and finally, as he was breathing his last, he seemed to exclaim,—
"Jacob, take care of Number One!"

At this point of his dream the boy awoke. Finding himself cold and stiff, he arose, and followed by the cat, returned towards his miserable dwelling. As he was approaching the hut, he thought he saw the glimmering of a light within the house. He advanced cautiously, and, peeping in at a hole, saw a man with a candle, descending into the cellar. Here the latter began to throw aside a heap of boards and sticks ; and at last, lifting a large stone, he stooped down, and drew from a cavity in the ground a heavy sack. Taking a peep into the mouth of the bag, the man's eyes seemed to expand, as if he enjoyed a sudden glimpse of Paradise. As he turned his head from this view, he caught sight of old Fire-eyes, who by this time had entered a corner of the cellar, where she stood glaring at the thief, with a look of awful wonder. The man's hand trembled, his teeth chattered, the bag slipped from his fingers, and fell to the earth with a crash,

which seemed to declare the riches of its contents. At this the old cat fled, and the robber, getting courage, clutched the sack, tied it up hastily, and looking warily around, left the cottage and strode across the fields. Jacob marked his countenance well, and the image was too deeply stamped upon his mind ever to be effaced.

The boy now entered his cottage, and though, for a time, his mind was greatly agitated with the scene he had just witnessed, he at last threw himself upon his humble bed, and fell asleep. The sun was high in the heavens when he awoke. The day was fair and bright. The shadows of the night had fled, and Jacob felt, even amid the scenes of his late sorrows and anxieties, a youthful flow of cheerfulness and hope. Yet what was he to do? He was but ten years of age, and of course could not live alone. He had no friends, no counselors. His father's habits had kept all the world away, and he had lived almost as much apart from society as if he had been of a different race from the rest of mankind. His house was half a mile distant from any other, and two miles from the village. He had never been at school, or at church, and if he had occasionally met any of the children of the neighborhood, they had generally passed shyly by on the other side of the way.

Jacob's experience in the ways of the world was therefore small. He could neither read nor write, and his stock of knowledge consisted almost wholly in facts derived from his own observations, from the bubbling up of thoughts

within his breast, and from the brief but emphatic instructions of his eccentric father.

His reflections, therefore, suggested by the question, "What shall I do?" were neither very useful nor very practical. Pretty soon he began to feel the cravings of hunger. He had eaten nothing the day before, and when he began to think of this, and saw no means at hand by which he could satisfy his appetite, his desire for something to eat became extreme. While he was exercised with these feelings, he heard a knock at the door; and saying, "Walk in!" he was not a little astonished to see the very man enter who had stolen the sack on the preceding night. He was a short, thick-set man, of sharp, keen features, well-dressed, and having some appearance of a gentleman. Though Jacob had never seen him before, except on the occasion just mentioned, his features were too clearly recognized to admit any doubt of his identity.

The man soon spoke to the boy, telling him that his father had committed him to his care, and he had now come to fulfil the duty thus imposed upon him. After some conversation, Jacob entered the stranger's wagon, and they rode away together.

[To be continued.]

WHAT is the difference between an attempted homicide, and a Cincinnati hog butchery? One is an assault with intent to kill, and the other is a kill with intent to salt.



The Plough Boy.

WHERE winds blow pure and freely,
 And blossoms load the air,
 And green trees wave their leafy boughs,
 And all around looks fair,
 I ply my daily labor,
 And work till night has come;
 And then return contented,
 To rest myself at home.

How sweet unto the weary,
 Is such unvexed repose,
 When evening's length'ning shadows
 Around our cottage close;
 And with quiet in our bosoms,
 We sit in twilight's shades,
 And watch the crimson radiance,
 As from the west it fades.

And then how fresh the slumber,
 Which falls upon our eyes;
 When night's clear dews are falling,
 And stars are in the skies!
 No feverish dreams affright us,
 And make us start, and weep;
 But trusting in God's kindly care,
 We kindly sink to sleep.

And then ere morning flushes
 Along the eastern skies,
 We bless the care that watched us,
 And, nerved to labor, rise.
 We see the day-star fading,
 We see the vapors glide
 Along the misty vales below
 And up the mountain's side.

Again our hardy sinews
 Are bent to manly toil,
 Again we mow the waving grass,
 Or plough the dewy soil.
 And ever when our labors
 For the day are past and done,
 We sit before our cottage door,
 And watch the setting sun.

The Water Lily.

It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog, and the mud turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others.

Adventures of Gilbert Go-ahead.

[Continued from page 92.]

THE next night we continued our travels, with great caution, however, for we still feared pursuit. A good deal of the time we were obliged to lie by in thickets, or amid the deserted ruins which were not unfrequent along our route. In the intervals of rest and concealment, I had a good deal of conversation with my male companions—their sister being always kept aloof, and never having intercourse with me. Occasionally I could see a glimpse of one or both of her eyes, from beneath her veil, but this had always the appearance of accident, and not of design.

They were rather intelligent young men, and had not only been over the greater part of Afghanistan, but into the adjacent countries of Northern India, Beloochistan, and Persia. One of them had been to Mecca with a caravan, which was alike a religious and trading enterprise. He started from Cabool, and passed through Herat, Teheran, and Damascus, and thence across the Arabian Desert to the Holy City of the Mahometans. He was a good story teller, and gave a very lively account of his travels. He related a great many incidents and episodes, and among other things he told us the following tale, which he said he heard from the lips of a Persian poet, who related it one night to the company of the caravan.

“A great many years ago, there lived and reigned in Cashmere, a race of princes, each of whom was called the

Eye of God—a profuse title, certainly, but which seemed justified, in some degree, by the crown they wore, for this was ornamented with the most superb diamond that ever was seen. It was said to have been brought by the Angel Gabriel himself, to the founders of the little kingdom, in token of the affection of the Prophet, and as an assurance of the favor of Heaven. The king caused it to be set in his crown, and with this it descended from father to son for a long series of generations. The diamond was not only one of the finest water, but it was of that deep and pure nature indicative of the highest order of precious stones, for while it was rather pale and dull in the light, it shone with intense and beaming rays in the dark. Nor was this all: it had the faculty of filling the eye, and also, if steadily contemplated, of illuminating the mind. And hence, while it adorned the brows of the princes of Cashmere, it shed light, knowledge, and wisdom upon their understandings. It was indeed regarded as a talisman of great sanctity, and came at last to be almost worshipped by the people. When the king appeared in public with it on his head they all fell on their faces, and remained prostrate till he had passed by. No wonder that such a gem should be called the Eye of God, and that at last this title should descend to the princes who wore it.

“Now in the city of Cashmere, there

was a young man named Moroz, of great learning and genius, but he was very poor. His heart was filled with ambition and love of pleasure, but his poverty prevented the indulgence of his propensities. By degrees he gave himself up to evil thoughts, and began to despise mankind, religion, and all good and holy things. He said to himself: 'After all, life is only a game, and they who play it best are the best fellows. Right is only might; religion is the bugbear of the priests; they do not believe it themselves. Oh! if I was rich I would have all the pleasures of life, and as to death, I should have no fear of that!'

"While he thus conversed with himself the king came along, with the crown on his head. All the people prostrated themselves except Moroz: he stood erect, and gazed steadily at the sacred diamond. A sudden but dreadful thought came into his mind. 'If I could only become the possessor of that gem!' said he to himself, 'I could carry it to Delhi, and sell it to the Great Mogul for a million of dollars. Then I should be rich—then my heart would be full of pleasure and happiness!' After a short time he went away, but from that time a new being animated him. He shut himself up in his room, and thought only of the sacred diamond. The more he thought of it the more intense became his desire to possess it. At last he determined to make the attempt to obtain it. He had no scruples of conscience, for he did not believe in religion; he laughed at the

idea of a future state, of heaven and hell, and hence, he had no respect for right or wrong.

"It is true the idea crossed his mind that this gem was said to be sacred, and to have gifts above other gems. Once or twice he said to himself, 'What if, after all, it should turn out that this diamond really is like the eye of God, and can see into the soul? If I possessed it, should I not be miserable after all?' He soon, however, dismissed such reflections, and laughed at his fears, as the miserable dreams of cowardice. 'Let me cast aside such weakness,' said he to himself; 'let me dare to be a man, and then I may realize the full pleasures of existence. Let me remain a coward, and I only remain a slave, and wear out my life in the miseries of slavery.'

"After a time he was fully resolved, and now the only question was how he should get possession of the gem? In order to accomplish his object, he contrived to obtain a place in the king's household, and thus he was duly admitted to the palace. He had a small cabinet assigned him near the king's bed-chamber, and thus he was able to carry on his schemes. When every body was asleep, he took the crown to his cabinet and made a cast of the diamond. Being a skilful chemist and worker in gems and metals, he made an exact imitation of it. This he set in the place of the true gem one night, and with the latter in his pocket, he secretly left the palace and quitted Cashmere.

"He bent his steps towards Delhi,

which was then the capital of India, and the most brilliant city in the world. The king, called the Great Mogul, was chief of the whole empire, and his riches knew no bounds. His palace glittered with gold, and his whole person was radiant with the most costly jewels. His gardens were filled with the most fragrant plants and delicious fruits. At night they shone with the light of ten thousand lamps, and the whole air trembled with delicious music. The palace itself, filled with gay and happy people, seemed but a paradise of pleasure, from morning to night. Princes and princesses, the young, the rich, the noble, all gathered there, seemed only to live for enjoyment.

“‘Let me get to Delhi,’ said Moroz, to himself, ‘and I shall be happy! The king will be ready enough to possess himself of the finest gem the world has ever known, and one who thus gratifies him, will not only be made rich by him, but will be made a prince of his court, at least.’

“So thought the young man, and with his heart bounding in triumph, he pursued his journey eagerly towards Delhi. He was, however, under the necessity of travelling only by night, for he knew that the cheat he had practiced would soon be discovered, and that he was likely to be pursued. The sense of danger gradually grew upon him, and hence he became watchful and suspicious. A whole week passed before he could feel so secure as to take a look at his prize. But one night as he lay hidden in the shadow of an old

temple, he took the gem from his pocket, unrolled the numerous folds of cloth with which it was covered, and gazed upon it. How beautiful—how wonderful was the light that streamed from its innermost depths! How did the soul of Moroz expand as he gazed upon it, and felt the consciousness that he was its proprietor.

“Although alone in the gloom of night, and amid the ghostly ruins of some fallen and forgotten temple, his whole being glowed with an intense delight. Already he seemed to enjoy the pleasures for which he had sighed, and to grasp the sceptre of power which he yearned to wield. For a long time he was absorbed in gazing upon the diamond, which constantly unfolded new rays, and shed more delicious tints, till suddenly its aspect changed, and it seemed to enlarge, grow round, and assume the appearance of a human eye. It still grew larger, and ere long it seemed to gaze into the very soul of the young man, with a steady and mournful look. Moroz shrunk back, and for a moment closed his eyes; but ashamed of what he deemed weakness, he opened them again, and look steadily at the diamond. Its aspect was now even more stern than before, and Moroz standing up exclaimed—‘Horrible! it is indeed the Eye of God!’

“The young man shook with the excitement, and although he rolled up the diamond and hid it deep in his pocket, it was impossible wholly to renew his peace of mind. When morning came, he shook off his fears, in some degree,

and laughed at them as the phantoms of a dream. Still the diamond felt heavy in his pocket, and seemed to become a burden to him. He could not help thinking of it, and with a kind of sinking of the heart. His feeling of triumph was gone, and a strange anxiety took possession of his brain. As night approached, he was positively afraid of the shadows that gathered around him.

"‘This is dreadful!’ said he, at last; ‘and it will drive me mad if I give way to it. I am playing the part of a child—a woman. Let me be a man! Is not my secret my own? Who knows, but me, that I have this gem in my pocket? And after all—what is it? A mere stone. Come let me look at it again. It is all nonsense to call it the *Eye of God*. But there is no God; or, if there be, it is money, and money is made to be our slave, and not to make slaves of us. What a fool I am—here I have unbounded riches in my grasp—here is power, here are pleasures—all wrapped up in this little ball. And I, so weak am I, that I am ready to cast it into the river and run away from it; all because of a superstitious fancy that it is a God. A God, indeed; let me have another look at it!’

"It was night—Moroz was again alone. He unrolled the diamond as before; at first it only sent forth its mild but lovely radiance, streaming out, as it were, a fountain of many colors, from which issued a perpetual rainbow. But gradually it expanded, and at last again it assumed that searching look which belongs to the All-Seeing—the

All-Knowing. Moroz gave back glance for glance—gaze for gaze. He braced himself to a desperate effort; he said, again and again: ‘It is but a stone—it is only a diamond. Let me not make myself the dupe of my own excited imagination!’

By these means the young man was able in some degree to command his nerves. After a time he rolled up the gem, and felt that he had conquered, but he was mistaken. His power of mind was gone. He had lost confidence in his own reasoning and in himself. The gaze of the Eye of God, whether it was a phantom of his own mind, or a reality, everywhere haunted him. He felt constantly as if that dreadful look was upon him. He knew that he was a thief—he was conscious that he was bearing about on his person the fruit of a sacrilegious robbery. In vain he said to himself, ‘Nobody knows it but me!’ He knew it, and that was too much. Oh, it was terrible—and Moroz at last, in the agony of his mind, exclaimed, ‘It is indeed true; there is a God, and though this is but a stone, yet it has the power of revealing God to man, and man to himself. Hideous sight! I see, by the light of this miracle, the sentence written on my soul—*‘Thou art a thief!’* A thief? What pleasure is left for me, thus adjudged guilty of the meanest of crimes. Would to heaven I had remained content in my poverty. But what shall I do? Let me hasten to Delhi and disburthen myself as soon as possible of this terrible treasure.’

"Agitated with these and similar thoughts, Moroz made his way, after a journey of five weeks, to the gorgeous capital of the Gréat Mogul. But he was so worn out with anxiety, that he could not look upon the wondrous curiosities of the palace. Afraid of being detected as the robber of the great gem—for already the news of the theft had spread over Hindostan—he slunk into a dark and narrow garret in the outskirts of the city, and meditated upon the means of parting with his prize, to the king. But new difficulties, not foreseen, beset him. 'How,' said he to himself, 'how shall I appear as the seller of this diamond, and avoid being seized as a thief?'

"That was indeed a very important question, and it was strange that the acute Moroz had not thought of it before. He debated the matter for a long time, until he had worked himself up into a state bordering on madness. At last he gave up the idea of selling his treasure in Delhi, and departed for Persia, intending to dispose of it to the Shah, who was then famed for his riches. Arrived at Sheraz, he was seized with the same fear which had beset him at Delhi, and so he hastened on to Bagdad—intending to offer his treasure to the Caliph—then one of the most splendid sovereigns in the world. Here he was racked with apprehensions similar to those he had felt before, and so he proceeded to Constantinople, hoping in that capital to find himself beyond reach of the rumors of his theft, which pervaded all the other countries he had visited.

"In all these wanderings, he had spent at least a dozen years, and though he was not yet old, his hair was thin and gray, his body bent, and his aspect that of a man smitten with despair. Indeed every pulse that had once beat with pleasure, was now tremulous with care, anxiety, and dread. Conscious of possessing the value of millions, he was still living in poverty—often for weeks hardly having the necessities of life. Convicted of crime in his own mind, he had also a dread lest every man that he met should recognize on him the mark of sin, and expose him. Clinging to the fruit of his theft with a sort of miser's greediness, he still looked upon it with dread and bore it about as a burthen and a curse hanging to his very heart. He was afraid of the day, because men then looked upon him; he dreaded the darkness, for then God's Eye seemed gazing at him; for now, even when the diamond was wrapped up, the moment the night set in, it shone out and looked at him, in whatever place he might be. Even when, in his agony, he placed his hand over his sight, the terrible vision as of an Omniscient Eye, burning into his very soul, was still before him. No screen could exclude it—no effort efface it—no envelope could conceal its radiance, or make him forget its power for a moment.

It was strange that such sufferings had not broken the heart of the criminal, but though his frame was shattered it was full of vigor. His nerves were true, his perceptions keen, his vital energy great as in his youth. Yet his ex-

istence was only turned to agony. His last hope was gone ; for, on arriving at Constantinople, he found that the robbery of the famous gem of Cashmere was known, and that all the officers of the police were on the alert to detect the thief.

“What now shall I do?” said the miserable man. ‘Shall I keep my treasure, and when I die, let it pass to my heirs? I shall then have been a criminal and a beggar only for the benefit of posterity. This is indeed the usual feature of the miser—but it will not do for me. Shall I cast this gem away and fly from it as from a curse? Alas! that will not wipe out my crime, even if I could forego the pleasures I have hoped for long years to derive from the sale of it. What then shall I do? Shall I go back to Cashmere, restore my plunder, and thus atone for my crime? What—go back to poverty? That I cannot do. Which way then shall I turn?”

“When the wretched man had ended these reflections, he was nigh starving, for he had lost all means of obtaining the necessities of life. He was in fact in a miserable shed, in one of the outer streets of Constantinople, and there was not another person in the dwelling. He was lying on a heap of dirty straw, from which he found it impossible to rise. He felt that he was dying and called aloud for help, but no one answered, except that three or four dogs, hungry and lank, came into the room, and after a while passed out and set up a dreadful howl

“Moroz saw that his last hour was come. With feeble and trembling fingers, he took out the roll from his pocket, and began to unfold the diamond. He wished to gaze upon it once more, even though he must pay the usual penalty of feeling its light to scorch his soul. He fainted several times before he could complete his task. When the last fold was taken off, what was his amazement to discover only a mass of sand, in place of the sacred diamond! Had he been robbed, or was this a miracle? The fading senses of the poor man could not solve the question. His pulse failed—his eyes closed—and the wretched Moroz was no more. But that very day—that very hour—the real gem—the Eye of God—was returned to its place in the Crown of Cashmere!”

[To be continued.]

A. G. G.

Saturday Evening.

How sweet the evening shadows fall,
Advancing from the west,
As ends the weary week of toil,
And comes the day of rest.

Bright o'er the earth the star of eve
Her radiant beauty sheds;
And myriad sisters calmly weave
Their light around our heads.

Rest, man, from labor! rest from sin!
The world's hard contest close:
The holy hours with God begin—
Yield thee to sweet repose.

Bright o'er the earth the morning ray
Its sacred light will cast,
Fair emblem of the glorious day
That evermore shall last.



The Peacocks.

A GENTLEMAN had two Peacocks, which were kept in a fine lawn in his garden ; and he made a present of them to his daughter, Miss Charlotte Fletcher, who was very fond of them, and fed them herself every day. One of these Peacocks was very beautiful ; he had a fine long tail, which trailed after him as he walked, and which he frequently spread out for the admiration of those who stopped to look at him. But this Peacock was not so good as he was handsome ; for he was proud, greedy, and ill-natured ; and because the other Peacock, which was a *white one*, had not so fine a plumage as himself, he despised him, and very often was so cross, that he would scarcely let the poor bird have any thing

to eat, but pecked him, and drove him about in a cruel manner ; and if at any time the white Peacock spread out his tail, the other would set up such a frightful scream, as made him close it up directly, and run away into some corner to hide himself.

When these birds were given to Miss Fletcher, she admired that with the fine plumage, and said he should be called her *handsome favorite*, for she did not know of his faults ; neither did he treat the other ill in her sight for some time ; but, one day, when she was feeding them from the parlor window, she happened to throw some barley to the white Peacock first, on which the other put himself in a violent passion, and set up one of his

horrid screams, which she was quite shocked to hear ; nor was this all, for the cross creature flew upon the other Peacock, and tore him about till he pulled off a great many feathers, and made his head bleed sadly ; and the white Peacock could not defend himself, because he had the misfortune to have his leg broken soon after he left the nest, and was, in consequence of the accident, a little lame. However, he contrived to get away to his hiding place, while the other greedy creature was picking up the barley ; and, when his meal was ended, the ill-natured Peacock strutted about as proud and conceited as could be, before the window, and spread out his fine tail, expecting to be admired as usual. But Miss Fletcher was too good to like the bird which was so cross to his companion ; on the contrary, she was quite displeased with him, and sent the gardener to take him off the lawn, and carry him into the yard, where the common poultry was kept, and where he would be sure of getting well beat and pecked himself if he showed any airs ; and she said, he should be no longer her *handsome favorite*, but she would take care of the white Peacock, and try to get him a better companion ; so she desired Thomas to find out where he was hidden, and to bring him to her. It was quite grievous to see how sadly the poor creature was hurt ; but he was very patient, and, in a short time, by being well fed and kept quiet, he recovered and was sent back to the lawn again.

In the mean time the proud Peacock was greatly mortified at being kept in a common farm-yard, where nobody trou-

bled themselves about him, and where the cocks and hens made him keep his distance while they were feeding, and content himself with what he could pick up when they had done. He now wished he had not treated his former companion so ill ; and sometimes he would get up upon the barn and call out, in hopes that the other Peacock would hear him, and know how sorry he was, and that he was resolved never to behave so ill again ; which made the white Peacock desirous of having him back, and he let him know this by answering to him from the top of a pear-tree in the garden. Miss Fletcher hearing the two birds call to one another in this manner, and observing that the white Peacock seemed very dull, thought that perhaps they might have made up their quarrel, so she resolved to see how they would behave to one another ; and, to her very great delight, when the servant, by her desire, brought the cross Peacock from the place of punishment, the other ran to meet him on the lawn, and was very glad to see him ; and when she threw some barley to them, the Peacock which before had been so greedy, did not peck a grain from the other ; nor did he ever after treat him ill in any way, but became as *good* as he was *pretty*. Miss Fletcher, however, did not call him her *handsome favorite*, but gave the preference to the white Peacock, because the other had not been *always* good and she resolved for the future to value things, not from their showy qualities, but from their real and intrinsic worth. Beauty and fine clothing may attract notice, but kindness and generosity win true friends.

Confession of Faults.

BENJAMIN FREEMAN had often heard his father say that he ought never to deny the faults he had committed ; but that he should always ingenuously speak the truth. Benjamin, like a good child, recollected this, and resolved to act accordingly. When he came home, therefore, and his father said, "Where have you been to-day ? What have you done ?" Benjamin mentioned all the places he had been in, and the persons he had seen, and all the amusements in which he had been engaged.

By accident, he one day broke a beautiful china ornament, called a vase. As he was alone when this happened, he could easily have concealed his share in the misfortune. The suspicion would probably have fallen on one of the domestics, rather than on him ; but Benjamin was incapable of the least deception ; he would, besides, have been very sorry to have brought any of the servants into disgrace for an accident in which he only was concerned ; he resolved, therefore, to go immediately to his father, to whom he said, with tears in his eyes, "Papa, a great misfortune has happened to me ; I have broken your porcelain vase."

His father was much vexed, because the vase had been given him by a particular friend. Nevertheless, as Benjamin by willingly acknowledging his fault, had given a new proof of his regard to truth, his father did not scold him, but merely made him pay a little forfeit, to warn

him of being so careless for the future ; and recommended him to continue to speak the truth upon all occasions.

Benjamin faithfully followed this advice. He spoke truth at school, as well as elsewhere. It sometimes happened that he was not so diligent and studious as he might have been ; but he never endeavored by tricks and falsehoods, to excuse his faults. On the contrary, if he had not performed his duty ; or if he did not know his lessons perfectly, and his master asked the reason, he replied ingenuously ; "Forgive me this negligence, sir, for I confess I have been extremely indolent to-day ;" or perhaps he acknowledged that he had taken so much pleasure in play, that he had entirely forgotten he had still something to learn. This ingenuousness made his master love him better than any of his other scholars, who always assigned false reasons to exculpate themselves when they had done anything wrong.

One day, however, there happened an affair at school which had nearly deprived poor Benjamin of all his reputation for sincerity. One of his school-fellows, a very wicked boy, had stolen two pretty medals, which were intended as rewards for those scholars who performed their duty best.

The master, in order to discover who had perpetrated this crime, ordered all the scholars to bring their satchels to be examined. Immediately the robber, fearful of being discovered and chastised,

very wickedly put the medals into Benjamin's satchel.

Several scholars had already brought their satchels, but nothing was to be found. Benjamin at length brought his ; but, in presenting it, behold, the medals fell to the ground ! The poor boy was astonished ; nevertheless, he was not confused, but picking them up, he gave them to his master.

"Is it *you*, Benjamin," said he, "who have robbed me of these articles?" "No sir," replied the innocent youth, "I know not who could have put them into my satchel."

Under such circumstances the master would not have believed any other boy ; but he knew that he could rely on Benjamin's word : "No, my boy," said he, "you have *not* stolen my medals ; you would have acknowledged the truth, I am sure. Some bad boy must have put them into your satchel."

Then, turning to the scholars, he said :—

"Which among you has been so wicked as to steal these things, and put them into Benjamin's satchel?"

They all declared themselves innocent ; but he that was guilty soon betrayed himself. He colored deeply ; and, on being pressed by the master, he acknowledged the fault, and was severely punished. Benjamin, on the contrary, saw his innocence triumph ; and, when he returned home, he said to his father,—

"What thanks I owe you, my dear papa. If you had not taught me to speak the truth, and to confess all my

faults, I should have been despised and punished for a crime, which I never thought of committing."

Quick Wit.

A GENTLEMAN travelling on horseback "down east," came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land.

"What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he ; "a herd of cows would starve to death on that land."

"And sure, your honor, wasn't I fencing it to keep the poor beasts out iv it?"

Winter in Russia.

IN Russia, the weather is very cold during the winter. At Petersburg, persons in the open air frequently perish by the severity of the climate. It is not uncommon to hear two people conversing in the following manner, on meeting in the street :—"I beg leave to acquaint you that your nose is freezing,"—to which the other probably answers, "I was just going to observe to you that *yours* is already frozen."

On such occasions, both the sufferers stop, and rub each other's nose, either with a piece of flannel, or with a handful of snow, in order to restore the circulation of the blood. After this service mutually rendered, the parties separate with the usual ceremonial of bows and salutations.

One day, an Italian arrived at Peters-

burg, for the first time, in the month of December. He had not walked a short distance from the house before his nose became completely frozen. A good-natured peasant seeing his mishap, took up a handful of snow, and without even saying, "by your leave," instantly commenced rubbing the stranger's nose in the most liberal manner.

The Italian, far from being grateful for the peasant's application, mistook his humane, but somewhat blunt procedure for an insult, and began to beat him severely. A crowd soon collected round them, and at last the Italian was

made to understand the motive of the peasant's operations.

The Italian now lamented his hasty severity, and giving the poor nose-rubber some money, they were soon good friends. The Italian was rejoiced at the preservation of his nose, the loss of which would have subjected him to some inconvenience. He retreated homewards holding that organ fast with his hand, and resolved never to expose it to a similar danger. The peasant was well repaid for his timely application as well as for the beating which he received in consequence.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

A word more about the prize sentence. We have received one letter with two sentences, one containing all the letters of the alphabet, and the other, all the parts of speech, and the witer of the letter inquires if it is not expected that the letters be formed in one sentence, and all the parts of speech in another, thus making two sentences instead of one. We reply, most certainly not. The two conditions are to be embraced in one sentence.

We have tried to make all the conditions plain, but if they are not fully understood, send on your inquiries. Answering intelligent questions never wearies Robert Merry.

PLAINFIELD, MASS., Feb. 17th, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—May I ask if other ingenious devices connected with the formation of the sentences for which your prizes are to be given in May, and in addition to the particulars you have mentioned, will be taken into account; as, for example, if I form the proposed sentence in verse, or as an acrostic, or presenting a double idea, or with every word ending with a vowel, or if I insert the parts of speech and the letters of the alphabet twice, and the like.

From yours, respectfully, H. H.

Reply:—We have no doubt that the committee of award will take into account such additional ingenious devices as are alluded to by our correspondent, and provided they do not

lengthen the sentence, they cannot be objectionable. As we have before said, brevity will be one of the first qualities looked at. Any syllable or letter unnecessarily added to the sentence will mar it, as the object is to see into how few letters all the conditions can be condensed.

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS, Feb. 21st, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am very much ashamed of myself for not having written to you during the last three years I have been in this State. I am very much obliged to you for having continued to send your interesting magazine to me without my having sent you my subscriptions in advance. I think it is the most interesting periodical I ever read. The articles on natural history are by far the most interesting subjects in your book, and I would be very much delighted if in all the numbers there was a long article on some animal. I have travelled over a considerable part of this State, and seen a great number of wild animals, amongst which are deer, wolves, turkeys, foxes, panthers, and the long-eared or mule-eared rabbit, which resembles the English hare very much, the raccoon, opossum, civet cat, pole cat, and wild cat. The other day I saw a peccary, or Mexican hog, which in all accounts I have ever read of, is stated to be confined exclusively to South America, but which is far from being a fact, for they are very numerous in the chaparral about Corpus Christi. I have seen deer in droves of four or five hundred at a time, and turkeys in great numbers. I think that if I could write with ease, I could write stories about my travels in Texas as wonderful as Gilbert Go-ahead's, and all true. I will tell you now about my journey from Fort Mason to Corpus Christi. The first named place is situated on the Llanos, in the mountainous part of Texas, three hundred miles north of the latter, and is occupied by a

company of dragoons. We left on the 20th of December, with an escort of seven soldiers, as a protection against the Indians, and to fix our camp, for we had to encamp fifteen days. I rode a Chickasaw pony, and it was the longest journey I ever performed on horseback. The day after we left the Fort, we encamped at the foot of a beautiful hill, which, after supper, I ascended, and in my walk I found an old Indian arrow-head, cut out of white flint, it is wonderful to see with what accuracy they are cut. The next day we passed through Fredricksburg, which is a German settlement on the Pordenales, which empties into a branch of the Colorado. At the time we passed through, great preparations were being made to celebrate Christmas, which was near at hand. Here four of the escort left us. Three miles farther on, we passed Fort Martin Scott, and toward night we stopped at a very nice looking log-house. The inhabitants said we might stay there if we were willing to all sleep in the same room. The master was a German gentleman, by the name of Zinch, who had been formerly in the employment of King Otho, of Greece, as a topographical engineer. We travelled for two days more without any thing of importance occurring, except my father's carriage broke down in crossing the mountains. We reached San Antonio on the fifth day, which was Christmas. This town is situated on a river of the same name, and is an old Mexican town which was founded, it is said, three centuries ago, and is renowned in the history of Texas for being the place where David Crockett, as well as other illustrious Texans were killed in defence of the Alamo. We remained here one week, when we left for Corpus Christi, with one company of sixty mounted riflemen. We had not proceeded more than eight miles, before we arrived at the ruins of an old Catholic church, supposed to have been built by the Spanish missionaries for the purpose of converting the Indians three or four hundred years ago. It is called Mission Conception. It is built of a very beautiful soft stone which is found here. In the front, the door is of solid three-inch oak boards, fastened together by means of large iron spikes, but it is very much decayed. On each side of the door is a pillar elaborately carved. On the right of the right hand pillar, is the image of the Virgin Mary, with the infant Jesus in her arms. On the same side is the basin that used to contain the holy water; on the left of the other pillar is the image of John the Baptist. Over the door was carved a wreath, inside of which was written, in Spanish, Mission Conception, over the wreath is carved a large cross; besides these carvings, all the front is beautifully ornamented with flowers and vines cut in the stone. On the roof of the church are growing great numbers of prickly pears. We travelled on for several days through a country nearly as wild as when it was first discovered by the white man, for after travelling twenty-five miles to the south of San Antonio, one does not meet with a house on all the road from that place to Fort Merrill, distance one hundred and twenty-five miles.

This country abounds in game; on the map it is marked "wild horses." We saw great numbers of wild deer and antelope. Great numbers of wild horses roam here. After eight days' travel, we arrived at Fort Merrill, where we remained one day to rest. This place is situated on the west bank of the Nueces river, and about sixty miles from Corpus Christi. The river is called Nueces, which is the Spanish for nuts, on account of the great numbers of pecan-nuts that grow on the upper part of it. The first day we left Fort Merrill, I saw two black wolves in the road. A few miles farther on we saw two Indians on the prairie to the left of the road, but as they ascended a little hill and saw us, they turned to the right to avoid us. The weather being intensely cold we did not pursue them. A little farther on we met a company of riflemen going from the Eto Grande to Fort Merrill. We encamped this night at a little muddy water pool two or three miles to the north of San Petrelio. Next morning we started

early, and arrived at Corpus Christi about three o'clock in the afternoon nearly frozen, without anything particular occurring, except that we saw a drove of mus-tangs, or wild horses, grazing in the valley of the Nueces.

From your friend,

ROBERT STUART TURNER.

ROCKFORD, ILL., Feb. 23d, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have been trying to win one of the prizes offered in the February number, and I have succeeded in making a sentence which contains all the conditions as I think. Will you please write and let me know if I am correct. I am quite impatient to know who will gain the highest prize; I suppose a great many will contend for it.

I send you answers to some of the puzzles in the last number:—Why is a city in Ireland likely to be the largest in the world? Because it is Dublin. The visitor to the man in prison was his father. Answer to the first riddle is Nott; answer to the second is a shadow; answer to the third, clock-weight or spiders'-thread.

I am getting along well with my music, and I expect soon to have a new instrument. Please give my love to my cousins.

JULIA.

LANSING, March 3d, 1845.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I assure you I receive the Museum each month with great joy. I turn over its leaves and do not stop to look at the pictures till I have read the Monthly Chat, and tried to solve the puzzles. I think your proposition for a sentence is a hard one, and I am afraid I shall not succeed very well in it.

I feel very sorry for you, Mr. Merry, because you say you are almost blind, and have got no glasses that are worth anything. I will send you a pretty pair if you will please accept them, and I intend also to send you some new subscribers.

MARY.

Thank you, Mary, for your generous offer. When we commence wearing glasses we will let you know and claim your promise; but if all the girls and boys write as fair a hand, and spell as well as you do, we can yet get along a while with our old eyes, and as we have a little pride in the matter, and love to be thought young, and to keep in the company of the young folks, we shall do without glasses as long as possible.

HENDERSON, ILL.

MR. MERRY:—Enclosed I send you a dollar to pay for this year's Museum. I have not yet seen an answer to S. G. G.'s riddle in the June number of last year. If I am not mistaken it is the letter W. I also send you answers to the riddles in the last number.

I have composed a sentence, which contains all the letters of the alphabet, and all the parts of speech, but I fear it will not pass muster.

Your friend, E. V. MARKHAM.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 14th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am now a reader of your Museum which you kindly send to our school at Washington, D. C. I commenced reading a very pretty piece, called "The Little Farmers," but it was in three numbers, and the October number did not reach us, therefore I could not finish it. If you have that number, will you please send it to us. Our teacher wishes to have them all bound, for our school-library. I have read the "Balloon Travels," and "Gilbert Go-ahead," and many other pretty stories. I like the Museum more and more, because I think it very in-

structive as well as amusing. The Monthly Chat pleases me more than any other part, for I like to solve conundrums and enigmas, and read the letters; but I like it all. I am only eleven years old, and not accustomed to write letters, therefore you will not expect much from me.

Your friend,

M. E. SIMMONS.

MURFREESBORO, TENN.

MR. MERRY:—I send you the following:—

Two brothers we are,
Two burdens we bear;
All day we are pressed,
And are seldom at rest
Till left for the night,
Oft in a sad plight,
To sleep on the floor,
Your aid we implore,
For filled with the gout,
Our souls are worn out.

J. EATON.

INGLE SIDE, Feb. 20th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have read with much interest, the January and February numbers of the Museum, and send you the following solutions of puzzles in the February number:—the tree that never blossoms, but bears delicious fruit, is the fig-tree; the largest city in Ireland will probably be the largest in the world, because it is Dublin (*doubling*); a king is like a book, because he has many pages; the man who was interrogated by the jailor, was the prisoner's father; the man who was not born, &c., was named Nott.

Hoping you will let me know in the next number if my solutions are correct.

I am, Your new subscriber,

JOSEPH G. LITTLEJOHN.

ALBANY, Feb. 28th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I have solved some of the puzzles in your February number, and I thought I would write and send the answer, and also inform you of my determination to try for the prize. Tell Miss Anna, that the number of plums in her basket is thirty. The largest city in Ireland is always Dublin (*doubling*); the man who came to see the prisoner, was his father.

There was a man who was Nott born,

His father was Nott born before him;

He did Nott live, he did Nott die,

And his epitaph is Nott o'er him.

In Anna's enigma, I think the first two verses refer to t, but the last two to e.

EDWARD.

STAMFORD, March 10th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—This is the first time I have ever written to you, but I hope you will excuse my boldness. I send you the answers to some of the enigmas and riddles. The answer to the first enigma, is Albemarle Sound; the answer to the second enigma, is Bishop Manton Eastburn; the answer to F. W. & J. D.'s enigma, is George Washington; the answer to the riddle given by Yates Ellis, is wheat, heat, eat, at, t (*tea*).

Yours, with respect,

T. SKELDING.

NORTH CHELMSFORD, March 1st, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I see that you receive letters from all parts of the Union, and I thought I might contribute a few lines to your interesting Museum. It is my first time, so I do not think that I shall succeed very well, but there always must be a beginning. I thought that I might send an enigma, and if you think it worthy of a place, you can please publish. It is as follows:—

ENIGMA.

A lady in prison, received an animal as a present from her niece, which signified to her, "Make your escape." In reply, she sent back a fruit, which imported, "It is impossible to escape." What was the animal, and what was the fruit?

I want to see if any of your friends can get the answer.

Yours, &c., CHARLIE E. SWETT.

NEW IPSWICH, March, 9th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—My elder brother, who is twelve, has written you several letters. This is my first attempt. I have composed an enigma, and should like to see it in the Museum. I have also got the answers to some of those in the last number. The second on the ninety-sixth page, is Manton Eastburn; the fourth, is George Washington. Here is mine:—

I am composed of twelve letters.

My 9, 8, 12, 7, 2, 4, is one of the seasons.

12, 11, 9, 2, is to meditate.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is mirthful.

12, 10, 9, 6, is a term used in the navy.

7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, is a collection of curiosities.

12, 8, 7, is silent.

6, is letter s.

My whole is "some pumpkins."

JOSEPH APPLETON BENT.

MARKSVILLE, Feb. 22d, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I wrote to you some time ago, and sent you the translation of the song; but perhaps you did not receive it. I am kept very busy with my books, and although I study hard, I sometimes miss. I like the Museum very much indeed. I have been trying to solve the enigma in the February number. I think it is the letter z, but if it is, I think there is a mistake in the first two lines of the third verse—"I dwell oft in pleasure," should not it be "I dwell *not* in pleasure?" Dear Mr. Merry, I am almost afraid to send this, as it may be wrong, but sincerely hope you will excuse me.

From your black-eyed friend,

BASIL C. CUSHMAN.

Feb. 10th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I am a little boy seven years old. I live away out in Dubuque, Iowa. I received the first number of your magazine last night. I made out the puzzle. I am afraid you will get an answer from some one else first; but you will remember that I write by the first mail, and think I am entitled to the prize.

Your little friend, WILLIE.

33 CLINTON PLACE, N. Y.

MR. MERRY:—As I have made an enigma, which I send below, I thought I would write to you and see if the letters in the Chat are really written by subscribers. This is my first enigma, I hope you will excuse mistakes. I like your Museum very much.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of ten letters.

My 3, 5, 4, means to request.

7, 8, 9, forms a part of the human body.

8, 6, 10, is a paper much wanted in France.

My whole is an eminent English play writer.

From your friend, T. DAVIS.

MR. MERRY:—I send you a conundrum:—Why is a sheet of writing-paper like the people in France?

L. L. LYONS.

10/10/77 C.A. 10
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10

a k 2 k a r 4e
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10



OWEN GLENDOWERS OAK. (See Page 148.)



May.

MAY has ever been, and ever will be, a welcome month. The cold winds and gloomy clouds of winter are gone, and the grass begins to grow bright and green beneath our feet. The trees wave their branches exultingly in the clear air and the young birds joyfully hail the approach of the month of buds and blossoms.

"Sweet it is, to start and say
On May morning—this is May."

Many years ago the first day of May was a holiday for all classes. An old English historian thus describes the ceremonies with which this pleasant month was welcomed: "On the first day of May, commonly called May-day, the

juvenile part of both sexes are wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighboring wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns, where they break down branches from the trees and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this is done, they return with their booty homewards about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil.

The afterpart of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, which is called a May-pole; which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were consecrated to the goddess of flowers, without the least violation offered it in the whole circle of

the year. And this is not the custom of the British common people only, but it is the custom of the generality of nations; particularly of the Italians." Although in the northern part of the United States, May makes her appearance covered with clouds, instead of sunshine, yet she is not the less welcome as the harbinger of waving trees and pleasant weather.

Early in the morning, troops of happy children wander forth to pluck the early flowers and budding leaves, and bring them home to adorn their hearthstones and mantelpieces. This is called going *a-maying*.

Sometimes a May-Queen is chosen and crowned with a wreath of flowers; and then she presides for the rest of the day over the amusements of her subjects.

The songs to which "May-day" has given birth would alone fill a book; but we shall copy but one of them, and this, perhaps, the most familiar of all. It is entitled the "*Queen of May*," and was written by a poet of some fame, the late lamented Tennyson. The lines are beautiful in themselves, but Mr. Dempster has given them a deep and touching interest by setting them to music. Whoever would enjoy the song in the highest degree, should hear Dempster sing it; for he is one of those who feel the power and scope of simple melody, and his skill renders it unnecessary for him to seek fame by astonishing the world with strange music, set to words in a foreign tongue,—both alike beyond the comprehension of a common audience. We

quote only the first part of the song, and that which is properly entitled

THE MAY-QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early—call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day!
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother—I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say;
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother—I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never awake,
If you do not call me loudly when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother—I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye I should see
But Robert, leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree;
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday;
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother—I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light;
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother—I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be;

They say his heart is breaking, mother, what is that to me?

There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any summer day;

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother—I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,

And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the queen;

For the shepherd lads, on every side, will come from far away,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother—I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,

And by the meadow-trenchers blow the faint sweet cuckoo flowers;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother—I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-long day!

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother—I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, will be fresh, and green, and still,

And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,

And the rivulet in the flowery dale will merrily glance and play;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother—I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early—call me early, mother dear!

To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;

To-morrow 'll be, of all the year, the maddest, merriest day—

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother—I'm to be Queen o' the May.

We sometimes fancy that our northern climate, which gives us the circling seasons of spring, summer, autumn and winter, is harsh and severe; and perchance the wish has sometimes crossed our minds that our lot had been cast in tropical regions, where winter never comes to pinch our nose, but let us remember that where there is no winter there is no May-day festival. In the land of figs and oranges they are strangers to the jubilant demonstrations with which we hail the return of May-flowers and summer breezes.

In the city of New York, May-day presents a curious spectacle. The rents and leases of most of the houses expire on that day, and a great part of the people change their place of abode.

The noise and confusion occasioned by so many people moving, give to the streets a singular and lively appearance. Carts are going hither and thither, freighted with the thousand nameless articles that come in the list of household goods. Each load is precious to its owner, not always from its intrinsic worth, but because it is his and is associated with all his tender thoughts of home. Even the old pails and broken chairs, are inventoried high in his heart's esteem, and it is doubtful if he would be happier were some more favored one to exchange loads, and for broken bedsteads and straw mattresses give rosewood couches and spring beds,—for pine tables, give mahogany extensions or marble tops. It is not nice furniture that makes us happy. We could never see on this general moving

day, but that the families with their single load of frugal furniture, were just as happy as those that freight a dozen carts with their costly and showy equipments; and perhaps on every day through all the year, the difference in their real enjoyment is less than one would first suppose. We will venture to say that in our opinion, they are best off and happiest who love home most, and who seek their happiness, doing right and being good.

But it is time to close this long article. We wish you all to be happy. Open your heart wide to the joyous demonstrations of Nature. Let there be sunshine and spring time in your heart—let it shine out in your face, and ring joyously in your voice.

That is a holy and innocent joy which springs from the contemplation of the freshness and beauty of nature. Cherish that joy; for it is far better than that apathy which passes by the wonders and beauties of the earth with indifference; or that precision which in deprecating the cultivation of pure and simple enjoyments, shuts up the heart against the best feelings of kindness to man or devotion to God.

A Remarkable Cat.

A CAT, which had been long remarked as one of the wildest of those which frequented a barn on the borders of a wood in Ayrshire,—so wild, indeed, as to be seldom seen,—was several times, during a sharp frost, observed, with no little surprise, to pass and repass into the ad-

jacent farm-house, which it had not, for some years, been known either to enter or approach. It might have been inferred that it was compelled by hunger, had not this been the best season for catching birds; but, in one of its stealthy visits, it was seen snugly coiled up beside a baby in the cradle, to the no small horror of the mother, who imagined, in accordance with popular prejudice, that it had come to suck the baby's breath. All that could be done to persuade her of the impossibility of the cat doing this was of no avail, and orders were immediately given to every servant on the farm to kill the poor cat wherever she could be found. Her caution and agility, however, were long successful in saving her; and, though the persecution she thus experienced rendered her, if possible, much wilder than before, yet she was not thereby deterred—not even after being wounded by a pitchfork, and her leg lamed by throwing a hatchet at her—from paying a daily visit to the baby in the cradle, because it was the warmest place within her knowledge; and, next to food, she considered warmth as indispensable to life. She persisted thus in venturing to the cradle, till she was at length intercepted and killed.

FRANKLIN says if every man and woman would work four hours a day at something useful, want and misery would be banished from the world, and the remaining portion of the twenty-four hours might be leisure and pleasure.

Who gives unseen, is sincere.



The Actor Bear.

A FRIGHTFUL scene occurred a few years ago at the theatre of Czerny, in Bohemia, during the performance of a melo-drama, called the "Bear of the Mountains," the principal performer in which was a bruin of such wonderful docility and dramatic talent, that for a long succession of nights he attracted overflowing audiences. On this occasion, however, something had put this *star* out of humor, and he was observed to be wanting in those brilliant displays of the historic art which had previously overwhelmed him with applause. In the third act, instead of coming down the mountain by a winding path, with the slow and solemn step, as set down in the prompter's book, he alighted on the stage at one bound, like the descent of a moon stone.

On his return behind the scenes he received reproofs, which, instead of im-

proving, made his temper still more sul-
len ; and it was with difficulty he could be prevailed on to go through his part. In the last scene he was induced to commence a waltz with a young and beautiful peasant girl, and seemed to take so much enjoyment in the dance, that the whole audience were raised from their seats, and, standing on the benches, drowned the sounds of a powerful orchestra with their acclamations of praise and delight.

In a moment, however, the joyous spectacle was changed into one of horror ; a piercing shriek was heard above all the combination of noises ; the stage was one moment in the utmost confusion, and the next was clear of every performer except the bear, who appeared with his muzzle unfastened, and hanging round his neck ; and after making a wide display of his tremendous

gullet, leaped into the orchestra, which, as may be easily imagined, was as vacant as the stage. The flight of the audience was equally as quick, but the consequences more serious. Numbers were severely crushed and bruised in the struggle at the doors, and several were dreadfully injured by being thrown down and trampled upon. After a pause, a platoon of soldiers went into the pit with fixed bayonets and loaded barrels, and ordered to bring out the cause of all the evil, dead or alive ; but they found him, like other great actors who have performed their parts and become exhausted by their exertions, taking his repose on one of the benches, and incapable or unwilling to make any resistance.

The Air.

No term is more familiar to every-body than the term *air*. But if an uninstructed person were asked what the air was, his first answer would probably be, that it was nothing at all. This hand, he might say, which is now plunged in water, on being drawn out of the water is said to be lifted into the air—which means merely that there is nothing, or only vacancy, around it. In other words, he might say the air is just the name that is given to the empty space, which is immediately over the surface of the earth. A little reflection, however, or a question or two more, would probably raise some doubts as to the correctness of this philosophy. If the air be nothing, it might be asked, what is the wind ? Or what is it even

when there is no wind, which makes very light substances wave or flutter on being swiftly drawn through the air, or when they are merely dropped from the hand, detains them on their way to the ground ? Or to take another illustration from the commonest experience ; who is there that has not seen a bladder distended or swollen with air ? If the air be nothing, how comes a portion of it to present such palpable resistance to pressure when thus confined ? The truth is, the air in which we walk is as much a real and substantial part of our world as the earth on which we walk. Empty space would no more do for our bodies to live in than it would for our feet to tread upon. The atmosphere—that is, the case of air in which the solid globe is enveloped—is composed of matter as well as that solid globe itself. As the one is matter in a solid, so the other is matter in a fluid state. It is merely a thinner fluid than the water, which also rests upon and encompasses a great part of the earth ; but as fishes exist, and can only exist in their ocean of water, so do we exist, and can only exist in our ocean of air.—*Emerson*.

WAY TO WISDOM.—A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, “By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant.”

A wise man's kingdom is his own breast, or, if he ever looks further, it will only be to the judgment of a select few who are capable of giving him advice.

Balloon Travels.

[Continued from page 109.]

Merry. Well, Laura, you have given us a very good sketch of the adventures of Theseus. All these coasts of Greece and Asia Minor are connected with ancient legends, quite as interesting as those of the hero whose history you have recited. Yonder to the east is Lesbos, the birth place of the poet Arion, and far to the north-east is Lemnos, upon which Vulcan, the god of blacksmiths, tumbled when he was kicked out of heaven. Here, before us, is the Hellespont, which derived its name from *Helle*, who fell into it, as she was flying from the persecution of her step-mother, Ino, mounted, with her brother Phrixus, on the back of a golden-fleeced ram.

James. Oh, do tell us some of those stories, Mr. Merry. We have plenty of time as we sail along, and it is all the more interesting as we can look down upon the very places where the events related are supposed to have happened.

Merry. Well, I will tell the story of Vulcan, but I may as well first give you some account of the island of Lemnos, which goes under the name of *Italimene*. "It contains 160 square miles, the surface being mountainous, with the craters of several extinct volcanoes. The soil is fertile, and produces wheat, olives, grapes and other fruits. The population is about 8,000. Lemnos, the capital, is on the north coast, as you can see by looking at it through the glass. It

is a small place, and contains only 1,000 people.

"In ancient times, there is no doubt that this island was the seat of an active volcano. Indeed it is probable that the whole island was thrown up from the sea, by some volcanic convulsion. The ancients did not understand the causes of thunder, lightning, storms, earthquakes and volcanoes, and so they imputed them to the direct action of the gods, Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, &c.

"It is not at all surprising, therefore, that in the dim ages of Grecian antiquity, we find that Lemnos, then, no doubt, thundering and blazing with its volcanic throes, was made the scene of a great many wonderful tales. You must remember that Vulcan was the god of fire, and is also called the god or patron of blacksmiths. He was the son of Juno, wife of Jupiter. He was deformed at his birth, and always limped afterwards. His mother, who, by the way, was a harsh, unamiable goddess, was so shocked at his appearance, that on seeing him, she threw him headlong from Mount Olympus into the sea. Here he was found by two ocean nymphs, who took pity on him, and having saved him from drowning, they hid him in a cavern deep beneath the bed of the sea. Here he remained nine years, during which time it appears that he grew apace, and became an expert worker in metals. He made various ornaments

and trinkets, with which his sea-nymph friends were much delighted.

"After a time, some how or other, Vulcan got back to Olympus, or the Court of Heaven. This was placed by the fanciful Greeks on the top of Mount Olympus, which, as you know, is a very lofty mountain in the north of Greece. When seen from the sea, it seems to rise immediately out of the water, and is a very beautiful and striking object. Its top is frequently enveloped in wreaths of white fog, or light clouds, and it is easy to conceive how the imaginative Greeks should have selected this as the gathering place of their divinities. Here was Jupiter, the chief of gods, like a king, surrounded by his court. They were very numerous, amounting to many hundreds, or perhaps thousands, and according to the fancy of the Greeks, they had pretty nearly the passions of human beings, and largely occupied themselves with human affairs. They were guilty of all sorts of follies, vices and crimes; they spent their time in useful and voluptuous pleasure, or in wicked plots and intrigues.

"They possessed superhuman power, which they used wholly for selfish purposes. No principle of truth or justice guided them. Jupiter himself was guilty of falsehood, deception, injustice, and murder without scruple or remorse. A great part of his business was to cheat his wife, and she seems to have had great pleasure in defeating his plans and wishes. The whole policy of the court seemed very much like that of one on earth, in which there is an external air

of elegance and learning, while all are occupied with concealed hatred, malice and plots against each other.

"Vulcan may be considered somewhat an exception to these remarks, for he appears to have been exceedingly industrious in his business. He made the very best armor, and some of the great heroes in the Trojan war were supplied with it. Some of his works are very marvelous. He made brass-footed, brass-throated bulls, breathing fire: he made gold and silver dogs, which guarded houses: he made a brazen man, named Talus, which he gave to Minos, king of Crete: and he made for himself some golden maidens, who waited upon him, and had the gift of speech.

"Such an extraordinary manufacturer must have had many workshops, and so we find that wherever there was a volcano, he was there supposed to have a manufactory. At Mount Etna, he was thought to have an establishment, in which he was assisted by Cyclops for workmen. Lemnos was supposed to be his favorite resort, and here, when the volcano thundered in its bowels, and the crater sent forth its flames, the god of blacksmiths was supposed to be hard at work, preparing arms for some actual war or coming conflict.

"With the divine power of passing instantly through space, Vulcan could be at his various establishments throughout the whole extent of the Mediterranean any day, and could also appear at court with the other gods, on Mount Olympus, as occasion required.

"It seems that most of the gods

had wives, and Vulcan was no exception. Although he was rough and ugly in person, as often happens on earth, his wife was celebrated for beauty. Her name was Venus, and though not very respectable, she was greatly admired. She was said to have been born of the froth of the sea. She was thrown upon the land, and where she trod the fresh grass instantly sprang up. All the art of the ancient poets, painters and sculptors, was exercised in representing the beauty of Venus. She wore a golden girdle, which inspired love for her who wore it. Doves, swans, and sparrows were sacred to her. The swallow, the herald of spring, was also dedicated to her. The rose and myrtle were her favorite flowers. Her dress was as radiant as the beams of the morning sun.

"Such was the wife of the sooty old god-blacksmith. He does not appear to have had a happy time of it with her, notwithstanding her beauty. He made her pay very dearly for some of her follies. Though Vulcan did not easily forget his mother's wickedness to him when an infant, he was rather a dutiful son to her. On one occasion, Jupiter having suspended her in the air, with anvils tied to her feet, Vulcan interfered and relieved her from her painful situation. At this Jupiter was very angry, and seizing Vulcan by his foot, he hurled him out of Heaven, or Olympus, and sent him headlong towards the earth. He was a whole day in descending, and when he reached the ground it was on the island of Lemnos. Here he was well received by the peo-

ple, and here he carried on his manufactures. He afterwards returned to Olympus, where he inhabited a splendid palace built by himself." Such is the brief outline of the story of Vulcan.

James. That is very interesting, indeed. Will you now tell us about the poet Arion, whom you mentioned a little while ago, Mr. Merry?

Merry. We will get Ellen to tell us that story. Come, Ellen!

Ellen. "Well," as you have said, Mr. Merry, "Arion was a native of Methymna, in the island of Lesbos. This is quite a large island, containing nearly 280 square miles. Its interior is mountainous and highly picturesque. It abounds in olive groves and vineyards. The population is 40,000. The chief town is Mytilene, which is the modern name of the island. In ancient times there were nine considerable cities in Lesbos. At a very early date, the inhabitants had reached a high degree of refinement. Homer describes it as a populous island in his time, near 1000 years before Christ. Poetry and music made great progress here; in fact, the Lesbean school of music was the most famous in Greece or Asia Minor. The most celebrated musicians were Terpander and Arion. In the year 676 B. C., the latter was crowned the best musician at the great Olympian festival. Arion lived some 60 years later.

"It appears that after he had acquired a musical education he went to Corinth, where he had great fame, and was kindly entertained and patronized by Periander, the king. He then set

out on a visit to Italy and Sicily, where he amassed great riches. On his return he embarked for Tarentum in Italy, but while on his voyage the sailors formed a plot to throw him overboard, and seize upon his silver, gold, and other treasures. Arion found out what was going on, and seeing no other way to escape, he offered the mariners all his riches, if they would spare his life. But the men refused, and ordered him either to kill himself, in which case they promised to bury his body on the shore, or to jump into the sea. Arion at last agreed to submit to his fate, but he asked to be permitted to dress in his best attire, and sing one of his songs, before taking his fatal leap into the waters. The sailors consented, and, in fact, they were rather delighted at the idea of hearing the most celebrated singer of the age. Arion, therefore, having dressed himself in his richest robes, stood upon the deck of the little vessel, while the men gathered in the centre. Arion then sang one of his most celebrated pieces, and afterwards jumped into the sea.

"The seamen, who were Corinthians, went on their voyage, and, supposing that Arion was drowned, imagined that they could enjoy their booty in safety. But it seems that a dolphin, no doubt charmed with Arion's sweet song, took the drowning musician on his back, and carried him safe to the land. Arion then proceeded to Corinth, where the robbers had arrived before him. He told his story to a magistrate, who at first disbelieved it. He, however, made

inquiries of the seamen, by which means he found that it was true. He therefore caused them all to be executed, while Arion was put in possession of his property."

James. Thank you, Ellen: that is really a very interesting story. How full of curious inventions and fancies the old Greek writers must have been!

Seth. Yes; and I should like to hear more about that flying ram with a golden fleece, and the poor girl that fell in the sea.

Ellen. Oh, yes—the story of the Golden Fleece!

All the Children. Oh, yes—the story of the Golden Fleece!

But we must give what followed in another chapter.

[To be continued.]

S. G. G.

"Who made you?" inquired a lady teacher of a lubberly boy, who had lately joined her class.

"I don't know," said he.

"Don't know! you ought to be ashamed of yourself—a boy fourteen years old! Why there's little Dickey Filton—he is only three—he can tell, I dare say. Come here, Dickey; who made you?"

"Dod," lisped the infant prodigy.

"There," said the teacher triumphantly, "I knew he would remember."

"Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy, "taint but a little while ago since he was made!"

If misfortunes make us wise, they recompense us for our losses.

Likeness between Boys and Dogs.



"FATHER," said Arthur Alison, "are not dogs and boys very much alike?"

"In what respect?" said Mr. Alison.

"Why, sir, when there are any boys fighting in the street, all the boys run to the spot to see the fun, as they say; and so when dogs get fighting, all the dogs run to see. I was coming by the meeting-house, and two dogs began to fight, and in a minute there were as many as a dozen dogs there. Dogs are as bad as boys."

"Not quite, I think."

"They are as bad in this particular."

"I think not."

"They do just as boys do. When two boys fight, all the other boys run to see them fight, and thus encourage them to keep on, and sometimes some of them take part in the battle, and dogs do precisely the same thing."

"But you leave out of view one important consideration. The boys know better."

"Some dogs know better. Yesterday, when Mr. Hall came along and

saw his dog Nelson, among the other dogs at the meeting house, he scolded him, and told him he knew better than to be there, and sent him home. Nelson hung down his tail and went home, looking very much ashamed. Did not that show that he knew better than to be there?"

"I think not. The appearance he exhibited was doubtless caused by the tones of his master's voice: those tones indicated displeasure, and probably he remembered that he had been punished when his master was displeased."

"Dogs can remember then as well as boys."

"Sometimes better. Show kindness to a dog, and he will often remember it longer than some boys do."

"Yes, sir, that is true, and dogs forgive better than some boys do. If you hurt a dog to-day, and speak kindly to him to-morrow, he don't seem to remember what you did yesterday. If you hurt a boy, he will keep angry a long time."

"You think then that boys would do well to imitate dogs?"

"I think some of them would be better if they were more like dogs. Some dogs know more than some boys."

"You speak extravagantly now. There was some truth in what you said about their good nature, but you never saw a boy, unless he was an idiot, who did not know more than any dog."

"I heard Aunt Martha tell a story about a dog who seemed to know a

great deal. One day his mistress was alone, for her husband had gone on a journey. It was almost night, and there was no one about the house to go for the cows. The dog's mistress was trying to get her baby asleep that she might go after them. The baby would not go to sleep, and she did not know what she should do. Seeing the dog lying by the kitchen door she said, "I wish you would go for the cows, Watch," not expecting him to take any notice of what she said. After a long time she got the baby asleep and started for the cows. She found them at the end of the lane near the barn, and Watch keeping them close to the gate, which he could not open. He heard what his mistress said and went and brought the cows as far as he could, and kept them there till his mistress came. Don't you think he was a knowing dog?"

"He didn't tell his mistress how long he had been waiting for her, did he?"

"No, sir. Does father think that Aunt Martha would tell any story which was not true?"

"Aunt Martha is doubtless a very truthful woman. The dog manifested great sagacity, but there are on record many instances quite as remarkable."

"Mr Jones said in his sermon, that man alone is possessed of the power of thinking, and that this constituted the difference between brutes and man. Do you think he was quite right?"

"Wherein do you think he was in error?"

"It seems to me that dogs can think, and dogs are animals. Don't you be-

lieve that dogs and elephants, and some other animals, can think?"

"They have never told us so."

"They can't speak, but their actions speak as loud as words. They do many things which they could not do if they could not think."

"You must not be too sure of that. The cell of the honey bee is constructed on the most perfect geometrical principle. If a skilful geometer had been called upon to say in what way a cell could be constructed which with a given amount of material should combine the greatest strength and economy of space, he would have given the exact form adopted by the bee, and from that form not one of the millions of bees who make cells have ever departed, except in cases of necessity. Do those facts prove that bees understand geometry, that they can think mathematically?"

"No, sir, I do not believe they can."

"How then do you account for their actions?"

"I suppose the Lord made them to make their cells in that manner."

"That is to say, he has given them instinct, or a power which without reflection leads them to act in a particular way. Many things which look like reason in animals are to be referred to instinct. Still some animals do give indications of thought — of a power the same in kind though inferior in degree to reason in man."

"The possession of reason by man, then, does not constitute the difference between man and brutes?"

"Not unless you give to reason so

wide a meaning as to make it include the power of perceiving the difference between right and wrong. Did you ever see a dog who seemed to know the difference between right and wrong?"

"Dogs know they ought to do some things and not to do other things."

"You have no proof for your assertion that they know that they ought to do some things. The term *ought* is expressive of moral obligation; a dog may by fear of punishment or hope of

reward be led to do some things and to avoid doing others, but I know of no instance in which a dog or any other animal has given any proofs of the possession of the power of distinguishing between right and wrong. This power, which is called conscience, is peculiar to man. It is this power which makes him the subject of moral government. It is this power, and not reason, which distinguishes man from the brutes."

The Three Wishes.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"WELL," said George, "if I might choose, I'd rather be Julius Cæsar than any other man that lived! He was a fine fellow, he conquered all the then known world—from the pyramids of Egypt to the island of Thule—from the most remote provinces of Asia Minor to the western shores of the Peninsula. In ten years only, he took eight hundred cities, subdued three hundred nations, and left above a million of enemies dead upon his fields of battle! Now he *was* a hero! And what a glorious thing it must have been, after subduing Britons, Gauls, Germans, and Russians, to return with his triumphant legions, laden with spoil, and leading kings captive, a conqueror in the streets of Rome! I never think of Julius Cæsar without longing to be a soldier. 'He came—he saw—he conquered!' How famous that was! I wish I had lived in his days; or, better still, I wish there was another world to

conquer, and I was the Julius Cæsar to do it."

"Upon my word!" said Charles, "mighty grand! but if I might choose, I would rather be Cicero. I'd rather be an orator ten thousand times than a warrior, though he were Julius Cæsar himself. Only think, George, when you come to die, how should you like to have the blood of a million of men on your conscience? Depend upon it, it's not such a fine thing to be a conqueror, after all! But an orator! his is a glorious character indeed. He gains victories over millions, without shedding one drop of blood! Now let us match ourselves one against the other; you a warrior, I an orator—each, let us suppose, the most accomplished in the world. What can you do without your legions and your arms? With ten thousand men at your back, armed at all points, where, pray, is the wonder that you take possession of a city

or a country, weakly defended perhaps, both by men and means? But place me among savages, (provided only I can speak their tongue) give me no arms—no money; nay, even strip me of my clothes, and leave me a defenceless, solitary being among thousands, and what will follow?—I will draw tears from the strongest heart among them;—they shall give me bread to eat, clothing to wear,—they shall build a house to cover me,—and, if my ambition extends so far, they shall choose me for their king; and this only by the words of my mouth! Now who, I ask you, is most powerful, you or I?

“You think it was a glorious thing for Julius Cæsar to pass with his captives through the streets of Rome. I think it was glorious, too, for Cicero, when, after having exposed and defeated the horrible conspiracy of Catiline, and driven him from Rome, he was borne by the most honorable men of the city to his house, along streets crowded with thousands of inhabitants, all hailing him ‘Father and saviour of his country!’ I wish I could be a Cicero, and you might be a Julius Cæsar and an Alexander the Great for me.

“But come, William,” said he, addressing his other brother,—“who would you choose to be?—and what argument can you bring forward in favor of your choice?”

“I,” replied William, “would choose to be John Smeaton.”

“John Smeaton!” questioned Charles; “and pray, who in the world was John Smeaton?”

“Bless me,” said George, “not know John Smeaton! He was a cobbler, to be sure, and wrote a penny pamphlet, to prove how superior wooden shoes are to Grecian sandals!”

“Not he, indeed!” interrupted William, indignantly; he built the Eddystone Lighthouse!”

“O, yes—yes—to be sure he did! I wonder I should forget it,” replied George. “He was a stone-mason, and had the honor of building a wall!—Upon my word sir, yours is a noble ambition! Why, Smeaton only did what any man might do!”

“Not so, either, my good Julius Cæsar!” said William. “There are not ten men in England that could have built that lighthouse as well as Smeaton did. It will stand while the world stands! It is a noble proof of the power and ingenuity of man. It defies the almost omnipotent ocean itself, and the other elements can never affect it.

“And now, George, consider Smeaton’s case without your soldierly prejudices. Independently of his work being a masterpiece of human skill, its importance will not be lessened by time. Your conquests, most potent Cæsar! are wrested from you in your life-time, and your successor will hardly thank you for exhausting your country’s treasure, and reducing its population, for a distant empire, which, as soon as you have left it, rises in insurrection, and almost needs reconquering. Every year, on the contrary, makes that work of Smeaton additionally valuable; and as the commerce of the country increases, the importance of

that wall, as you are pleased to term it, increases also. There's not a ship that comes into the sea but owes its preservation, in a great measure, to that light-house. Thousands of lives are preserved by it ; and, when I think of it on a tempestuous night, as I often do, shining out like a star, when every other star is hidden, a blessing springs into my heart on the skill of that man who, when the endeavor seemed hopeless, confidently went to work and succeeded.

" But I'll tell you a story now, about neither Julius Cæsar, Cicero, nor John Smeaton, and yet which is quite *apropos*.

" There was, once upon a time, a little city that stood by the sea. It was very famous—it had abundance of treasure—twenty thousand soldiers to defend its walls—and orators the most eloquent in the world. You may be sure it could not exist without enemies ; its wealth created many, and its pride provoked more. Accordingly, by some Julius Cæsar of those days it was besieged. Twelve thousand men encamped round its walls, which extended on three sides, and a powerful fleet blockaded the fourth, which lay open to the sea. The inhabitants of this little city felt themselves, of course, amazingly insulted by such an attack, and determined immediately to drive their audacious enemies like chaff before the wind. They accordingly sallied out, but, unfortunately, were driven back, and were obliged to shelter themselves behind their walls. Seven times this occurred, and the enemy had now been seven months encamped there : it

was a thing not to be borne, and a council was called in the city.

" ' Fight ! fight ! ' cried the orators ; ' fight for your homes—for the graves of your fathers—for the temples of your gods ! ' But in seven defeats the soldiers had been reduced to ten thousand, and the people were less enthusiastic about fighting than the orators expected. Just then a poor man came forward, and stepping upon the rostrum begged to propose three things ;—first, a plan by which the enemy might be annoyed ! second, a means of supplying the city with fresh water, of which it began to be much in need ;—third—but scarcely had he named a third, when the impatient orators bade him hold his peace, and the soldiers thrust him out of the assembly, as a cowardly proser, who thought the city could be assisted any way, except by the use of arms. The people seeing him so thrust forth, directly concluded that he had proposed some dishonorable means—perhaps had been convicted of a design to betray the city ; they therefore joined the outcry of the soldiers, and pursued him with many insults to his humble dwelling, which they were ready to burn over his head.

" Now this poor man, who had never in all his life wielded a sword, and who had no ambition to do so, and who was but an indifferent speaker, was nevertheless a wise mathematician, and had wonderful skill in every mechanical science then known, which he had the ability, as is common with such men, to apply admirably to every emergency. But he might as well have had no science at all, for

any respect it won him ; and though he was a little chagrined that his well-meant proposition had met no better reception, he shut to his doors, sat down in his house, and turned over his schemes in his head, till he was more sure than ever of their success. In the meantime the enemy brought up monstrous battering-rams, crow-feet balistæ, and all kinds of dreadful engines for the demolishing of the walls, setting fire to the houses, and otherwise distressing the inhabitants. A thousand men were despatched to cut down a neighboring forest, from the trees of which they began to build immense wooden towers, whence they could sling masses of rock into the city. There was a deafening noise all day and all night without the walls, of deadly preparation. The distress of the besieged was now intolearble, and a truce was eagerly desired. A deputation, therefore, of the most honorable citizens, headed by the most eloquent orators, and preceded by a herald bearing a white flag, went to the camp of the enemy. The orators addressed them in the most powerful, and, as they thought, most soul-touching words ; they craved only a truce of seven days ; but their words fell like snow-flakes upon a rock ; they moved no heart to pity, and the orators were sent back to their city with many marks of ignominy. ‘Go back,’ said they, ‘and our answer shall reach the city before you do.’ Accordingly every machine was put in motion. Arrows, hurled by the balistæ, fell into the streets like hail, and ponderous stones, falling upon the buildings, threatened destruction to all. The

rest of that day the inhabitants kept within their houses, for there was no security in the streets, nor, it must be confessed, much within doors. The next day, when the enemy a little relaxed their efforts, the people ventured out, but nothing was heard save lamentations and murmurs.

“‘We have no bread,’ said the people ; ‘we are dying of thirst ; the little corn that remains, and a few skeleton cattle are reserved for the soldiers, while we are perishing in the streets ! We will open the gates to the enemy rather than see our children die thus before our eyes !’

“Upon this the orators again came forth. It was now no use mounting the rostrum, the people were sullen, and would not assemble to hear them ; they therefore came into the streets, and poured forth their patriotic harangues to the murmuring thousands that stood doggedly together. ‘Will ye,’ they exclaimed, ‘give up the city of your fathers’ glory to their bitterest enemies ? Speak !—will ye, can ye do it ?’ And the people held up their pale and famishing children, saying, ‘These are our answer—these shall speak for us !’

“Just at that moment, the poor man, filled with compassion for his townspeople and suffering from want equal to their own, stepped forward. ‘Fellow-townspeople,’ said he, ‘listen ! There is no need for us and our children to die of hunger ;—there is no need for us to deliver up the city. Only do as I say, and we shall have plenty of provision, and may drive our enemies to the four winds.’

“‘What would you have us do?’ asked the people.

“‘Why,’ said he, ‘for every engine that the enemy brings, bring out one also: defy their battering-rams—disable their crow-feet—sink a shaft to the river, and have water in plenty! Give me but seven days, three brave men, and the means I shall ask, and I will pass through the enemy’s fleet, visit the cities which are friendly to us, and return with provisions to stand out the siege yet ten months longer.’

“‘Try him! try him!’ said they; ‘we cannot be worse than we are.’

“There was an instant re-action in favour of the poor man; all fell to work at his bidding;—every smith’s shop rang with the sound of hammers;—carpenters worked all day and all night constructing machines which were enigmas to them. There was such a hum of business for two whole days, that the enemy could not imagine what was going forward. In a short time all was ready. A huge machine, the height of the walls, was raised, furnished with a tremendous pair of iron shears; and no sooner had the enormous crow-foot of the enemy reared itself to pull down a part of the wall, than the shears, catching hold of it, snapped it in two.

“A roar of applause echoed through the city, and this first successful effort assured them all. The poor man at once obtained the confidence of the city; all the enemy’s deadly machines he counteracted; he set fire to their immense wooden tower by balls of inflammable matter, which he flung in at night; and these

exploding suddenly, with horrible cracking and hissings, terrified the enemy almost out of their senses, and bursting up into volcano-like fires, threatened to consume not only the tower, but the very camp itself. While this was doing, the poor man and his three colleagues passed through the fleet in the twilight, in a small vessel constructed for the purpose, which floating on the surface of the water, looked only like a buoy loosened from its hold. No sooner were they outside the fleet than they cut away one of the enemy’s large boats that lay moored on the shore; and, hoisting full sail, by help of a favorable wind and good rowing, they arrived by the end of the next day at a friendly city. There they soon obtained supplies,—corn, salted meat, fresh-killed cattle, and everything of which they stood in need.—A large vessel was immediately stored and properly manned; her hull was blackened, so were her masts and sails, and by good rowing, she reached the outside of the harbor by the next evening. There they waited till it was quite dark, and then with every oar muffled, silently as the fall of night, yet swiftly as a bird, they passed through the midst of the fleet without being detected; and by the next daybreak the vessel lay moored upon the quay of the city.

“That, indeed, was a morning of triumph! Men, women, and children, thronged down in thousands. Food was abundant; they all ate and were satisfied. But the extent of the poor man’s service was not known when they merely satisfied their hunger;—he had induced the

friendly city to send yet further supplies, with a fleet which should not only attack the enemy's ships, but land a body of soldiers whose object would be to fall suddenly upon the camp in the rear, while the soldiers in the city made a sally on the front. Accordingly, the next day, the sea outside the harbor was covered with ships. The enemy was in great consternation. All fell out as the poor man had foreseen. After very little fighting, the enemy had permission to retire, leaving as hostages three of their principal men, till an amount of

treasure was sent in which quite made up the losses of the siege.

"As you may suppose, after this, nobody thought they could sufficiently honor the poor man; his deeds were written in the annals of the city, and ever after he was universally called 'the saviour of his country.'

"And so you see, the poor man, by his science and skill, could do more for his city than either soldiers or orators."

"Upon my word," said both the brothers in the same breath, "there's truth in it."

Owen Glendower's Oak.

(See Frontispiece.)

MANY years ago there lived in England a king, who was called Henry the Fourth. He had not been long on the throne, before he found he had many enemies; among the most powerful of whom were the Earl of Northumberland, and Owen Glendower, who was descended from the ancient sovereigns of Wales. These two persons became discontented with Henry's government, and formed a scheme for uniting together to put a stop to his reign.

The Earl of Northumberland had a son named Henry Percy, but commonly called Hotspur, on account of his passionate disposition. Hotspur agreed to assist in the undertaking to dethrone King Henry, and promised to march with a large army from the North of England, while Glendower was to meet him with such forces as he could collect in Wales.

As soon as the king knew that his enemies were preparing to attack him, he marched in all haste, to come up with Hotspur before he was joined by Glendower. The king's army entered the town of Shrewsbury only a few hours before Hotspur arrived at the gates. On the following morning the king's soldiers marched out of the town and succeeded in forcing Hotspur to an engagement.

The battle was fought on the 20th of July, 1403. It commenced by furious volleys of arrows from Hotspur's archers, who struck down many of the enemy. The king was three times thrown from his horse, and was nearly slain. Hotspur rushed through the midst of his foes, and displayed the most undaunted courage. But, at a moment when the victory seemed his, he fell by an unknown hand, alone, and hemmed

in by foes. King Henry lost no time to avail himself of this event. Straining his voice to the utmost, he exclaimed aloud, "*Henry Percy is dead :*" and the battle soon ended in favor of the king, who gained a complete victory.

In the meanwhile Owen Glendower had marched with a large body of Welshmen to within a mile of Shrewsbury ; and if the king had not been so rapid in his movements, Glendower and Hotspur would probably have joined their forces. It was necessary, however, that the Welsh army should cross the river Severn, which, at this place, is a broad and rapid river. But as the bridges were held by the king's forces, Glendower could not cross the stream, and was obliged to halt his army on the banks of the Severn, though he could see Hotspur's forces quite plainly on the other side. The place, where the fight was thickest, is about three miles from Shrewsbury and is still called Battle-field ; and King Henry built a handsome church there, which is still used as a parish church, though a great part of it is in ruins.

The tradition of the country says, that Glendower mounted the large oak tree, of which we give an engraving, and that he saw from thence the battle of Shrewsbury.

It is very probable from the present appearance of the tree, that it is old enough to have been of a considerable size in the year 1403, or 430 years ago. Oaks are known to live to a much greater age than this. Glendower's oak is still perfectly alive, and bears some

hundreds of acorns every year, though it has great marks of age, and is so hollow in the inside, that it seems to stand on little more than a circle of bark. At least six or eight persons might stand within it.

Girlhood.

A SWEETNESS in the morning air,
A witching laughter in the woods,
A group of maidens every where,
With glowing cheeks and flowing hair,
And not a sorrow or a care,
Within their dainty hoods !

An agile fleetness in their limbs,
A tint of morning on their brows,
Their postures full of girlish whims ;
No dappled fawn so nimbly skims
Along the silver lakelet brims,
Beneath the dripping boughs !

They are a ruthless, romping rout,
Marauders of each nook and glen ;
They disappear with song and shout,
They beat the forests all about,
And ferret timid flowers out,
Then come in glee again.

Such knots of flowers and knots of girls,
With beauty in their busy eyes,
One plaits a cluster with her curls,
Another in her finger twirls
A nosegay rich with liquid pearls,
A telltale in disguise.

Oh, girlhood is a guerdon fair,
That still is left a recreant race :
There's witchery in its wayward air,
Sprinkling the sunshine every where ;
Alas, that later years impair
Its simple guileless grace.

TRUE GENEROSITY is delicate minded.
Blame no one for what he cannot help.
We must not expect of the dial to tell
us the hour after the sun is set.



The Bird's Nest.

BY H. C. DEAKIN.

WHAT man e'er watched the anxious art
Of little birds in brooding time,
That did not say within his heart,
"God's ways are perfect as sublime?"
The mightiest works at his behest
Go forth in glory, bright and fair;
And, lo! yon little leafy nest
Proves that the smallest are His care.

I love the Spring! for then I see
Young flowers all gladness and delight,
Young leaves upon the forest tree,
Young insects taking their first flight.
I love the Spring! for then I know
The year its youthful course will take;
Then, too, I view the songster go
To build its nest in bower or brake.

Poor little bird! how hard you earn
A dwelling for thy infant care;
Poor bird! how often dost thou mourn
Thy home, made desolate and bare:

A thousand times thy wings are spread,
Hunger thou feel'st and loss of rest,
Ere with stern patience thou hast made,
With moss or wool, thy humble nest.

And when the spoiler comes! he comes,
With eager haste and cunning eye,
Regardless of thy fluttering plumes,
Thy anxious arts, thy piercing cry—
O Youth! thoughtless in deed and word,
So reckless—careless in thy glee—
The Power who made that little bird
Gave life, and breath, and strength to thee.

Thou'st home, and friends, and parents good,
The loved—the loving by thy side,—
The household hearth, the plenteous food,
And all thy many wants supplied;
Whilst the poor bird the blast sustains—
The rain—the whirlwind's bitter ire—
And when the icy winter reigns,
It has no dwelling, food, or fire!

Thou lov'st its song, its happy song,
 It sings when summer breezes blow;
 And wouldst thou seize its helpless young
 And fill its tuneful note with wo?
 O! wouldst thou rend the little joy,
 The parent bliss all creatures feel?
 Ah!—no!—'twere cruel, thoughtless boy,
 To wound when we've no power to heal.

The day may come—the joyous day—
 To give thy blessing to thy child;
 O! were thy firstling stol'n away,
 How would thy grief be reconciled?

By memory of the rifled nest!
 The bird's lament—so like thy tone!
 The anguish that contains no rest!
 The wild cry—now—now all thy own!

O Youth! forbear all treacherous arts;
 Joy, based upon another's wo,
 A brief, frail pleasure but imparts—
 Man should all cruelty forego.
 Praise Him, who gave thee life and light,
 A home of peace, a bower of rest,
 And, gazing on the poor bird's flight,
 Harm not its young, nor rob its nest!

The Simple Truth.

EMILY and Julia Carlton, one day when their mother was gone out, enticed Brutus, the great fat house-dog, into the parlor, and began a game of romps with him. Now Brutus was old and lazy, and did not like to be pulled about by the little girls; so he ran under the table, and sideboard, and sofa, to get away from them, while they pursued, clapping their hands and laughing. But they did not laugh long: for Brutus, in trying to escape, overturned a stand upon which stood a glass globe containing gold and silver fish. The globe was of course broken, and the poor little fish, gasping and struggling, lay scattered upon the carpet.

The children were at first too much frightened to speak; but Julia soon found her tongue, and exclaimed, "Poor little fish! poor little fish! O, what will mother say to us?"

"Poor little fish!" echoed Emily, "they will all die. O, what shall we do?"

"Mother will be very angry with us, and will punish us," said Julia.

"She will be displeased with us for calling Brutus into the parlor; but she will not punish us if we tell her the truth."

"Yes, she will, I know," said Julia. "She won't let us go to cousin Harriet's party to-morrow."

"Well, I shall not be so sorry for that as I am for the gold fish."

"Mother needn't know we brought Brutus into the parlor, Emily. We can run into the garden to play, and she won't find it out."

"O Julia! you would not be so wicked."

"It would not be wicked," said Julia. "I do not mean to tell a lie."

"But you mean to *act* a lie; and mother has told us, a great many times, *that* is just as bad as *telling* one. It would be a great deal worse than calling Brutus into the parlor, because then we did not *mean* to do wrong. Mother likes to have us tell the simple truth, and I shall tell it to her, and then she won't punish us."

Mrs. Carlton came in while Emily was speaking. "O, my poor gold fish!" she exclaimed, and hastened forward to the kitchen. She returned in an instant with a bowl of water, and carefully took up the fish and put them into it.

"They do not move," she said, after she had watched them awhile. "They are quite dead." She then turned to her daughters, and desired to know how the accident had happened.

"Brutus threw down the stand, mother," said Julia.

"How came Brutus in the parlor?" asked Mrs. Carlton.

"He came in—at—the—open door—I suppose," stammered Julia.

"Brutus knows he is not permitted to come into the parlor, and he must have been called, or he would not have entered it now. But how happened he to throw down the stand?"

"He ran against it, mother."

"Brutus is usually a careful dog. I think he would not have thrown down the stand unless he had been driven or forced against it. Come, Emily, you always tell a straightforward story. Let me hear how it was."

"We called Brutus into the parlor, because we wanted him to play with us; but he did not like to play, and he crept under the sideboard, and table, and sofa, to get away from us. We drove him out, and laughed, and clapped our hands; and I suppose he was frightened, for he ran, and we ran after him, till he hit the stand and threw it down."

"How beautiful is truth!" said Mrs. Carlton, as she stooped to kiss Emily.

"I told the truth, too," said Julia, with tears in her eyes.

"Not the *simple truth*, and the whole truth, my dear. You merely did not tell a falsehood; but you did all you could do, without telling one, to throw the blame on somebody, or something, besides yourself. Emily, on the contrary, kept nothing back; neither did she try to excuse herself by accusing Brutus and the open door; but, with the perfect frankness and fairness of her character, told the truth, and the whole truth. Now tell me, my dear, what you have ever gained by your habit of keeping back part of the truth, when you fear the whole of it will bring you into trouble."

Julia was obliged to answer, "Nothing."

"And what have you lost?"

"Nothing, mother."

"Is the confidence of your friends 'nothing,' my dear child?"

Julia had often felt pain from not being believed and trusted, as her sister Emily was; and she burst into tears.

"You know, my dear Julia," said Mrs. Carlton, "I love you too tenderly ever to give you pain but for your good; and I believe, if the pain you suffer now should induce you to correct this fault, you will hereafter thank me for inflicting it. Did you ever hear what was a wise man's reply, when asked what a man gains by telling a falsehood?"

"No, mother."

"It was, 'Not to be believed when he speaks the truth.' *Remember this*; and let it teach you to speak the simple truth in future.

Adventures of Gilbert Go-ahead.

[Continued from page 121.]

THE young Afghan told many other stories, but I have not time to repeat them. On the eleventh day after our departure from Bokhara, we arrived at Balkh, the capital of a province of the same name. It is situated in a plain, on the Balkh river, 280 miles S. E. of Bokhara. It is now but a shadow of what it was in its days of glory—the capital of the Bactrian kingdom, then bearing the title of *Bactra*. It is also spoken of in another history under the name of *Zariaspa*. The ruins of mosques, temples and other edifices, some still visible, and others only indicated by heaps of sand and soil, extend over a circuit of twenty miles around the city.

The history of this place has been indeed remarkable. So far back as the time of Ninus and Semiramis—two or three thousand years ago—it figures in history. In the time of Xerxes, Bactra was a province of Persia; afterwards it yielded to the arm of Alexander of Macedonia. Here he founded a Greek colony, and built a city, and in twenty days, by the aid of his army, he encircled it with a wall. This was the foundation of the Greek Bactrian kingdom, which flourished for a long period. In more modern times the city and province of Balkh have been possessed by Genghis, Aurungzebe, Nadir Shah, and other Eastern conquerors. At present it is surrounded by a mud wall, and contains about 2,000 inhabitants. It is

governed by a chief who receives all the revenues, but he is tributary to the Khan of Bokhara.

At this place my Afghan friends took leave of me, and I saw them no more. I was now under the necessity of determining upon my future plans. By this time my stock of cash was reduced to one hundred and twenty-seven dollars—a small sum for one who was still a wanderer almost in the middle of Asia. After considerable reflection I determined to make my way into Persia, and there decide as to my route homewards. I was influenced in this decision by finding at Balkh a trading caravan on its march to Teheran, to which I found no difficulty in attaching myself.

The caravan consisted of sixty persons, all mounted on horses or camels. It was now spring, and the season was very pleasant. Our route was westerly, and led us over an uneven, but not mountainous country. We passed several villages, and met with numerous groups of people living in tents, and appearing to be of nomadic habits.

In five days we arrived at Herat, the chief town in the province of Khorassan. It is the central market for the interior trade carried on between Cabul, Cashmere, Bokhara, Hindostan, and Northern Persia. It consists now of a fortified town, only three-quarters of a mile square. The walls are lofty, and are made of unburnt bricks. It contains 4,000 horses, and perhaps 25,000

people. The smaller streets are covered with filth, which fills the air with an intolerable odor. The residence of the Prince is a low, mean building, standing upon an open square, in the centre of which is the Galleries and the Great Mosque. The city is divided into four quarters by four bazaars, consisting of arched brick work, and each running from one side of the town to the other, and being entered by a gate at the wall. Here the collection of merchants and traders, with their caravans and equipages, presents a very animated and curious scene.

Though the city is on the whole crowded and dismal, and parts of it insufferably dirty, the suburbs are extensive and beautiful. The river Heriwod, on which Herat stands, is made to send its waters through canals, in all directions, and thus the gardens and grounds are irrigated. The necessities of life are cheap and abundant; the bread and water are famous, the fruits are various and delicious. I learnt that melons, somewhat resembling our water-melons, as big as my head, could be bought in the season of them, for about two cents apiece. Strawberries and cherries were already in market, though it was only the early part of spring. Each could be bought for about two cents a quart.

The chief goods received here are shawls, indigo, sugar, chintz, muslins, leather, and skins from Tartary. These articles are exported to different parts of Persia. Saffron and assafoetida are the staple products of Herat, and from this market they are distributed

over the adjacent countries. Silk is produced in the vicinity. The skins of sheep and lambs are abundant, and 150 people are employed in making them into caps and cloaks, with the wool on. The carpets of Herat are famous for their brilliancy of color and for their luxurious softness.

This city, like most others in these regions, is of great antiquity, and is renowned in history. In early times this country was called *Aria*, and Herat, the capital, bore the name of *Artacoana*. Alexander the Conqueror visited this place, and seems to have been much struck by the fertility of the country. In more modern times Herat has experienced various changes. In 1824, it suffered from wars that raged in that country, and since that time it has been much inferior to the ancient city in extent, population, and wealth. Nothing of particular interest occurred here, except that I purchased some turquoises at a low price, and as I learned that these precious stones are almost wholly produced from the mines and quarries near Nishapoor I determined to visit that place, and see if I could not make a speculation to reward me for my bad success in the clock line, and the various misadventures which had been the result of my failures.

My mind soon became interested in this matter, and as usual my imagination was speedily filled with plans and schemes, and their possible or probable success. "What after all," said I to myself, "if I should turn out a rich man? Greater wonders have hap-

pened. Didn't Lord Timothy Dexter make his fortune out of warming-pans, sent to a tropical country, and why shouldn't Gilbert Go-ahead, in spite of his thriftless travels, have some luck at last? Let us see—suppose I buy a hundred ounces of turquoises for a hundred dollars, I can get five hundred dollars an ounce for them in New York! There is a clear profit of forty-nine thousand dollars! That would do, at Sandy Plain, for a moderate man like me, one who has dined on rats, and been rejoiced at the hind leg of a monkey! Good—this is a promising business, and I will at least look into it. It's a long lane that never turns. It's a dry stick that won't give sap if squeezed. Perhaps my day of good luck has come. I'll at least put a venture into this lottery."

After a stay of two days at Herat we departed, and soon arrived at Meshed, a sort of holy city in this part of the world. It contains the remains of the famous Caliph Haroun al Raschid, and also of the celebrated Imraim Raza. The mausoleum of the latter is still an object of great interest on account of its richness and beauty of architecture. It has gates of silver, and its doors are studded with jewels. It once had railings of gold, but these were taken away by ravaging conquerors. With its glittering domes and minarets and its handsome arcades, it is one of the most interesting curiosities I have ever beheld. No Christian or Jew is permitted to visit it. The houses of the city are low and mean, being built of sun-dried

bricks. The population is about 50,000. The place has some trade, but it has all the appearance of a decayed and decaying town. A good many turquoises are sent here and sold to pilgrims passing on to Mecca, or returning thence.

From this place Nishapoor lies in a south-westerly direction, at the distance of 49 miles. In a day and a half we reached this place. We found it to be a wretched-looking town, of low, mean dwellings, crowded into a small space encircled by a ditch and mud wall. Nearly half of the interior of the town is encumbered with ruins.

I was much disappointed to find that the mines were at a distance of 49 miles from Nishapoor. However, I determined to visit them, and therefore parted from the caravan and set out on horseback with three merchants, one Hindoo, one Bokhara, and one Mesopotamian, all going to buy turquoises like myself. Our route was south-westerly. The country over which we passed seemed naturally fertile, and the people showed tolerable skill in agriculture. Irrigation was general and well managed, considering the rude and unimproved state of every kind of domestic art. But at least three-fourths of the arable land lay in a fallow state, it being the custom to till it only once in five years; the rest of the time is allowed for it to recruit.

In a day and a half we arrived at the mines. These are some eight or ten in number, situated in small hills. They are only wrought by the neighboring villagers, who use no machinery, but dig

into the rocks with picks, drills, and chisels, in the most clumsy manner. The gems are found in a reddish brown argillaceous rock, as well as in rocks of quartz, of a whitish gray color. The mines belong to the government, but are rented to a chief for the annual sum of 2,000 *tomans*. The villagers have one-fourth of what they find.

I very soon discovered that all my plans of speculation were entirely at fault. The fact is that the workmen here are the greatest cheats I ever met with. They ask an extravagant price for the turquoises, and do not hesitate to pass off bits of bluish glass, manufactured for the purpose, upon those who are ignorant, or not on their guard. I was taken in by a fellow in this way, who got from me twenty-seven dollars for a handful of glass, having greatly the appearance of true gems. In fact they were handsomer than real ones, for they were of a very intense blue. When I found out the cheat, I went to a magistrate and had the man brought up for trial. When I told my story both the judge and the criminal laughed in my face. "Is that all?" said the former. "Why, selling glass for turquoises is an established trade here; the fault in your case is that not being a merchant you have entered into commerce. I dismiss the man you have summoned hither, and condemn you to pay the costs of the court."

"And how much are they?" said I.

"Sixty-two and a-half cents," said his worship.

I gave him a dollar, and he was pre-

paring to give me the change. "Never mind the change," said I. "I will take it out in your way. You are a judge and I presume a lawyer."

"Yes; I am both."

"Well, what is your price for an opinion?"

"That depends upon circumstances."

"Suppose a man wrongs me and I knock him down; how much ought I to pay?"

"That depends upon his quality."

"Suppose he is a judge, but unjust."

"Well, it would cost you a dollar!"

"And how much for your opinion?"

"Thirty-seven and a-half cents."

"That is cheap enough. Now the change you owe will pay for your legal opinion, and there is a dollar for knocking you down!"

Upon this I gave his worship a slap with my full palm at the side of his head, which sent him across the room and at last laid him on the floor. I did not wait to return him compliments, for I expected a storm. I went straight to the stable, and saddling my horse I left the village and returned to Nishapoor.

S. G. G.

[To be continued.]

GRAMMATICAL CONSTRUCTION.—A farmer's son, just returned from a boarding school, was asked "if he knew *grammar*?"—"Oh yes, father!" said the pupil, "I know *her* very well;—*Grammar* sits in the chair fast asleep."

PLEASURE is precarious, but virtue immortal.

A Little Fable.

THE sword of the warrior was taken down to brighten ; it had not been long out of use. The rust was soon rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go ; they were of blood. It was on the table near the pen of his secretary. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off.

"Thou art right," said the sword, "I am a bad neighbor."

"I fear thee not," replied the pen, "I

am more powerful than thou art ; but I love not thy society."

"I exterminate," said the sword.

"And I perpetuate," answered the pen ;—"where were thy victories if I recorded them not ? Even where thou thyself shalt one day be—in the Lake of Oblivion."

THE greatest dupes are those who live miserably and meanly, only to die magnificently rich.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

Now that we are all here together let us have a little talk about our own personal affairs. We don't like to hear people talking of themselves among strangers, but in one's own family and among his select friends it is a very different thing.

We would not like to say it to the world outside, but here in private we frankly say to you, that we are not quite satisfied with the way in which the Museum is going on. It is true that it has a very large and increasing number of subscribers: that it is printed on better paper and with better ink than formerly: and that Robert Merry has a great many more letters than usual from his young friends, containing encouraging words, for all which he is very grateful. At the same time the Museum does not come up to his standard. Some of the articles are too long, some are too prosy, the wood-cuts are too few and too poor, though we think we can say without vanity that they are better than in any other dollar magazine we know of. The truth is we have got our standard a great ways above any thing we have ever seen, and we do not mean to rest till we reach it.

Peter Parley, you know, has been, for the last two or three years, in Paris, and from there has written the "Balloon Travels" and "The Ad-

ventures of Gilbert Go-ahead." He comes home once in a while to look after the Museum and see that all is right, for it is his pet child, and he would die of a broken heart if any thing evil should befall it.

This spring we are going to have a meeting in Paris, and Robert Merry has already engaged a passage in the new and beautiful ship "Sunny Side," Captain Adams; and ere this number reaches you he will be on his way to London, from thence he will go to Paris, where Peter Parley is already expecting him.

One object of this visit is, as we have already said, to consult together about our internal affairs, and see what more we can do for the readers of the Museum. Another object is to give Robert Merry a smell of the salt water and a sight of some of the great eastern cities; he'll have his eyes open, you may depend, and see what is to be seen, and this will enable him to accomplish another object of his visit, viz., to get his saddle bags full of good stories and other interesting material, all fresh and new for the pages of the Museum.

He has another object, and that is to procure a large supply of new wood-cuts, on entertaining subjects, with which to adorn the pages of the Museum.

He expects to be absent from his post three or four months, during which time he will not for a moment lose sight of his great errand, or cease to cherish with tender interest and affection the dear ones who have so often joined him in this monthly chat. He will write home from time to time all about what he sees; and so far from suffering by his absence he is confident that the Museum will acquire fresh interest and value. He leaves it in the best of hands. His old and well-tried associates will remain at their posts, wide awake to every duty, and in addition he has called in the assistance of his learned and witty friend Hiram Hatchet, Esq., of whom Peter Parley once said, "He'll make the best editor of a youth's paper of any man in the country." We commend him to you and you to him, and we shall not be jealous if you get as cozy with him as you are with Robert Merry. He can take a joke and give one, so don't be afraid to write to him, nothing will suit him better than to chat with you from morning till night.

And, now, before we say good bye for three or four months we must add a word about the prize sentences. You will recollect they were to be sent in till the first of May. There are some who desire a longer time, and a great many who have not yet found time to write. It has, therefore, been thought best, especially as Robert Merry will be absent, to defer the decision and the awarding of the prizes until August. All the prize sentences are preserved, and will be carefully studied by the committee; and we hope that the award, when made known, will be satisfactory to all parties. We intend, after the award is made, to publish some of the sentences, so that you all can compare and judge for yourselves, meanwhile send on your letters. If you have sent one sentence and have since made a better one send that too.

You will hear from us often while absent, meanwhile may heaven's best blessing rest on you all.

ROBERT MERRY.

FINCASTLE, VA., March 15th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—Having amused myself to-day with attempting to compose such a sentence as you offered a prize for, a month or two ago, I find myself at a loss on the following points:—1st. Will the greater importance be attached to elegance or brevity? 2d. Of two sentences, one of which has the greater number of words and the other the greater number of letters,

which will have the preference? 3d. What authority do you regard as the correct standard in spelling? 4th. Will different members of the same family have a right to compete for the prizes? 5th. Will it be possible for a single person to take more than one prize, provided, of course, that he sends more than one sentence?

If you will answer these questions in the next number of the "Museum," you will gratify not only me, but, I have no doubt, hundreds of your young readers. Of course I would not trouble you on my own account alone. Yours respectfully,

JNO. BAXTER PAINE.

ANSWER.

1st. It being the object to see how short a sentence can be formed, with the conditions required, more importance will be attached to brevity than to any thing else. The sentence must of course be grammatical and not decidedly inelegant.

2d. The length of the sentence will be determined not by the number of words, but by the number of letters it contains.

3d. If the spelling is conformed to either approved standard now in use, it will be considered correct.

4th. As many may compete for the prize as choose to in the same family.

5th. If any one person shall send two sentences which in the judgment of the committee are worthy of a prize, then we suppose he will receive two prizes; but in determining between the merit of two sentences that should be about equal in their claim, if it should appear that the author of one of them had already won a prize, perhaps the fact might determine the committee to give the remaining prize to the other.

HANNIBAL, March 11th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I send you some answers to the anonymous questions in the March number.

1st. What parallel of latitude passes through the most cities. Ans. 40 North latitude.

3d. Divide 33 in two parts that shall be to each other as 2½ to 3. Ans. 15, 18.

4th. Frank and John live three-fifths of a mile apart; now if Frank meet John three-sevenths of the way, how far will they be from each home. Ans. $\frac{9}{35}$ of a mile from one home, and $\frac{1}{3}$ from the other.

5th. To divide the 8 gallons of molasses with only the 8 gallon, 5 gallon, and 3 gallon measures. You must first fill the 3 gallon measure and pour it into the 5; then fill the 3 again and from it fill the 5, which will leave 1 gallon in the 3; then empty the 5 and pour the 1 gallon into it; then fill the 3 again and pour it into the 5, and you have 4 gallons. Yours truly,

WALDEN.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 18th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I have received the March number of the Museum, and was very glad to see that you have kindly consented to republish the capital rule of "Take Care of No. One."

It seems from S. Arthur Bent's letter that he was rather disappointed in not getting the prize—so was my brother Charley; but he says his motto is, "Never give up," and I think he intends living up to it. for he is studying away on the other question with all his might and main; and I hope he will succeed in getting a prize.

I send you an old puzzle which I heard long ago from my father, but which I think will bear repeating once more. It is this:—

"There was a man who had no eyes,
And he went out to view the skies;
He saw an apple tree with apples on,
He pulled no apples—he left no apples on."

Brother Charley sends an Enigma as follows:—

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 14, 20, 5, 10, is an article of wearing apparel. *
14, 20, 21, is a useful animal. *
20, 4, 8, 20, is the name of a State. *
18, 8, 7, 5, 4, is a girl's name.
6, 8, 14, 4, 16, 3, is what many struggle after. *
11, 18, 9, 19, is a garden vegetable. *
15, 5, 1, is a kind of food.
9, 7, 8, 12, is the name of a lake in the United States. *
My whole is the name of a celebrated Authoress.
Good bye, dear Mr. Merry. I think of you often.
MARY H. CLARKE.

The allusion to the story, "Take care of Number One," in Mary's letter, reminds us to say that some of the sharp eyes that watch all our movements, have hinted that we are publishing an old story which they have read before. They don't exactly find fault, but in a significant sort of way they give us to understand that they know all the tricks that we are up to, and that if we go to being lazy and putting in old tales instead of new ones, they will find us out. Very well, keep a sharp look out.

In this case you must understand that within a few months we have had about a dozen letters requesting us to republish that story. It appeared nine years ago in the Museum, and that was before some of you were born; but if you don't like it, just skip over and take the next piece.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, VA.,
March 11th, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—I have been taking your Museum for a number of years, and I like it very much. Therefore I determined (if it was in my power to obtain the money) to take it another year. Excuse me for not sending it sooner, for I could not get the money to send until my father made a bargain with me the first of January, that if I got, in my report for January and February, the highest mark for Latin, he would give me a dollar. So I now send it to pay for your Museum another year.
Your friend, CLEON MOORE.

WEST MORRISANIA, March 11th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have never before written to you, and I hope you will deem this worthy of a little space in your Museum.
I believe I have solved three of the enigmas in the

March number. Two of the answers have already been given in the April number. The one of twenty-six letters is the answer to the Alphabet.

The New York and New Haven Railroad cars pass through this place several times during the day. If you should ever come this way, I would like very much to have you come and see me, and tell me some pretty stories.
Your friend, A. F.

TRENTON, March 21st, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I have long been a subscriber to your Museum, and I am very glad you concluded to reprint "Take care of Number One." The French puzzle in your last number I solved, but the answer you gave was not quite right. You have J. a. ^{A.} _{P.} when it should be G. a. ^{A.} _{P.} because G is pronounced somewhat as we pronounce J. I send you some more French puzzles, which those of your correspondents who understand French may solve. No. 1, C. ^{liss} _{naus} No. 2, G. ^{P.} _{apria} No.

3, ^{Ple vent vernal} _{un vient d'au.} No. 4, ^{000 000 0} _{C.}

The answers to Conundrums are D. K. and Man. The Charade is Milk-maid. I am striving for the prize. Please publish this if you have room, as it is my first effort.
Yours truly, FLORENCE.

To my kind old friend, Peter Parley.

AMHERST, March 13th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I never wrote you but one or two letters; and, as I got the answer to some of the puzzles in the March Museum, I thought I would send them. I also send you an Enigma, which if you think worthy, please insert in the Museum.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 14, 5, 1, 7, 12, is what is used in stoves.
10, 1, 18, is a young person.
11, 15, 6, 6, signifies inferior.
8, 9, 2, 4, is a dear name.
8, 15, 11, 10, 1, 6, is under a house.
My whole is an institution of learning.

Yours respectfully, JOSEPH.

MARION, OHIO, March 21st, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I like the Museum very much, especially Gilbert Go-ahead, the Monthly Chat, and the Balloon Travels. I would have sent my dollar before, but I have been trying to get some subscribers. I have got one, and I don't believe in "giving up." I shall expect to get some more. In our town we have a court-house, five churches, and an academy. My brother and I attend the second department. I have a brother away at a Quaker boarding-school, where I am going this summer. My father is a farmer, and keeps a great many sheep. I think I should like to be a farmer and live away out West. From your young friend,
CHARLES CONCKLIN.

CHAZY, March 20th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I send you an enigma, which I should like to see in the Monthly Chat.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 5, 7, 8, 9, is a tree.
1, 2, 6, 18, is a man's name.
5, 9, 8, is a useful implement.
15, 16, 13, 18, 6, 9, 17, is a wild animal.
10, 4, 14, 11, is something ladies like.
8, 12, 11, 5, is a French dish.
10, 19, 13, is a boy's nickname.
My whole is a celebrated lady.

Your friend, WM. FISKE.

CHEVIOT, *March 11th, 1854.*

MR. MERRY:—I send you the following Riddle and Conundrum, which though not original with me, are, as I think, good enough to be repeated.

RIDDLE.

My first is a very significant abbreviation, more used in commercial language than elsewhere.

My second is a veiled sacrifice in the Romish Church.

My third is an organ of the human frame, and an instrument of music in Mexico.

My whole is a puzzle of wits.

CONUNDRUM.

Why was Moses the most wicked man that ever lived?
HENRY.

UNIONVILLE, OHIO, *March 15th, 1854.*

MR. MERRY:—*Dear Sir*—I send you a question in Algebra, which you are at liberty to print if you think worthy.

A merchant sold a piece of muslin at such a rate, that the price of a yard was to the number of yards, as 4 to 5; but, if he had received 45 cents more for the same piece, the price of a yard would have been to the number of yards as 5 to 4; how many yards were there in the piece, and what was the price per yard. Ans. 10 yards, at 8 cents per yard.

Answer to the Enigma from Alexander of Clapville, Mass., is Mantion Eastburn.

Latitude 30 North latitude passes through the most cities.

Answer to Arithmetical Question—Frank would be $63\frac{1}{4}$ rods from home, and John would be $111\frac{3}{4}$ rods from home.
W. B.

WEST RANDOLPH, VT., *March 13th, 1854.*

DEAR MR. MERRY: I have been a subscriber to the Museum for nearly a year, and am very much interested in it. The Balloon Travels, I think, are a very interesting way of teaching history. I have always known that you have a peculiar way of making your geography and histories attractive. I send you an Enigma which you are at liberty to insert if you think proper.

My 11, 7, and 10, is celebrated in Bible History.

" 12, 13, 5, 8, and 19, is a very distinguished personage.

" 10, 14, 5, 4, and 3, is a town in N. H.

" 15, 5, 19, 8, 1, 18, and 7, is an officer of government.

" 15, 10, 11, 16, and 3, is what many delight to do.

" 9, 14, 8, 16, and 15, are very necessary articles.

" 6, 7, 17, 1, 17, 9, and 2, is the name of a foreign people.

My whole has excited great interest in the public mind.
ALBERT.

DETROIT, *March 11th, 1854.*

MR. MERRY: I thought I would write you a letter and send you the answer to some of the puzzles in the March number. Most of these have been answered by others. I think the riddle by W. G. Preston is, Milk-maid. I also send you an enigma, which, if you think fit, you may publish.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 1, 7, 5, 12, 7, 15, a great many people make.

" 8, 9, 13, 13, is a medicine.

" 15, 14, 2, 2, is a kind of food.

" 3, 1, 14, 5, 13, is a jewel.

" 11, 14, 2, is a kind of meat.

" 10, 11, 4, 15, 15, is a very interesting game.

" 8, 9, 8, 3, 4, 7, 15, is a very useful instrument.

My whole is raising quite a commotion in the world at the present time.
Yours respectfully,
H. G. BUFFAM.

March 16, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY: We have taken your Museum ever since I was a very little girl, and of course I have become very much attached to it. Sometimes I think that the letters in the Museum are all a hoax, but if I should see my letter in print, it would convince me that all the letters were not written by one person. I send you an enigma for your blue and black eyed friends to guess:

I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is what boys play with.

" 9, 10, 8, is a very troublesome little animal.

" 13, 10, 14, 14, is a Scotch name for girl.

" 12, 9, 7, 12, is a lake in Ireland.

" 14, 12, 11, 12, 9, 7, is a river in the western part of England.

" 9, 5, 5, 8, is what a tree could not do without.

" 2, 7, 7, 2, is a girl's name.

" 1, 12, 3, 8, 12, is what we would all like to be.

" 1, 10, 9, 7, is a place to keep hay.

My whole is the most useful part of your Museum.

MARY HEWITT.

MILFORD, *March 18th, 1854.*

MR. MERRY: I send you an enigma, which if you think proper to insert you will give me a great deal of pleasure.
Yours truly,
ELLA.

A man who was going to cross the river in a small boat had charge of a fox and goose and a basket of corn. He could only take one at a time, and was much puzzled how to get them over, so as to save them from each other, knowing that if left together the fox would eat the goose, and that the goose could not be trusted alone with the basket of corn, which she would certainly devour if allowed to remain with it while the man carried the fox across the river. If the goose was taken over first it is true the fox would not eat the corn, but then after being carried across the water, and left with the goose, he would surely eat her while the man went back after the corn, and if the corn was taken first the fox would demolish the goose when left alone with her. How did the man manage to convey the fox and the goose and the basket of corn across the river in safety?

WEST NEEDHAM, *March 9th, 1854.*

MR. MERRY: The answer to the third arithmetical question in the March Number is 15 and 18.

The answer to the fourth is $\frac{9}{35}$ and $\frac{19}{35}$ of a mile.

The answer to Milo Emery's first conundrum is D.K.

The answer to the second is "man."

I send you the following enigma:

I am composed of eleven letters.

My 1, 2, 3, is a biped.

" 10, 9, 8, 3, is a useful metal.

" 4, 11, 3, is an article used in dressing leather.

" 6, 7, 9, 3, is a part of cattle.

" 5, 2, 3, is an article the milkmen use.

Yours truly,

S. G. W.

COVINGTON, LA., *March 10th, 1854.*

MR. MERRY:—*DEAR SIR*: Having received the February Number of Merry's Museum I think myself entitled to all the privileges of a subscriber, and therefore I write this. Your proposition in the February Number is so hard that I hardly think I will try it. I send you this Latin to be translated in six different ways. It can be done, though I cannot do it, and having heard that the northern boys are smarter than we southern boys, I send it to you to publish it; it is:

"Mea mater sus est mala."

Now then, boys, strive for the glory of the North.
G. S. BLOOD.





J.W. ORR Sc. N.Y.

THE FOREST AVENUE. See page 189.



June.

JUNE is a beautiful month ; the summer has now fairly commenced, yet it is not so warm as to be unpleasant ; the flowers are now in full bloom, and the air is filled with their fragrance ; the forests are decked in their garments of green ; the birds are busy building their nests or tending their young ; the light winds play among the blossoms, which seem to nod and bow and beckon to them as if inviting them to a frolic ; the children are chasing over the hills, and everything and everybody seems to be enjoying a sort of jubilee.

Let us go into the fields and listen to

the song of the meadow lark, the sparrow and the bob-o-link. There, do you see that little black fellow, with a white nightcap on, sitting on the fence ? He is keeping guard, while his gray companion is tending the young birds in the nest, and he thinks you are coming too near. There he flies, bobbing up and down, and singing as loud as he can bawl, "Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker." Let us stop and watch him. He is a funny fellow, and has as many names as those rascals that are shut up in States prison, yet he has no sympathy with them, and does not make use of his

aliases for any bad purpose. He is no thief, for what he takes, he takes in open day; he is no pickpocket, for while the cat-bird steals cherries, strawberries and grapes, Bob is content with the waste seeds of the meadows.

He is a right-down honest and good fellow. He does not put on a smooth face when you are present, and then go away and talk about you. If you don't come too near, or show a gun or other warlike demonstration, very likely he will welcome you with a song something like the following: "Jemmy Richardson—Jemmy Richardson—glad to see you, sir; walk in, walk in; hope your wife and children are all very well; take seat; seat, seat!"

His heart seems full of joy, and he is delighted to make your acquaintance.

But if, on closer inspection, he does not like your appearance, he will frankly tell you; and hopping about in great excitement, he will give you a challenge somewhat in the following fashion.

"Jemmy Richardson, Jem Richardson—get away, get away; it's very disagreeable of you to trouble us; get away, get away."

Different people fancy bob-o-link to say different things. A girl of sixteen blushes at his open impertinent calling out the name of her lover, which she supposed was a secret to every one but herself: the miser thinks his song is like the jingling of keys. A locofoco fancies that the rogue is calling him a whig, while the whig thinks that he is reviled as a locofoco; a boy going home from school imagines that he is mocking him

for spelling the word *jingo* with two *gs*, and a town meeting orator regards him as a lecturer upon that species of eloquence which at town-meetings is usually displayed—a succession of nasal, brassy sounds, with very little sense.

In this one particular bob-o-link is like the bull-frog; you can interpret his language to mean almost anything you please, especially if the imagination is awake.

We have heard a story told of one Major Bowman, who on a certain occasion was guilty of the very unofficer-like act of stealing a joint of meat. He was riding home with his stolen treasure, and had to pass a pond, when, lo! his ears were greeted with the grum tones of the bull-frog—"Major Bowman, Major Bowman, Major Bowman," to which the small frogs responded in language which he could not mistake—"steals—meat—steals—meat—steals meat."

The Major was filled with consternation at this public accusation, and hurling the meat into the pond, he rode home with all speed, nor could he, the brave fellow, be induced for a long time afterwards to pass the pond after night-fall.

Hindoo Compliment.

WHEN a Hindoo domestic receives a favor from his master, he has a curious way of expressing his gratitude. Present him with a new turban, or befriend him in distress, and he exclaims, with peculiar emphasis, "My lord, you are my father and mother."

"Take Care of Number One."

CHAPTER III.

IT was night when Jacob and his conductor paused in their journey. They alighted at a comfortable looking house, and the boy, having taken a hearty meal, though a homely fare, was conducted to a chamber, where, without a light, he retired to bed. Here he lay for a long time, revolving in his mind with deep interest the circumstances of the day. "What," said he to himself, "is to come of all this? Where am I to go? What is to be done with me? Who is this strange man, who tells me that he was directed by my father to take charge of me? Why does he not tell me his name? Why does he ask me a hundred questions, and answer none himself? What has he done with the cash he got in my father's cellar? Is he saving it for me, or is he only *'taking care of Number One?'*"

With these and similar questions the boy lay racking his fancy for a long time; but at last he fell asleep. He was, however, soon awakened; and he now saw, by a faint light, a singular-looking creature by his bedside. He started up, and was about to scream with fright, when the apparition spoke:

"Whist! Jacob Karl, whist! I will not harm you. I came rather to do you a kindness. You are now at the house of Lawyer Sponge. To-morrow he will carry you away, I know not whither. Take this; it is your father's will. Sponge thought he had burned it; but I pulled it slyly out of the

ashes, and it only got a little singed. Keep it next your skin, and do not let any body see it till you are older, and know its use. Beware of Sponge! I know him well; beware!"

The being that spoke thus was a thin, crooked little man, with a gleaming eye, seeming like that of insanity. Having told his errand, he departed; and though Jacob called after him, he turned not back, but sped away with a gliding and ghost-like step. The swiftness of his departure put out the light, and all again was darkness.

After thinking over these strange incidents, Jacob again tried to sleep; but it was long before his eyes were closed. At last he fell into a profound slumber, from which, after some time, he was awakened by the well known voice of his protector, and whom he now knew to be Lawyer Sponge. Arising with a start, he dressed himself as fast as his trembling hands would allow. Placing the paper, which the strange figure had given him, snug beneath his jacket, he made his way to the stairs, and descended. Here he partook of a hasty meal, and, again entering the wagon, set off with his former conductor. It was still dark, though the dawn had commenced. They rode on in silence, and at a rapid pace. The sun rose, and the day waned, and still they pursued their journey. Late at night they reached a small seaport town, and, driving down to a wharf where lay a

few vessels, they alighted. Stepping upon the deck of a schooner that lay close to the wharf, the lawyer knocked at the companion-way. A gruff voice replied ; and soon a dark, shaggy head was seen rising from the hole. A few words of explanation followed, and the lawyer descended into the bowels of the vessel, leaving poor Karl, cold, timid, and shivering, upon the deck. After a long conference with the captain of the craft, Sponge returned, and, leading Jacob forward, committed him to the care of the seaman, and departed.

The boy was little accustomed to kind words or luxurious fare ; yet now, that he was thrust into a box for a bed, and told to lie down, with a voice which might befit a bear, he felt that kind of sickness at heart which is only understood by the children of misfortune. Cowering in his lair, he composed himself as well as he could ; and sleep, that great comforter of youthful trouble, soon drew a veil over his sorrows.

He was awakened, early in the morning, by a terrible thumping overhead, and, jumping from his berth, he ran on deck to see what was the matter. To his great surprise, the vessel was under sail, and had already stretched away to a considerable distance from the place where she had been anchored. She was soon out to sea, and, gliding before a light, but brisk wind, she advanced rapidly on her voyage. In six days she began to approach the land, and soon after she ran into a small harbor.

Jacob was now taken ashore by the captain, and, being placed in a wagon,

was carried about four miles into the country, and committed to the care of a farmer, by the name of Lane. All these events appeared to Jacob to proceed as if they were but the fulfilment of a settled plan ; and he yielded to circumstances, as if submission was his only course of action.

He found that he was to take up his permanent abode with the farmer, and to aid him in his agricultural operations. This situation was rather agreeable than otherwise ; for, though his master seemed to regard him only as a thing that might be useful to him, he still inflicted upon him no wanton or needless cruelty. By degrees the youth became cheerful, and generally performed his duties with alacrity and cleverness. But such had been the circumstances of his life, and such was his present condition, that he had learned to cherish only a regard for himself. The little he had seen of life had led him to think all mankind selfish, and to consider every man as seeking his own interests, regardless of the rights and feelings of others. His father's dying injunction, "*Take care of Number One !*" seemed to him to embody all the wisdom of the world, and to point out the practical philosophy of earthly fortune. This, then, was the principle of his actions, and we shall soon see its results.

Riddle.

TELL me, why is it, if you send
But forty dollars to your friend,
It does your kindness more commend
Than if five hundred you should lend ?

A True Story for Boys.

BY AUNT LIZZIE.

AUNT Lizzie has long been a reader of Merry's Museum, which she has given to her little nephews ; and she was much pleased when Mr. Merry asked her to write a story for it.

She wondered how he came to think of her writing a story for the Museum, a story to go into that yellow-covered magazine, and it may be, at the end of the year, to be bound up in a volume, so it would look like writing for a book. But she felt that she should like to try, and then watch and see if the little folks about her liked it. Then she began to think what it should be about. She pushed her spectacles off her forehead, and forgot her seam stitch, as she was knitting, trying to remember a good story for the Museum.

Aunt Lizzie loves the truth, and she knows that all boys when they read a story ask—Is it true ? And so she concluded to tell you a true story about a little boy she once knew.

You all know about the temperance reformation. I dare say that the boys and girls who read Merry's Museum are all of them temperance people. She don't think that it goes to many houses where there is a bottle in the pantry and a decanter on the table ; but a great many years ago, when she was young, almost every body thought they must keep ardent spirits, drink them themselves and offer them to others.

It was very strange—they thought it

wrong to be intoxicated. There stood the text in their Bible, "No drunkard hath eternal life." And still they seemed to think that God had made men so that they must drink all they could possibly bear.

Now this practice of drinking made a great many drunkards ; made a great many unkind husbands, and a great many cruel fathers ; made a great many homes where there was to be found no fire and no bread, where the children had no clothes for Sabbath school or meeting on the Sunday, and none for the day school through the week ; made many houses where the glass was broken in the window, and the rain leaked from the roof ; where the fence was torn down, and the garden rooted up ; where the mother wept while her husband was absent, and trembled when she heard his returning foot-step ; where the elder children hid themselves from the drunken father, and the little ones cried for food and were beaten.

After things had gone on so for some time—and growing worse too—people began to form temperance societies, and those that joined them promised never to use ardent spirits. They signed their names to a paper containing such promise, and called it *taking the pledge*.

Now about—let me see—time flies so fast—why, it is more than twenty years since ! Well, at this time there was a temperance society formed in a pretty

little country village ; and one evening there was an appointment for a lecture, and an opportunity for taking the pledge.

The meeting-house was pretty well filled, but the lecturer was not a very warm temperance man, and he dwelt more upon the dangers of intolerance, and the folly of fanatical excitement, than the evils of drunkenness. Every body knew he drank wine, and he did not care to deal very closely with those who used brandy, and rum, and whisky.

When the pledge was offered, there was few or none who came to sign. There was a stout sea-faced man who said he should not sign away his liberty, and he warned others against the plots of the temperance societies. There was a merchant, a member of the church, who got up and said, "Brethren, my heart is with you, I am a strict total abstinence man in my practice ; but I cannot get along in my business without selling liquor ; I must keep it for my customers ; I don't use it for myself."

The temperance people were quite discouraged ; they felt that this evening was all a loss—no good had been done. They were just about to break up, when a little shrill squealing voice of a child was heard through the house.

"Mr. — put down my name then to the pledge—will you ?"

"Your name ! your name !" said the meeting, "and what is your name ? and who are you ?"

"My name is Jacky—Jacky Doolittle, Mr. Tom Doolittle's little boy."

And all eyes were turned where the voice came from ; they could just see the head of a little boy on a line with the top of the pew. Some gentleman in the pew with the child now helped him up, and made him stand on the seat of the pew.

"Jacky Doolittle, what does such a little fellow as you are know about taking temperance pledges ?" said the good-natured secretary. "You ought to have been fast asleep, safely tucked up in the trundle bed."

"Don't I know enough," said the little boy, "to take the pledge ; don't I know enough not to take a drop !"

"Yes, yes," said the gentlemen all around him, "put his name down." He knows enough to take the pledge, and to keep it too : stick to that, Jacky—never take a drop."

Little Jacky stood up, and looked around while they were writing his name. He was small for his age, and he was not more than six or seven. His father was a poor man, not a drunkard, but he drank more than he saved. Jacky's pinafore was torn, his elbows were ragged, his hair uncombed, but he had washed his face, and his keen bright blue eyes were boldly fixed on the secretary.

There was a good deal of discussion about Jacky. Temperance people were ridiculed for being in such a want of recruits that they were glad of little Jack. Some thought it wrong to let such a child take the pledge ; they said he did not know what he was about. Then it was answered, that he only pro-

mised not to drink that which could not benefit him, and yet might destroy him, and he surely could keep his pledge.

I am ashamed to say that the little fellow was often tried. Men tried to tempt him and even to hire him to break his pledge. They would call him in and offer him sling, and wine, and punch, and beer, and cider, and promise him money if he would drink these good things. He always answered, "I don't drink a drop."

It must have been six or ten years after Jacky had taken the pledge, that one beautiful summer morning, when the roses were all in bud and blossom; when the crimson bells of the honeysuckle hung down as if they were singing merry melodies for the humming birds, who were waltzing around the vine-covered porch; when the buds of tulips were glowing in the sun, opening their golden cups to catch his rays, while the blue violet and the little periwinkle hid themselves in the grass, only with their bright star-like eyes peeping out; when Aunt Lizzie was in her garden, (she had a garden then,) that she heard the gate open, and who should walk up to her but Jacky Doolittle.

He loved flowers, and after I had gathered a bouquet for him, and I had shown him all my beauties, I asked him how he had got along with his temperance pledge.

"How! *first-rate* to be sure: don't drink a drop: never do: never will; and they don't trouble me now; they tried at first, but they gave it up long ago."

I knew from his appearance he had

kept his pledge. He had grown to be a fine, manly, noble-looking boy. He was well clothed, clean and whole, and he looked as if he used, as well as drank, cold water.

He told me he had had a good deal of schooling. He thought if a boy had good schooling it helped him to stand in the world. He was learning a trade, but he had a good place, and time for reading too.

His father and his elder brother had taken the pledge, and the old home was another place now, and mother would like some of my roses and lilies. Life has many changes.* They came upon Aunt Lizzie, and when she had lost much beside, she lost sight of Jacky Doolittle.

But not long since she revisited her old home, and then she asked, "Do you remember the little Doolittle boy, that took the pledge so long ago, one night in the old meeting-house? Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you know him now?"

"Oh, yes; they knew Mr. Doolittle."

"Did Aunt Lizzie notice that pleasant house, with green blinds, and shrubs, and trees around it? Mr. Doolittle owned that house; he lived there; he was a man of wealth, a man of standing, a man of influence, and he don't drink a drop."

Riddle.

WHETHER old Homer tipped wine or beer,
Julep or cider, history is not clear:
But plain it is—the bard, though wont to roam,
But for one liquid, never had left home.



Little Pets.

DO these little girls understand what I mean, when I speak of little pets? Lest some of you should not, I will explain to you, that when we have anything we think very much of, like a doll, a cat, or a dog, we call it a pet.

"Oh!" you exclaim, "we have pets, then, for I have a dog," "and I a cat," "and I a bird."

Well, I, too, have always had a pet. Once it was a cat. She was black-and-white, and shared in all my childish sports; and in none did she show more cunning than when we had a game of hide-and-seek. She became so well learned in this play that she would stay in

any place I put her, while I went and hid, and, when the given signal came, off she would bound in search of me; and then she depended on pats and caresses, to pay her for being so fortunate as to find me.

After a while I had another pet in the house. This was a little spaniel; the smoothest, prettiest ears hung roguishly down that you can imagine, and his keen little eyes almost laughed, so full was he of fun and frolic. Unluckily, the cat was not so good-natured, and many were the scratches she bestowed upon Prince, as he tried to coax her to better acquaintance. After they had lived together

some time, they became quite fond of each other, notwithstanding their different dispositions, and did not quarrel much, except when kitty was rather disposed to sleep. Then Prince invariably stretched himself out near her, with his nose between his fore-paws, and his eyes half shut. When kitty had sunk into a comfortable doze, he would put out his paw, and draw it over her face. Then up she would start, in a terrible rage, and strike angrily at him. He lying perfectly still, she would again betake herself to repose, and again his mischievous paw would rouse her right speedily; and she would again fly at him with an angry mew. This was repeated, over and over again, day after day, until he, too, wearied of the sport, and they would lie down together with their paws over each other. This same little dog was very particular, too. When he saw anything lying on the floor, he would drag it off out of the house, to a large bed of yellow lilies, and there deposit it. Sad work he made of it once, when some friends called, and he cleared a chair of my Cousin Martha's shawl and hat. We hunted and hunted for them, until, at last, off went Prince to relieve our suspense, and soon returned with the hat in his mouth, the rogue!

Not far from us lived a man who had a very old dog. This dog would, each day, about noon, come to call on Prince, and stay, perhaps, half an hour. Then you might have seen the two trotting along towards his home, side by side. Just half way would Prince go, then seat himself and watch, till the old dog

turned a corner that hid him from sight.

Are you tired of hearing about these little pets? Well, if not, I will tell you how long after Prince and the black-and-white kitten were dead, I had another little kitty. She was of a mouse color, and lived until she was thirteen years old. She was a pretty little plaything, and learned to roll over when told to, as we sometimes learn dogs to do. Once, when quite a little kitten, I gave her some milk, which I had been warming for her on the stove. It burned her mouth, it was so hot; and she started up and looked at it, as if she thought it alive. Seeing it did not stir, she again tasted, and, burning her, she struck it with her paw. Again she tried to eat, and again she struck it, and spit at it, very angrily. By this time, it being well cooled, she ate, no doubt thinking, if cats can think, that she had conquered it. This is but a short account of her exploits, but I will tell you more of her famous doings when I talk with you about being kind to animals, as I intend to some other day.

Good bye.

AUNT MINNIE.

Butterflies.

Butterflies possess charms both for infancy and age. The first lesson a child gets in Natural History is when it catches a butterfly; and this is done almost as soon as it can walk. Buttercups and butterflies are the first objects of infantine ambition, and the taste thus acquired is seldom destroyed by the after cares of life.

The butterfly has always been regarded as a striking image of our final triumph over death :—born from a groveling caterpillar, at its change, it seems to burst from the tomb, like the resurrection of the human spirit, to a better and more enduring destination. The ancients, unaided by Christian revelation, were of this opinion ; they placed a butterfly at the head of their grave-stones, as an image of the everlasting soul ; thereby intimating that it would again appear, to flourish in “immortal youth,” in a new and sinless region.

But apart from such associations, butterflies excite our curiosity and command our admiration by their consummate beauty, gentle habits, delicate appetites, and light aerial motion. A traveller, speaking of the summer charms of North America, says, “ In a bright day, during any of the summer months, your walk is through an atmosphere of butterflies, so gaudy in hue, and so varied in form, that I often thought they looked like flowers on the wing. Some of them are very large, measuring three or four inches across the wings ; but many, and I think the most beautiful, are smaller than this. Some have wings of the most dainty lavender color, and bodies of black ; others, are fawn and rose color ; and others, again, orange and bright blue. Their gay and noiseless movements as they glance through the air, crossing each other in chequered maze, is very beautiful.” It is in sweet accordance with these real charms that butterflies seem to be the mildest creatures in existence ; gentle, but not insipid, they

interest the better feelings of the heart ; and these are still further heightened, when, as we watch them quietly sipping the pure nectar of odorous flowers, the shadow of a passing cloud disturbs the feast, when—flash they vanish from the regretting sight, with all the swiftness of the departing sunbeam. There are many varieties of this insect, and it would be impossible to enumerate them all.

The caterpillar which feeds on the nettle is about an inch in length, covered with bristles of a reddish brown color. After having changed its skin three times when in the shape of a worm, it crawls up to a branching part of the stalk ; and hanging itself by the hinder part or tail, swells and bursts in such a curious way, that the caterpillar’s skin drops to the ground, and the crysalis, or aurelia, so called from the golden tinges of its body, remains suspended ; till, after a fortnight of torpor, it bursts its skin again, and escapes in the vast plains of the air, under the beautiful form of a variegated butterfly.

Chinese Precepts.

Respecting the Mind.—Let not corrupt thoughts arise. Be not over anxious and grieved. Envy not those who have, nor despise those who have not. Complain not of heaven, and blame not men. Think not of old evils, speculate not on distant things.

The Body.—Love not beauty without bounds. Be not ever intoxicated. Stand not in dangerous places. Do not give way to anger. Do not associate with

worthless characters. Do not enrage men who love to strike.

Happiness.—Do not abuse the good things of Providence. Do not love extravagance. Be not over-anxious about being completely provided for. Think not of things which are above your station. Do not deteriorate the grain. Do not destroy life.

Things in general.—Do not neglect the relations and duties of life. Do not practice corrupt things. Do not oppose the commands of your parents or teachers. Do not speak much. Provoke not a guest to anger. Between two parties do not speak words here and flatteries there. Do not stir up troubles. Do not cut and carve the poor. Do not deceive and oppress the orphan and widow. Do not wrongfully accuse any one. Do not learn unprofitable things.

Wealth.—Be not ashamed of bad food and coarse clothing. Do not buy useless things. Be not over-fond of feasts. Do not learn to imitate the rich and great.

Words.—Do not talk of men's domestic affairs. Do not tell secrets. Do not conceal the errors of worthless men. Do not injure a person's parents. Do not put a stop to any good affair. Do not bring up other men's concerns, (in conversation.) Do not laugh at men's appearance. Do not blame a man for the faults of his relatives. Be not fond of ridiculing any one. Do not make up stories to injure men. Be not proud of your wealth. Do not complain of your poverty. Do not speak with a fierce aspect. Do not despise men's poverty. Do not interrupt men in conversation.

Do not lie. Do not help and abet others to do iniquity. Do not recite corrupt composition. Do not speak of gambling or licentiousness. Do not say any thing that has a beginning but no end.

Animal Instinct.

We have lately come across an account of animal instinct, which was read at a meeting of the British Association, that is very curious, and shows how near to reason come the actions of the brute creation.

“Two men who were about to walk to Vevay, agreed to meet at an appointed place. One of them who arrived first, fancying he was too late, resolved to push on and overtake his comrade ; but his dog showed evident symptoms of disliking this proceeding. He ran backwards and forwards, lingered behind, and at length totally disappeared, but speedily returned with the walking-stick of the second person in his mouth. He had come late, and sat down to wait for his friend ; but the sagacity of the animal resorted to this evident means of teaching them their relative positions, and bringing them together.

“Another dog, which they were trying to teach to mount a ladder, got so tired of his lesson that he ran away ; but next day he returned alone to the ladder, and applied himself to the task, just as if his vanity had been piqued into learning the exercise.

“A third dog, taught to carry a lantern with his owner, on winter mornings before daylight, as the latter carried milk to a

neighboring farmer, happened one day to be shut up when his master departed. When loosened, he ran after and overtook him, but perceiving that he had not the lantern, he returned to the house, and causing it to be given him, again hastened to his accustomed *light* work.

"Another, belonging to a young student, whose master, while bathing, hid among some rushes, was hallooed into the water as if an accident had happened: when, instead of plunging in, he ran lower down the rapid stream, and took his station, watching the river, when it was most likely to bring down the body for rescue.

"A pigeon, familiarized with the kitchen, where it was fed and caressed, one day witnessed the killing of a pullet, and it immediately flew away and never returned to the scene of slaughter! The kitchen death of a chicken is not very unlike the death of a dove; and the warning was not lost."

The Sleeper.

My master travelled far away,
And left me much to do;
Alas! I trifled all the day,
Although my days were few.

Wand'ring and playing like a child,
And moved by every wind,
The fleeting moments I beguiled,
Forgetting that I sinned.

I went to sleep, like all the rest,
Whilst Time seemed still and dumb,
But soon he struck upon my breast,
And cried, "Thy Master's come!"

'Twas grass cut down by sudden mower,
Or tree by lightning's stroke:—
"Oh time, Time, Time, is this the hour?"
And trembling I awoke.

M.

The Plain Why and Because.

Why does a screw enable a force to produce such prodigious effects? Because every turn of the screw carries it forward in a fixed nut, or draws a moveable nut along upon it, by exactly the distance between two turns of its thread: this distance, therefore, is the space described by the resistance, while the force moves in the circumference of the circle described by the handle of the screw; and the disparity between these lengths or spaces is often as a hundred or more to one.—*Arnott*.

Why have fishes gills? Because they are calculated to separate air from water, with which it is always united, and bring it into contact with the blood. It is to be observed, however, that many animals which reside in the water, breathe by means of lungs, and are obliged at intervals to come to the surface to respire—such as whales; but there are no animals which reside on the land, and are furnished with gills, which are obliged to return to the water to respire.—*Fleming*.

Why have some houses double windows? Because the air inclosed between the two windows greatly prevents the escape of heat which is produced within the house in winter. Thus, air is an imperfect conductor of heat. Houses which have double windows are likewise more

quiet than others, from the air being also a bad conductor of sound.

Why are the lives of wild animals shortened by the loss of teeth? Because, as old age increases, the teeth fall out, and the means of obtaining food thus failing, the body sinks to rest. Man is the only animal that can counteract the fatal consequences of the loss of teeth.

Why does straw or flannel prevent the

freezing of water in pipes during winter? Because it is a slow conducting screen or covering, and thus prevents heat passing out of the pipe. By the same means the heat is retained in steam-pipes.

Why do the hind feet of the beaver turn in? Because it may keep its fur in order, and cleanse it from dirt and moisture, which the beaver could not do if the toes were straight.

The Wood-ranger's Son.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY A. G.

CHAPTER I.

By an uprooted beech
A hunter's house stands
Alone in the wood's deep gloom.
There the only sound which by day is heard,
Is the flapping of wings of the voiceless bird;
And by night the breeze,
As it sighs through the trees.

THIS old verse, as it flashed across my mind, recalled the youth Eberhard, some portions of whose life I will narrate. The tale itself, it is as if it were wafted toward me in the mournful and yet lofty tones of some old ballad, as one often heard them chanted in the solitary valleys. The stone cross stands still half-buried, and wild roses bloom around the massy stone. Listen to the story:—

There quiet and solitary, as the ballad declares, stands the hunter's house. A reddish brown pointer is lying in the sunshine with his eyes shut, as if he were asleep, yet sometimes snapping at the flies which are dancing all so boldly

about his nose; if he catches them he devours them in an instant, undressed, unboiled; if any escape his devouring vengeance, he shakes his ears contemptuously and lies down quietly again. Nimrod's countenance (for so the dog was called) plainly indicated that he felt this fly-hunting to be beneath his dignity, yet two months had passed away since he had followed the trace of any other game. On his last hunting expedition his master had fallen, and mother and child still wept for him. Dogs cannot weep; they can only mourn in silence, and Nimrod is troubled, as if tormented by a conscience which declared him guilty in the deed. By and by we will tell the reason why nothing shall be concealed. The dog gets up and shakes himself, as if he were dissatisfied with life, goes slowly to the fence, and gazes upon little Eberhard, who sits upon the ground cutting twigs from the linden tree.

Eberhard was a little boy of about nine years of age. He was dressed in a white shirt, and a pair of breeches patched with many colors ; he had long flaxen hair, and two clear blue eyes were visible from under his heavy forehead. His full cheeks showed he had never known want, and his uncovered sun-burnt breast, that he had been accustomed to ramble freely in the open air. He whistled softly to the sticks the tunes he meant later to bring forth from them.

"Do you want a flute, Nimrod?" said he to the dog, as he stood before him. "Oh, you poor beast ; you can do nothing but say bow-wow, whilst I can sing and joke and make flutes. Only wait until it's ready," he said softly to himself ; "these sticks have tones as well as the birds which sing upon the trees ; if I can only manage it, I will bring them out." The trees in the woods are all unfinished flutes : if we could but get off the bark from the trunk of one of them, what a flute it would make ! We could hear it as far as the clock in the church tower. It would take a pretty large mouth to hold it between the lips though. I should like for once to see it."

He laughed aloud at the thought of the huge mouth into which the whole trunk of a linden tree should be put as a flute.

The dog thought the laugh was intended for him, for he could not understand how any one should laugh at his own thoughts, and in order to return the attention, he leaped upon the boy, who

cried out, "Be quiet now, lie down. I have no time to play as you do ; I must make my flute."

The child was, however, in too much haste, for it was a work which required a good deal of care. He did not loosen the bark enough with his knife, or he broke it by twisting it too suddenly, and then he had to learn that it needed a stick in which there were no knot-holes in order to make one. He cut the last stick that was fit for use, and said to himself, "Now this shall be a good one."

Suddenly, a piercing whistle was heard in the woods, such a one as could be made only by some one skilfully placing the fingers against the teeth. The dog sprang up, and pricked up his ears. The whistle was repeated twice. Nimrod fled as on wings. Eberhard sprang after him, whistled, and shouted, "Nimrod, come here ; Nimrod, come back, sir !" but the dog heard not, and was no more to be seen. The boy ran after him into the thick forest, without stopping to take breath, as if he were also pursued. The thought suddenly flashed across his mind that Nimrod could find the way back to the house alone, and he stopped. "He is a trusty fellow," said he, "though it seems unfaithful in him to run away so."

Eberhard's mother had forbidden him to go into the woods alone, and he had promised to remember the prohibition, "But now," said he, "I have come into the woods for the sake of bringing Nimrod home ; so I have not disobeyed the command, and shall not be punished ;

sure here I may stay a little while, and run about to my heart's content."

How easily we impose upon ourselves when we do wrong ; we should not believe it wrong, did not a voice within protest against it. People oftentimes, as Eberhard now did, joke and sing that they may silence this voice in the breast. He climbed up into a tree, thinking his good spirit could not climb up after him, but it was about and within him, and kept reminding him that he ought to go home. So he got down again, and as he looked from the ground up through the transparent green leaves into the blue sky, a squirrel darted out from under a beach tree, and seating himself upon a bough, began to dress himself with a self-satisfied air. Eberhard snapped his fingers at him. "Ah ! if I only had you !" thought he ; "but I am worse off than either a bird or a squirrel ; I can neither fly nor climb. I do not blame Nimrod for running so in the woods ; he is the master there ; we with our two feet cannot overtake him. If I had only four feet, how I would run !"

A mocking-bird sat upon the highest branch of the tree, mocking Eberhard. They are curious birds, these mocking-birds ; they have no grove song of their own, but imitate that of other birds like the nightingale, black-bird, and chafinch, finishing none, but falling from one into the other. Eberhard was angry, and tried to frighten the bird by shrieking and throwing missiles, but the bird would not move until he saw the boy coming up to the top of the tree,

and then he flew away and began to sing in another tree. But Eberhard found some birds that could not fly ; they were in a blackbird's nest, and hardly out of the shell. "One, two, three, four, five, an uneven number," cried he. "I have always found that it was so in all bird's nests ; there must be some meaning in it, if one only knew what it was. My mother is right in putting an uneven number of eggs under the hen to hatch."

Had Eberhard only taken little better notice and not have judged from the *few* nests which he had himself seen, there would have been no mystery in the uneven number. He would have found he had not judged rightly, for both the tame and the wild pigeon hatch only a pair of young ones, and two is an even number. However, if one knew everything in youth, there would be no need of growing old.

The young blackbirds, whose mother had not told them how many there were, stuck out their bills towards Eberhard, and looked at him with their bright eyes, as if they cared nothing about their number, provided they got enough to eat. So he drew out his knife, and a cord which he always carried in his pocket, and found, way down in the bottom of it, a few crumbs. He chewed them, and fed the birds. They seemed very thankful, and shook their heads for a long time, so as not to choke themselves in swallowing their food. Eberhard watched them, yet dared not lift the nest for fear he should kill the young ones. A feeling of compassion

stole over him as he thought how their mother would feel if she should return and find all her children gone; he would wait until the old bird came. Then he thought of his mother, and it recalled his own long absence from her. He resolved to leave the birds, and only come now and then to look at them, and yet, said he to himself, "if I do not take them, some one else will, and carry them off." But his good spirit, which was the strongest, spoke again: "Do not be so hard-hearted because others may be." He stooped down close to them and whispered, "God preserve you;" then got down from the tree, cut three crosses in it, so that he might be able to find it again, and started for home, taking a roundabout way which led through a grove of firs, in order that he might find his dog.

CHAPTER II.

THROW thyself with a mother's heart, for once, into yonder fir grove at mid-day. See their slim, smooth trunks jutting high into the heavens, glittering in the intercepted sun-light, exhaling spicy odors! At their feet small twigs of moss, clustering firmly together, form a covering to protect the roots; they envy not the strong trunks their height, since they must for that reason be more widely separated, but confidently cling by their little tresses together, and keep themselves warm. Yonder is a thicket of live-oaks with their glistening leaves. As you approach, a lizard who is sunning himself in the moss crouches in be-

tween them. Leave the loathsome creature in peace! for who knows for what purpose the Creator made him!

Wander on, until lost in dreamy fancies, you know neither where you are, nor from whence you have come, and the son of man is become like the innocent roe with its invisible tread. Nature holds her breath; her heart beats in thy breast.

Suddenly there is a rustle by your side; a man stands before your astonished sight, drest entirely in green, like a living son of the forest, a brother of the trees. He stands still; his hand on the hilt of his dagger, and looks at you with a searching glance.

Eberhard was thus walking, when a man with smiling countenance stepped suddenly before him. It was the owner of the grove, a rich peasant called Cousin Godfrey by all in the region, although they were no more related to him than the Emperor of Russia.

"How came you here?" said Godfrey.

"On two feet," replied the boy, pointing to his feet, for he recalled his four-footed wish.

"What are you looking for?"

"Nothing. Oh, yes, our dog has run away."

"Let him go to the hangman! The dog has had too many masters, and is giddy in the head. If I chance to meet him, I will shoot him."

Eberhard seized Godfrey's hand, and pleaded so hard for the life of his dog, that he at last promised to have patience with him a little longer.

Still holding hands, they walked on

silently for a short distance by each other's side, until they came to an elevated spot upon which stood some beautiful fir trees.

"There, cousin," said Eberhard, "there are some beautiful fir trees, beautiful as the church, even more beautiful."

"I am glad if you are pleased with them," replied Godfrey. "Look at those live oaks almost down to the 'Cool Valley;' they are my lodging apartments, my state rooms; in short, a source of great pleasure to me; in the winter, when the sap stops running in the trees, and the time for felling them has arrived, these have four or five times been selected to be cut down, but when it comes to the point, and I look upon them again, then I resolve to let them stand, they seem so flourishing; they are indeed splendid, magnificent. A goodly fortune lies idle there, but I have enough, and I enjoy them every time I come and find them living, vigorous and healthy."

"Must trees also die?" said Eberhard.

"All things," replied Godfrey. "Everything in this world must die. When the trees have stood their appointed time, they will crack open and decay."

"Cousin Godfrey," said Eberhard again, "can you tell me what becomes of the millions upon millions of birds which are found in the world? it is rarely one sees the dead body of one."

"In this you can see," replied God-

frey, "how cleanly nature is, or how modest. Everything is consumed within herself. If a bird perceives he is about to die, and this he knows well enough, he hides himself in some hollow cavern, where the hedge-hog, pole-cat, fox, and such animals dwell, or in some cleft or hole in a tree, where beetles and flies resort, lays itself patiently down, covers its head with its wings, and waits for death's approach. Scarcely two days afterwards, the ants and other insects have devoured it, and nothing is left but the feathers, which the wind sweeps away, or other birds take to feather their nests. Only think, if it were otherwise, we should get no fresh air, for the odor of the dead would be everywhere. All things in this world are wisely ordered. The birds feed their lives long upon ants, and flies, and other insects, and at last are devoured by them."

Eberhard was delighted with the information he received, and felt grieved that his mother knew so little about life in the woods. He had had no one to ask questions to, since his father's death.

"Cousin," said he again, "can you tell me why wagons have four wheels?"

"There are two-wheeled carriages," replied Godfrey.

"Yes," interrupted the boy, "but the four-wheeled are much better; the two-wheeled ones, like men, are easily turned over."

"If they are not rightly balanced," replied Godfrey.

"But I think they are made," said

the prattler again, "to imitate the swifter animals. Birds have only two feet, because they are not made to walk but to fly, but every animal which is made to live upon the earth has four feet ; is it not so ?"

"Yes, and the wagons !"

"They are like animals. When my dog runs, he seems to me to resemble a wagon ; his head is the wheels, and his frame, the body of it ; it runs quickly, and runs easily. I think the wagon-maker has learned this by observation, and they harness a four-footed ox or horse to this imitation of a quadruped, and they seem fitted for each other. Is it not so ?"

Godfrey nodded an assent, and Eberhard found him so good-natured a listener, that he questioned him on every variety of thing. A goldhammer whistled, and he asked :

"Cousin, do you think that bird knows its name ?"

"What do you mean ?"

"I think man has given to birds their names, and they know nothing about them. I want to find out how they call one another, what names they use, and why they sing all day long."

"Indeed no one knows that."

"We have for a great many," continued the child, "only one name, swallow, or lark, or something else. Now if a blackbird has five children, must not each have its separate name ?"

"The birds," replied Godfrey, smiling, "do not bring their children into the church to have them baptized."

"But perhaps they have names among

themselves which we know nothing about ?"

"Yes, we do not know, and when you have said that, you have said all there is to be said."

Eberhard had many more inquiries upon his tongue's end, and Godfrey had chatted willingly with him, for he loved him ; but now he reminded him, it was time to go home, and showed him the nearest way which led through a defile, called the "Cool valley."

The boy dexterously leaped into it. This valley was entirely different from the woods above it. The water wound with difficulty round among the jagged rocks. Eberhard had a great desire to search for crabs, but he would allow nothing to detain him longer. In the "Cool valley" it was, notwithstanding the warm bright midday, shivering cold. Masses of rock hung over on both sides, threatening to fall, yet still firm. One large mass, overgrown with moss, seemed to be kept in its position by a young fir tree. Below lay a tall uprooted pine, very dry and red, its old trunk hanging, bent and crooked, down into the valley, mingling its gloomy boughs with the fresh year's growth.

He had gone but a few steps when a dog barked ; he knew the voice of Nimrod, but why did he not come ? He climbed up among the rocks and tried to entice the dog to him, but his summons only died away upon his tongue. On the opposite side, among some blossoming heath and bright colored herbs, the face of a man was visible ; he had sparkling deep sunken eyes, his temples

and chin were covered with a dark grisly hair. Eberhard stood still ; he saw the man take Nimrod, hold him down to the ground, tear open his shirt, pluck hair from his breast, spit upon it three times, and then give it to the dog to eat. "Now run," said he, and the dog sprang towards Eberhard. He seemed from his appearance to expect an angry reception ; he laid himself down a few steps from him, moaned as if he waited for blows, and would have received them patiently. But the boy had no time to deal them, for at the same instant, the grisly looking man stood before him, and asked him in hypocritical ignorance, and with a rough voice, who he was ?

"I am Eberhard, the wood-ranger's son," replied the boy.

"And where is thy father ?"

"Dead ; he was shot in the woods."

"Who killed him ?"

"I do not know indeed ; if I only knew"——

"You would shoot the man in return, or you are no brave boy, no sportsman's child."

"Yes, certainly," protested Eberhard. The bristly fellow laughed aloud, and it seemed to the boy as if some one behind the rocks laughed also. He was so frightened, he began to cry, and with stammering voice to beg for his dog again, saying he must go home. Nimrod, who seemed to understand how to act his part perfectly, sprang in delight toward him, but the ruffian gave him a kick which sent him some distance down the sloping bank. He came up limping,

and laid himself down at the man's feet. "You want to go home," said he to Eberhard ; "you must go with me."

Escape was not possible ; so Eberhard laid himself down upon the ground, and refused to move. The ruffian seeing no good could come from forcing him, betook himself to kind words. He said to him, "Come, I will do you no harm ; I will give you my hand as a pledge ; I want you to help me get down a bird's nest ; I will give you something."

"I do not want anything. I will have nothing. I want to go home."

"Do you not want a squirrel ?"

"I should like a squirrel well enough, but I would rather go home."

Eberhard said this, half in anger, half supplicating. His hand was again seized, by one whose touch was not as friendly as that of Cousin Godfrey's. Eberhard walked on voluntarily ; resistance would have been useless. And he hoped when he got out of the hollow, he should meet some one who would help him. Still no one appeared, and the hand of the stranger held his firm as a pair of iron pincers. He felt distressed, yet dared not cry, and he could not loose himself from his hold.

[To be continued.]

Conundrums.

Why is France like a skeleton ?

Why is a woodman like a stage actor ?

Why is the best baker most in want of bread ?

Why is the hour of noon on the dial-plate like a pair of spectacles ?

The Practical Joker.

ARTHUR M—— was a bright little boy of ten years, and his pleasant face and cheerful spirit seemed like a ray of heaven's own blessed sunlight in his mother's otherwise solitary dwelling. But I am sorry to say Arthur was not loved by his companions. He was a practical joker, and his little friends were in constant fear, when in his company, of having some very unpleasant trick played upon them. If they went to gather nuts or berries, he did love to kill a snake and throw it around some boy's neck, just for the fun of hearing him scream. When they went to bathe, they often found a frog in their pockets, or their shoes would be filled with angle worms. And he was sometimes so very cruel as to take away a boy's dinner, and fill his basket with stones.

These things were very annoying, and at length Arthur was left to play alone, or to go home to his little sister. Dear little Eliza was just beginning to go to school, and Arthur loved her very much. But his love of fun, as he called it, was sometimes so strong, that he would even overturn his sled, and throw the sweet little girl into the snow. His mother strove in vain to correct this cruel propensity, and she felt some anxiety on his account when a new father came to take charge of his education. His own father died when he was a babe, and of course he had never known a father's love. But he was very much pleased when a pleasant, smiling gentleman came

to live with them, and he was told he might call him father.

One morning, a few days after Mrs. M—— was married to Mr. L., Arthur was told to cut some potatoes, and give them to the cow. He obeyed very cheerfully, cut the potatoes, and carried them to the barn ; but when he placed them before the cow, he turned a peck measure over them, so that the cow could not eat them. "My son," said Mr. L. when he returned, "did you give the potatoes to the cow?" "Yes, sir," he replied, but the merry twinkle of his eye led his father to suspect something wrong, and he very soon went to the barn himself. Arthur was frightened when he saw him go out, for he expected a whipping. But no notice was taken of the *joke*, as he called it.

Soon there was a snow-storm ; and when it passed away, the snow lay piled in drifts on both sides the road. Arthur started for school the next morning, drawing his little sister on his sled ; but when he came near the deep drifts, suddenly the sled was overturned, and Eliza was buried in the snow. Arthur sprang to take her up, and very tenderly led her back to the house. But his father stood at the window, and saw the whole transaction. Next morning Mr. L. said pleasantly, "I'll draw you to school this morning, if you like." Arthur was delighted. He thought his father was very kind indeed. But when they came to the drift, suddenly the sled was over-

turned, and he was buried in the snow.

"You must learn to hold on better than this," said Mr. L., "if you mean I shall draw you." And he quietly returned to the house, leaving Arthur to get out as he could.

"O ! chicken for dinner ! chicken for dinner !" shouted Arthur as he returned from school and saw his favorite dish on the table. They were soon seated, and Mr. L. helped Arthur to a large plate full. But just as he was taking up his knife and fork, his father took up a large bowl that stood by his plate, and turned it over Arthur's dinner. At first he looked up in surprise, but he immediately understood it. He

was very hungry, but he did not dare to remove the bowl. The rest of the family began to eat, but he sat looking very red and unhappy. At length he burst into tears.

"Father," said he, "I never will put the peck measure over the cow's dinner again, and I'll never turn sissy into the snow again, if you'll let me eat my dinner."

"Very well, my son," said Mr. L., removing the bowl ; "you find practical jokes are not very pleasant when played upon yourself. Always remember that if you would be loved and respected, you must do by others as you wish others to do by you."—*Independent*.

The Adventures of a Mouse.

BY G. W. C., ALBANY.

I first found myself in a nest, under the rafters of a large mansion, in the city of Albany, and was christened at an early age by the Rev. Samens Long-Ears. The name my mother chose for me was Charles Fine-tooth. I soon escaped from my warm nest, and crawled down stairs to the cellar. I went into the cellar, and soon perceived a large piece of cheese lying upon the floor, and it was not long before I had it in my possession. As I was running up stairs to my warm nest, my mother coming along, seized the cheese and devoured it, and soon after was taken sick, and notwithstanding the efforts of Dr. Long-tail, and our family physician, to save her life, she died, and I was left alone

in the world. I afterwards discovered that the cheese was poisoned, that my mother ate. I made up my mind, as soon as my dear mother was buried, to take up my abode in the cellar ; to be sure it was more dangerous, because there was poisonous cheese laid upon the floor, and traps were set in the cellar, but, as I grew larger, I despised these dangers. I soon learned the difference between poisonous and good cheese, by the smell. Nearly every night, when I went out to get food, I saw some of my companions caught in the traps, or lying dead upon the floor, from their eating poisonous cheese. The first real adventure I ever had was when I was caught in a trap. It was a newly invented

trap, and I had never seen one like it before. I will tell you how it was. One night I was looking about, as usual, for something to eat, when I saw a large wire cage with a piece of cheese in the centre of it. I smelt around for some time, and then went in, and began eating the cheese, when I heard a slight noise. I turned to run out, when down came a very large piece of iron, and caught the end of my tail. I was at first very much frightened ; but as soon as I had my senses about me, I began to think what to do. Just then the first ray of morn pierced through a crack in the window shutter, and announced that daylight had come. Death now seemed inevitable. Just at this moment a thought flashed across me. I turned round my head, and began to gnaw my own tail off. When I had nearly gnawed the bone through, I heard a voice above my head, and soon after I heard a boy coming down stairs, and just as he opened the door, I escaped, but left a part of my tail in the trap. My next escape was from the most dreaded of all of our numerous enemies, the cat. I was one day playing very quietly in the yard, when a very large cat seized me, and carried me off to her kittens. But she would not leave me alone with her young kittens without any injury, so she took my leg in her mouth, and gave it an awful bite. It almost makes me shudder to think of it. She then left me with her kittens, and as I was very strong and nimble, I escaped from them, but was lame for a great while after the bite. I once ven-

tured up stairs (which was considered a great feat then, as there were so many cats and dogs about the house), and I went into one of the rooms, but just then I heard a noise on the stairs, and seeing a hole, I jumped into it. It happened to be a pocket of a newly finished dress. I rolled myself up in the pocket handkerchief. By and by a lady came, took down the dress, and put it on. When she was seated at the tea-table, she wished to use her handkerchief, and pulling it out, I jumped on the table, snatched a piece of cheese, and ran down stairs.

I must tell you that I got married about a year ago, and have had several children. One day I was playing with my children, when "Fox," a large house dog, jumped amongst us, and seized two of my children, and ran off with them. The next day I left the other two in the cellar playing very nicely, when I heard a scream, and on rushing in, I found both of my children caught in a large trap. I have given a very few of my adventures, and some time I will give you a few more.

A MOUSE.

"Did You Ever?"

AN itemizer, at a late evening sewing party, reports that one lady made use of the exclamation, "I thought I should have died," one hundred and twenty-eight times, and she put the inquiry, "Did you ever?" one hundred and thirty-seven times.



The Robin.

I WAS standing at my window, watching the fast-flying clouds, and the signs of a gathering storm. The ground was dry and hard, the trees were stripped of their foliage, and seemed to shiver in the cold wind. The doves scudded before it to their homes, and the fowls of the yard sought shelter in the barn. The hardy little snow-bird alone seemed to revel in the eddies of the gust, and defy the angry blustering of the storm. A whole troop of them were hopping and twittering about the gravelled walk and the lawn, as if to gather up the last seeds and crumbs, before the snow should cover them. I was pleased with their diligence, their activity, and their unanimity of sentiment, clustering together, and flying away in companies, at the slightest signal from their chief sentinel, who was always accommodated with a high place, on some adjoining knoll, stone wall, or stump.

While watching the movements of these singular little augurs, I was surprised to see a large, beautiful, red-breasted robin alight in the midst of them, and commence a diligent search for food. I had noticed a considerable piece of bread on the walk, which Clara had thrown from the window to her pet chicken, in the morning. The chicken had left a portion of it; two or three snow-birds had pecked at it, and several were now trying their little bills upon what remained, when the robin, hopping briskly into the circle, seized the whole in his beak, and flew away to the woods. What could poor red-breast be doing there, so late in the season? Had he abandoned his instincts, and concluded to brave the cold of a northern winter alone, while all his tribe had followed the sun to the milder regions of the south?

Musing disconnectedly on these questions, I turned away from the window,

and drew up a chair before the cheerful fire. Becoming deeply interested in my book, I did not notice how rapidly the storm had gathered, until it was howling at every door, and whistling at every window, as if it were angry to see how comfortable everything looked within, in spite of its ravings. Clara was sitting on the other side of the fireplace, deeply engaged in a splendid piece of embroidery, which had occupied her many months, and was likely to engross her time during the remainder of the winter.

"Clara," said her mother, earnestly, just as I had finished my book, "can you not afford to leave your embroidery a little while, and assist me to finish these garments for poor old Jane?"

"No, mother!" replied Clara, coldly. "I can not spare the time. Besides, I do not like such coarse work."

"Do you not hear how bitterly the storm howls without, Clara? And poor Jane's cottage is not as close and warm as our house, you know; nor her woodpile as ample. Her children are actually suffering for want of these clothes, and such an evening as this should make us considerate."

Clara had set her heart upon finishing this work before her approaching birthday; and even this reasonable appeal to her benevolence did not overcome her selfish purpose sufficiently to induce her to devote an hour or two to promoting the comfort of the poor. Her mother said no more, but went on, with increasing diligence, in her work, and borrowed some hours from the night, in

order to have it all ready for the morning. She hoped that a little reflection would bring Clara to a better state of feeling, and that her heart would soon respond to the appeal that had been made to it.

I was grieved to find that one so dear to me had so little sensibility—so little of the grace, which, more than any other, is the ornament of woman. I would willingly have seen her deprived at once of all her outward accomplishments, if this one grace could have been substituted in their stead; for selfishness is always and everywhere hateful, and kindness lovely in all its forms.

The morning broke clear and cold, and saw the entire surface of the country covered with a deep mantle of snow. It sparkled and glittered in the sunbeams, while myriads of shining crystals were driven here and there in the fitful eddies of the gale. The trees and shrubs were incased in crystal, and twinkled and flashed in the broad glare of day, as they waved to and fro in the wind. As I rose from the breakfast-table, I went to the window, and looked out upon the brilliant but cheerless scene. Presently, Clara came and stood by my side.

"O, father!" she exclaimed, "how I should like to have a sleigh-ride. Won't you get out the little grays this morning, and take us round the hill, and let us stop an hour at Uncle George's?"

"Yes, my dear, if you can spare the time from your embroidery."

I perceived that Clara understood me, and felt the force of my reproof, and therefore said no more. As she turned

her eyes from mine toward the window, she exclaimed: "Dear father, do see this beautiful robin on the window-sill!"

It was the same redbreast that I had seen the day before. I opened the window, and he hopped in upon the floor, where he busied himself with picking up the crumbs, as familiarly as if he had been brought up there; for hunger overcame his natural timidity. He was liberally provided for, and was soon satisfied; then, taking in his beak the largest piece he could find, he flew to the window again, but, much to his surprise and alarm, he could not go through it. He fluttered about it for some time, and then rested upon the sill, looking eagerly out, as if longing to be away.

Though I feared the poor thing would freeze, if I let him out, I knew, also, that he would not live, if I detained him against his will. I accordingly moved gently toward the window, and threw up the sash. After considerable fluttering, the bird found his way out, and winged his flight boldly for the distant wood.

Clara was deeply interested in all that had passed, and had many questions to ask, and many suggestions to make. "And, now, father," said she, as soon as the pretty bird was gone, "I mean to put on my India-rubbers, and fur cloak and hood, and run down to the wood, and see if I can not find out where that robin's nest is, and what family he has there to provide for, in this inclement season."

"Well, Clara," I replied, "get yourself ready, and I will go with you."

We were soon on our way, travelling over the hard crust, as if it were a pavement of white marble. We should have found it a difficult matter, on arriving at the grove, to find the little hermit, if he had not, just as we passed the great oak, by the southern angle of the garden wall, flown up into its outmost branch, with a mouthful of grain which he had just procured from the barn. Though we saw him go up, it was still some time before we could find his refuge. At length, his own motions revealed it to us. It was a nest lodged in an ample crotch, and protected from above by a third branch, which hung over it as a sort of canopy. Redbreast, while we were looking for him, had gone on another errand to the barn, and soon returned with something in his beak, which looked like a worm. Standing above the nest, he dropped the morsel, whatever it was, into the open beak of another bird, apparently as large as himself, of which, however, we could only see the head.

Determined to know the whole story of the bird whose singular conduct had awakened so deep an interest in my bosom, I procured a ladder, and ascended to the nest. Redbreast hovered anxiously about, uttering the same earnest cry as when his nest of young ones is annoyed in summer; though he would occasionally come very near, and vary his note by one of a more encouraging tone. In the nest I found a full-grown female robin, with one foot so entangled in the strong net-work of her own little house, that she could not escape, though

there was evidence that she had made most vigorous struggles to get away. She was poor and feeble, and it was a marvel to me how she could have withstood the cold of the season so long.

I believe I may say, without at all misrepresenting the truth, that the prisoner-bird, instead of screaming and struggling with alarm at my appearance, greeted my approach with a note of grateful welcome, as her deliverer. In perfect quietness she suffered me to take her in my hand, and unravel the knot that bound her, and then she laid perfectly still, while I descended the ladder, and bore her to the house, followed by her noble mate, who hovered around, fluttering from tree to tree, and from post to post, as we went. I arranged a very comfortable place for them in the barn, and redbreast soon found his way there, where he continued his kind and faithful conjugal attentions, till the health and strength of his partner were restored; then, availing themselves of a bright, warm day in Christmas week, they started off together for the sunny south.

"Father," said Clara, as we were walking toward the house with the captive bird, "how strange that this redbreast should have stayed here in the cold so long! Why did he not go with the other birds to the south?"

"It was certainly a great act of self-denial," I replied, "and a noble instance of true affection. It should teach us a useful lesson in our duty to each other and to our fellow-men, for we are all naturally disposed to selfishness."

Clara blushed. She was evidently thinking of the conversation of the night before, in the parlor: and she inwardly resolved that she would conquer her selfishness. And often afterward, when commended for any little act of kindness or self-denial, she would modestly reply, "It is only a little lesson I learned from a robin."

The Umbrella Bird.

THIS singular bird is about the size of a raven, and is of a similar color, but its feathers have a more scaly appearance, from being margined with a different shade of glossy blue. It is also allied to the crow in its structure, being very similar to it in its feet and bill. On its head it bears a crest, different from that of any other bird. It is formed of feathers more than two inches long, very thickly set, and with hairy plumes curving over the end. These can be laid back so as to be hardly visible, or can be erected and spread out on every side, forming a hemispherical, or rather a hemiellipsoidal dome completely covering the head, and even reaching beyond the point of the beak; the individual feathers then stand out something like the down-bearing seeds of the dandelion. Besides this, there is another ornamental appendage on the breast, formed by a fleshy tubercle as thick as a quill, and an inch and a half long, which hangs down from the neck, and is thickly covered with glossy feathers, forming a long pendant plume or tassel. This also the bird can either

press to its breast so as to be scarcely visible, or can swell out so as almost to conceal the fore part of its body. In the female the crest and the neck-plume are less developed, and she is altogether a smaller and much less handsome bird. It inhabits the wooded islands of the Rio Negro and the Solinoes, never appearing on the main land. It feeds on fruits and utters a loud, hoarse cry, like some deep musical instrument, whence its Indian name, *Uramimbe*, "trumpet-bird." The whole of the neck, where the plume of feathers springs from, is covered internally with a thick coat of hard, muscular fat very difficult to be cleaned away—which in preparing the skins, must be done, as it would putrefy, and cause the feathers to drop off.

The Forest Avenue.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

How many centuries that forest of "brave old oaks" has been standing and growing, it is not easy now to conjecture. We learn from tradition, that it was a full-grown, magnificent, aged forest, when the town was settled, which was less than twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims; so that there never has been a time, when "the oldest inhabitant" could remember the planting, or speak of the trees as saplings. It is a solemn place, still, grand, and full of whispering memories—a place to commune with one's self—a place to worship God.

The avenue through which that solitary man is slowly and thoughtfully passing, is one of the most beautiful in

the world. Overhung with lofty groined arches, and flanked on either side, through its entire length, with treble rows of massive columns, it is a sort of natural corridor through the heart of the forest. It might have been the central aisle of the vast temple in which the aboriginal tribes were wont to pay their vows to the Great Spirit; for, as our own master poet has beautifully said—

"The groves were God's first temples,"

and man, with his pride of genius, and his lavish expenditure of time and money, in proudest works, falls far, O, how far! behind the great Original.

How to make Boys Talk.

A BOY, three years of age, was particularly backward in his tongue, and his parents feared that he would never talk. "Send him to a girl's school," said a friend. The hint was adopted, and the plan succeeded beyond expectation.

Genius.

"I know no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper: "Genius is nothing but labor and diligence." Sir Isaac Newton said of himself, "that if ever he had been able to do anything, he had effected it by patient thinking only."

A CONNECTICUT MINISTER having walked through a village church-yard, and observed the indiscriminate praise bestowed upon the dead, wrote upon the gate-post the following line:

"Here lie the dead, and here the living lie."

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

DON'T be abashed, young friends, at seeing a stranger in Mr. Merry's chair. Hiram Hatchet welcomes you all to the *sociable*, and hopes you will feel quite at home, and speak out plainly just what you think. He is not so plump and round as Uncle Merry, and yet he is not so sharp as his name would lead you to think. Indeed, among so many keen wits as he finds in the circle of Merry's correspondents, he fears he shall appear more like a dull old axe, than a bright new Hatchet. However, here we are in for it, and the budget is open.

First comes a very young writer from Ohio, with a puzzle for all the rest of you. Ohio is famous for pigs. Let us see who knows how to pen them:—

RIPLEY, April 8th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have been taking your Magazine for three months, and like it much.

I have solved two of the conundrums in the last number, and send you the answers. The first is "A pair of shoes;" the second, the name of the animal sent to the lady in prison is "Antelope," and the name of the fruit returned is "Cantelope." I send you one; if you think it worth publishing, do so:—

Put fifteen pigs in four pens, and have an odd number in each pen.

I am a little girl, ten years old, go to school, and live on the Ohio River. Remain yours, respectfully,
SARAH BELL REYNOLDS.

Here comes up a question, which will interest all those who are anxious to win the sentence prize:—

SANDY HILL, WASHINGTON CO.,
N. Y., March 31st, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I am trying to win one of your prizes, and I ask if I may use abbreviations—thus, "I've" for "I have," "twixt" for "betwixt," &c., in the sentence to contain the alphabet and nine parts of speech.

Please do answer this, and you will oblige a little boy subscriber,
EDWARD B. NORTHUP.

As the time for awarding the prize has been postponed, the answer to the above has been delayed, so that all the competitors may have the benefit of it. Let it be understood, then, that abbreviations will be admitted; but, if they render the sentence inelegant, as is often the case, they will, of course, lessen its chances for obtaining a prize.

"Eddie," from St. Louis, Mo., sends a very good conundrum. He must be a rare little punster, for he asks, in a postscript, if there is

not some danger of his onion-bed sinking, since it has *sprung a leak*. His conundrum is, "*Why is there no danger of starving in a desert?*" Try hard for the answer, but never think of trying to prove it, without a well-stored knapsack on your back.

From "A. K. H.," Hartford, Conn., we have a translation of the song, and the following

Problem.—What three numbers are there in Arithmetical Progression, whose sum and product are equal, and the sum of the first and third equal to the square of the second?

Next comes "J. M. S.," from Staunton, Va., with answers to enigmas, a sentence for the prize, and two riddles, which are as follows:—

1. What smells most in a drug shop?
2. Why should doctors attend to window-sashes?

Here comes a *promising* young friend. We know we have many such in all parts of the country, and we expect to hear from them substantially, from time to time. The circulation of the Museum might be greatly enlarged, if our young friends would take hold of it in earnest.

NEW YORK, March 31st, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—This is the first time I have ever written to you, as I have not taken your Museum very long; but I like it so well, that I am going to try to get some subscribers for it. I send you the answer to one of your enigmas, and to one of your puzzles. The answer to the enigma by Charley E. Sweet is this: The lady received an antelope (Aunt, elope), and sent to her niece, in answer, a cantelope (can't elope). The answer to the puzzle by J. Eaton is, I think, a pair of shoes. I hope that you will, if the answers are right, give me an answer in your next number.

Your friend, GEORGE F. RYSDYK.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., April 5th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have addressed you once before, but I suppose you had so many answers to the first puzzle, that some must necessarily be omitted in the Monthly Chat. I did not much expect my answer would be the first, and therefore was not much disappointed in not receiving the prize. I think much more of the Monthly Chat than I used to, for I have learned how to find out the answers to the *enigmas*. I have taken your very interesting Museum for four years, and mean to take it as long as I live.

From your friend, ALBERT DWIGHT.

Our young friend has hit the nail on the head. If we should print all the answers we receive, we should have no room for anything else. "Albert" answers correctly several of our puz-

zles, and thinks "it would not be hard to guess who wrote Gilbert Go-Ahead's Travels." He must be a live Yankee, indeed, if he can do that.

We have similar answers from "Alpha," "P. D. Cowan, Knoxville, Tenn.," "Phebe S.," Rome; "E. E. H.," Payson, Ill.; "H. R. F.," Fishkill Landing, N. Y.; "Mary A. K.," Delaware City, Iowa; "Frank," of Utica, and scores more, whom it would be impossible to name in the short space allowed for our chat.

PAYSON, ADAMS CO., ILL., *March 23d*, 1854.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir*:—I send you a charade.

My first is an insect, sometimes beautiful, and sometimes disgusting—sometimes luminous, and sometimes dark.

My second is an animal, sometimes white, and sometimes black—sometimes wild, and sometimes tame.

My whole has no existence, and yet is often an object of terror.

Yours, with much respect,
LUCY ELIZABETH HAWLEY.

ELMIRA, N. Y., *April 8th*, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been an interested reader of your excellent Magazine for about ten years. I have found a word, of seven letters, out of which I have made over forty other English words. Perhaps this is somewhat of a curiosity. I shall always wish success to yourself and your work.

Your young friend, J. P.

"J. P." has started a beautiful puzzle, which will give a plenty of work, and some fun, for the inquisitive, curious, and inventive young readers of the Museum. This may be called "*the Enigma of Enigmas*." With our critical *hatchet*, we have chopped out fifty good English words from the word given, and that, without repeating, in any one of the words, a single letter. If some one else does not forestall us, we shall enlarge upon this Enigma, or give it a full answer, in the next number.

The French puzzles in the last number of the Chat having been printed incorrectly, our kind correspondent sends us the following, to set things right. We hope some one among our numerous young friends will favor us with the correct solution:—

TRENTON, N. J., *April 28th*, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I have just received the May Number of your Magazine, and find the French puzzles which I sent have not been printed quite right. Perhaps they were not written very plainly; I will try to make them more so, in order that there may be a fair chance to solve them.

No. 1, Cs. liers sans	No. 2, 000 000 0	No. 3, Pir. vent venir.
	Cs.	an vient d'un.
No. 4, g. p. apres.		

The solution of Mary Clarke's puzzle is, the man without *eyes* had one *eye*; the tree had two apples on it, and he pulled one, and, therefore, neither pulled apples nor left apples. Joseph's enigma is *Amherst College*; Henry's riddle, *Conundrum*; Mary Hewit's conundrum is *Balloon Travels*; and Ella's puzzle is solved as follows: The man may first take over the goose, and then the fox, and then take the goose back with him and get the corn. The rest I have not yet solved.

Yours, truly, FLORENCE.

From French, we pass to Latin, with a puzzle that looks *mal-icious* enough. Readers, *male* and *fe-male*, go right at it, and show your Covington cousin that he cannot write anything which some of you cannot read.

WESTMINSTER SEMINARY, COVINGTON, LA., *May 6th*, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—My father thinks that all boys ought to study Latin and Greek. I have studied Latin a very long time, but my papa has given me a sentence that I cannot translate. I send it to the readers of Merry's Museum, to see if they can. He offers a Bible, and a Confession of Faith, both of which will be worth five dollars, to any one that can translate it. It is this:

Malum, malus, malo mala fit male me malo, Malum malo mala malo quam peti majore.

The sense is perfect, and the meaning of every word different.

EUGENE C. HALL.

HAUNNIBAL, N. Y., *May 12th*, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I send you the answers to some of the puzzles and enigmas in the May Number. Puzzle, by Mary H. Clarke, is—

There was a man who had one eye,
And he went out to view the sky;
He saw an apple tree with two apples on,
He picked one apple, and left one apple on.

Puzzle, by Ella, is—

Carry the goose over the river, and then come back and carry the fox over, and bring the goose back; then carry the basket of corn over, and come back and get the goose, when you will have them all over.

Enigma, by Mary H. Clarke, is Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Do, by Mary Hewit, is Balloon Travels.

Yours, respectfully, WALDEN.

GETTYSBURG, PA., *May 1st*, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Please publish the following Geographical Enigma, and oblige one of your subscribers,

WILLIE B.—

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 2, 6, 16, 21, 10, 23, is a town in Pennsylvania.

" 20, 11, 2, 9, 19, 13, is a county in "

" 21, 18, 22, 3, 15, is a county in "

" 9, 5, 18, 4, is a town and county in "

" 3, 18, 15, 1, 6, 11, 6, is a very celebrated fall.

" 12, 9, 3, 4, 16, 16, 2, 4, is a river in New York.

" 22, 11, 6, 3, 8, 2, is a county in "

" 10, 17, 18, 22, is one of the United States.

" 14, 17, 18, 21, 4, 17, 6, 7, 7, is a town in N. Y.

My whole is the name of a very celebrated person.

MADISON, FLA., April 21st, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have just received the two back numbers of your interesting little Museum this morning, and hail its arrival with joy. I find many very interesting stories, such as the "Boy Bachelor," "Take Care of Number One," "Balloon Travels," and "Gilbert Go-Ahead." I think the Monthly Chat very interesting indeed. I intend to subscribe to your Museum next year, if father and mother are willing; I think that they will not object.

I send you a few puzzles and conundrums. The puzzles are,

Spell hard-water with three letters?

Also, What letters of the alphabet come too late for supper?

The conundrums are—

Why is the letter N like a pig-sty?

What sea is that, the name of which may be spelled with three letters?

Also another puzzle:—

"Little head and no eyes, long legs and crooked thighs?"

Yours, truly,

ALONZO C. WHITNER.

Here we are, fairly brought up in what we modestly confessed in the May Number. We feared that some of the young eyes that watched for our monthly visits would observe our limping, and remember our old stories and pictures. But, Master Coleman, we may get a new leg in France, instead of losing the old one, that has stood by us, or, rather, which we have stood by, so long; and you may not recognize us, when we return, as the same old cripple. But, whether we fit our poor *understanding* anew, or not, we mean to renew the youth of the Museum, and make it all you have a right to expect it to be.

NEW YORK, May 9th, 1854.

MR. MERRY (HATCHET?):—I am glad to see that you are resolved to improve the character of the Museum, for I have noticed, for several months back, that most of the engravings have been published in former volumes, as well as a portion of the reading matter; but I suppose it will not be so in future. I hope you will have a pleasant time during your travels, but, Mr. Merry, *don't*, for any consideration, get mixed up with the War in Europe, for if a cannon ball should happen to take off your *other* leg, I don't know what we should do. Even Hiram Hatchet, Esq., *sharp* as he may be, would not supply your loss. So mind!

The following are the answers to the enigmas in the May No. I think, however, that Joseph has made a mistake in his enigma. According to Webster, college is spelt without a *d*. However, I may have made a mistake in getting out the answer.

Enigmas.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; Amherst College; The Nebraska Question; Emperor Nicholas; Balloon Travels; Manchooria.

Riddle.—Conundrum.

Not seeing the answers to the puzzles of the April No. in the May No., I subjoin most of them:—

Enigmas.—Antelope, Cantelope; Merry's Museum; Shakespeare.

Answer to Conundrum: Because they are ruled.

I send you a Puzzle:—

A wagoner, passing a store, was asked what he had in his wagon. He replied,

"Three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
An upright where two semicircles meet;
A rectangle triangle standing on feet;
Two semicircles, and a circle complete."
Query: What was in the wagon?

W. H. COLEMAN.

Thank you, Susa; you have given us a real treat. Louisiana abounds in puzzles. Politicians think Louisiana itself a puzzle, and wonder how it ever got into the Union without breaking the heart of the Constitution. But Merry is no politician, and Hatchet is so thin and sharp, it has often been doubted if he ever had any *constitution* at all—and so Miss Louisa Anna is just as welcome to a full share of the national goods as Mrs. Sippi, or Miss Soury, or any other of the fair sisters of the sunny South.

MADISONVILLE, LA., April 21st, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—It has been some time since I wrote to you, but I have been waiting to get a gold dollar, that I might send to pay you for the Museum for this year; but now that I have it, at last, I hasten to send it. I send a charade, which, if you think worthy, you will please put in the Museum:—

Pronounced as one letter, and written with three,
Two letters there are, and two only in me;
I'm double, I'm single, I'm black, blue, and gray,
I am read from both ends, and the same either way.
I am restless and wandering, steady and fixed,
And you know not one hour what I may be the next.
I melt, and I kindle—beseech, and defy,
I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry.
I am scornful and scowling, compassionate, meek;
I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak.
I'm piercing and clean, I am heavy and dull;
Expressive and languid, contracted and full.
I'm a globe and a mirror, a window, a door,
An index, an organ, and fifty things more.
I belong to all animals under the sun,
And to those who were long understood to have none.
My language is plain, tho' it cannot be heard,
And I speak without even pronouncing a word.
Some call me a diamond—some say I am jet;
Others talk of my water, or how I am set.
I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,
And an isle of the sea in the Irishman's dream.
The earth without me would no loveliness wear,
And sun, moon, and stars, at my wish disappear.
Yet so frail is my tenure, so brittle my joy,
That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

Oh, Mr. Merry! I do wish you were here, to spend a few days in Madisonville with us; it is so delightful here now. We would have "*Merry*" times, I assure you.

From your little friend,

SUSA PERKINS.

What vessel is that which is always asking leave to move?

Translate the following into Latin:—

42, 8 rocks, e e e e e e e e e e, 46, 2, 14, 8, 0.

Why is a coward like a mouse trap?

Why is green grass like a mouse?—HATCHET.





THE TRAVELLERS' REST. See page 221.



July.

IT is the high noon of Summer. The sun has travelled as far north as he is allowed to come, and, having made his best bow, has already turned his fiery coursers southward. Under the genial influences of his brief visit, the frozen regions of the north have been smiling, budding, blooming, and laughing outright with gladness. The merry birds have sung him welcome, and sent out their little fledglings to chant his praises, and beg him to prolong his visit. The bright, blushing flowers have joined in the chorus, and sent up the ceaseless incense of their sweetest perfume, to tempt him to stay. But he is a rigidly systematic old fellow, and perfectly understands his own business, so that if all the men, women and children of the north should join their voices, or put their names to the humblest petition, he

would not delay his departure a single day.

Well, two things are certain, and in them we will rejoice and be thankful. He leaves many a blessing behind him, which, with prudent care on our part, will last till he comes back. And then, he is just as regular and punctual in returning to us, as he is in leaving us. He never disappoints our expectations. So we will thankfully take what he gives us, and improve it to the best advantage.

This is just what the industrious thrifty farmer is doing. The bright smiles of the sun have made the grass spring and grow, till all the fields are waving like seas of verdure and bloom. The farmer has sweet grass enough in his pastures, to feast and fatten his cattle through the summer. He will therefore cut the tall grass that waves in the meadows

and fields, and make it into hay for winter use. He knows the meaning and use of the good old proverb, "make hay while the sun shines." He not only cuts his grass early, but he chooses the clear sunny day for doing it, so that it may dry quick, and retain all its sweetness. It is hard work to mow, besides requiring considerable skill to do it well. It is not mere play, as some city folks think, to "toss and spread the new mown grass." There is, we allow, a great deal of poetry in it, as there is in almost all out door agricultural labor. But there is toil, and weariness too. And many a stout and brave merchant, or merchant's clerk, who thinks he works hard all day, would faint under it, in a very few hours. The farmer's life is a happy one, and the most independent and natural that man can enjoy.

Pictures.

We trust our young friends will not complain of the scarcity of pictures in this number; though, having a Hatchet for Editor, they had good reason to suppose that the work would be amply illustrated with *cuts*, if nothing else. The truth is, we have so much interesting matter on hand, that we are crowded for room, and cannot conveniently accommodate any more pictures. Besides, Mr. Merry has not returned from Europe, nor sent us any of those new cuts, which he promised when he went away. He is enjoying the wonderful sights of the old world, and his cozy chats and rambles with his ancient friend, Peter Parley, to such an extent, that he finds no time to

look after the Museum, or send forward the pictures. We don't like to repeat the old ones too often. We have already been detected, and shall not try it again willingly. We mean to chop out new stories and riddles, and hew our way so into the heart of juvenile literature, and split up its blocks into so many new and fanciful shapes, that the pictures shall not be missed. If we do not succeed in this, it will not be for want of trying; and we are sure our good-natured young friends will "take the will for the deed."

Warming a Room.

ONE cold night in February, a traveller entered the log-house of a Georgia planter, in an unsettled part of the State. A glorious pine-knot wood fire blazed on the hearth, but the apartment was exceedingly uncomfortable from the fact that all the doors and windows stood wide open, admitting the full current of cold air upon one side of those within, while the other was fairly roasting.

"Well, stranger," said the planter, "I don't know how it is; I keep these tarnation great fires a-going all day long, as you see, but somehow or other the rooms ain't the thing, no how."

"Shall I teach you how to make them comfortable?" asked the traveller.

"Why, I reckon I wish you would."

The stranger rose and closed the doors and windows.

"Well, I declare, that is more comfortable, anyhow. I tell you what, old woman," he added, turning to his wife, "*you must recollect that.*"

Dr. Alcott's Enigma.

THE readers and contributors to the Museum are so full of enigmas, now-a-days, that everything of that description seems to claim attention. Some of you may have seen a very beautiful enigma, published some twenty years ago by Dr. Alcott. It is called "*The house I live in.*" It is a riddle all the way through, although, in the original, it is so explained and illustrated, that the reader soon discovers the solution.

With a few alterations and omissions, designed only to conceal the solution, we here give the introductory part of it, and hope our young friends will find pleasure and profit in studying it. We may give you more of it at some future time; though we imagine that most of you will hunt up the original, and read it all, before we have a chance to publish another portion.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

Now, my young friends, I am going to tell you about the house I live in. You will wonder what I can have worth telling about a *house*; for the world, you will say, is full of houses; and so it is. There are several hundred millions of them in the world, very *much* like mine; and yet there is not one in the whole number that resembles it *exactly*.

It has been built nearly forty years. When first made, it was very small. At the end of five years, it had grown considerably; but it was *then* only

about a quarter as large as it now is. Now it is as large as it ever will be.

Another thing. We have been accustomed to think that houses decay before they have been built forty years; and wooden ones very often do. Mine, on the contrary, has been growing stronger and better, every year, since it was built.

One thing more, still. Several people usually live together in one house; sometimes four or five; sometimes ten; and sometimes a great many more. In cities, such as Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, there from twenty to fifty people in one house. Even in New York and Boston, there are often a great number of poor people huddled together in the same building. It is said that one house in New York, only two stories high, contains one hundred and forty-four people!

But I live entirely alone. Yet I am not often alone, either. There are usually *multitudes* all around me. When I say I live alone, I mean that no person but just myself lives in the same house with me. Besides, nobody ever occupied it before I did, and nobody will ever live in it, after I have done with it.

Why do you smile? Do you think I am trifling with you, or deceiving you? By no means. Only have patience with me till I get a little farther with my story, and you will then see that I have told you nothing but the truth.

My house is two stories high. Its

main body stands up from the ground on two posts, or pillars. These pillars, or posts, are not fastened so that they cannot stir. They move about, and even bend, and yet the house seldom falls ; or if it does, it is soon placed upright on the pillars again ; and usually without any injury. So you see it is not like the houses in Siam, for the pillars on which they stand do not move. They are built on posts, to secure the inhabitants from the yearly floods of the rivers.

In Amsterdam some of the buildings stand on a great many posts driven into the soft, wet ground, close together. The State House stands on more than thirteen hundred of these. My house is not a thousandth part as large as those of Amsterdam ; nor very much like them in shape.

But I will tell you what my house is a *little* like. Sometimes the people of India build a kind of tower, on the back of a tame elephant, in which several—I believe sometimes twenty of them—ride about.

Did I tell you that besides being two stories high, my house has a cupola ? Well, it has ; and the windows and doors are in the cupola. There are several doors, but only two windows.

"A very odd house," you will say. But I have not told all about it yet. I have only just begun. I have not yet told you about its covering, the number of apartments in each story, their uses, and furniture ; and how they are warmed, cleansed, and aired. Nor have I told you much about the cupola, which is the

most curious part of the building, after all. Many people think I live wholly in the cupola ; but they are mistaken ; for I live all "about the house" at one and the same time ; though if you wish to speak with me, it must be done through the cupola.

You know that when a house is to be built, they first lay a foundation wall, or *underpinning*, as some call it. This wall is laid very firm and strong ; and it sometimes takes a great while to complete it. But it is always best to take time enough to begin a building right, especially to lay the foundation. When it is completed, the building rests on this underpinning.

In my case, it is not made of brick, or stone,—as foundation walls commonly are—but of a peculiar kind of substance, not used in any other kind of houses.

The bottom, or foot, of each of these two pillars consists of twenty-six pieces, some larger, and others smaller. They are all very neatly framed together, so that they look like one piece.

The rest of each pillar consists of two long pieces, standing upright on the foot, and another single piece, about the same length, standing on *them*. On the top of these upper single pieces, the sills of the building are laid.

When the covering of the house is all on, and the rooms divided off by partitions, and the walls and ceilings lined and plastered, these foundation timbers will bend about in almost every direction, just as I wish to have them. Yet the house, as I have told you before, hardly ever falls.

I say it hardly ever falls ; but it would often do so, if I did not hold it. The very instant I leave off bracing or holding it, down it drops like a log. But what is rather odd, I can hold it up now, just as long and as easily as I could thirty years ago, when it was only a quarter as large.

I told you I lived all over the house—in every part of it. You will probably inquire if I live in the underpinning. Yes, I do ; at least in some parts of them, for if you cut one of them in two, or strike it hard, I should know it in an instant, and cry out from the door for help. Could this happen if there were nobody there, or if the owner was gone from home ?

So you see, that I live in all parts of my house ;—even in the frame of it : yes, even in the underpinning. You

must know, too, that I am always at home. I never went out of my building in my life. Yet I *look* out often, and I go abroad too, when I choose ; but if I wish to travel abroad, whether I walk, or ride on horseback, or in a carriage, or even in a ship, I take my house with me. This, I confess, is nothing very strange ; for the snail, oyster, lobster, &c., do the same thing.

I do not hold up my house every moment, it is true ; for I often sit down and rest. Besides this, I usually sleep six hours in every twenty-four ; and when I sleep, I lay the house down on one side ; and what may seem a little strange, I never break, in this way, the smallest article of furniture. I could lay it down a hundred times an hour, and not break so much as a pane of glass.

Balloon Travels.

MERRY AND HIS FRIENDS.—THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

[Continued from page 140.]

James. Well, now, Mr. Merry, here we are, sailing along over the Hellespont, and it is a good time to tell us the story of the Golden Fleece, as you promised.

Ellen. Oh yes, the story of the Golden Fleece ! What a pretty name for a story.

Seth. Yes—but only think of a woolly fleece, made of gold ! It seems to me the very idea is absurd.

Ellen. Oh, that may be, if we regard it as a matter of fact.

Seth. Well, after all, I like matters of fact better than matters of fancy.

Ellen. But don't you like the story of Robinson Crusoe ?

Seth. Yes, but that's all true.

Ellen. No, indeed ; it is only a fancy story.

Seth. Robinson Crusoe a fancy story ? No, no, Ellen, I can't believe that.

Ellen. Is it not so, Mr. Merry ?

Merry. Certainly.

Seth. Robinson Crusoe a mere picture, a romance, a make believe ! Well, well,

I'm sure I don't know what to believe, and what not to believe.

Merry. You will learn in due time, Seth; a boy only nine years old can hardly expect to have learnt everything that is good and everything that is evil on the tree of knowledge. You may be excused for thinking the tale of Robinson Crusoe a true story, for two reasons. In the first place it is written with great art, so as to make it seem as if it was a narrative of real events. It was written by a man named Defoe, who was very celebrated for his simple, easy, and natural style of writing.

Seth. Yes, I suppose he was like Bill Berry.

Merry. How was that?

Seth. Why all the boys at school said he told a lie with such an honest face, that nobody could help believing him.

Merry. Yes, but they found him out, did they not?

Seth. At last—yes.

Merry. Well, then, he failed in his purpose, which was to deceive; he was detected, and of course despised. Now the writer of the story of Robinson Crusoe intended no deception; it is true you, a boy of nine years, thought it historical, but this was only a momentary error, and sure to be corrected. He wrote the book to give pleasure, and, in order to amuse the imagination, he adopted a style of writing which made the narrative seem like truth, but every reader of experience would of course see that it was a fiction. He was no doubt aided in his work by following an outline or basis of fact. Alexander Selkirk,

a Scotch sailor, was really left alone on the island of Juan Fernandez, in the Pacific Ocean, for four years. Here he built himself a hut, raised goats, and amused himself with the chase. It is out of this slight foundation that Defoe drew the ingenious story of Robinson Crusoe, so full of natural adventures, incidents, and accidents.

Seth. Well, after all, I was not so far out of the way; it seems that there really was a Robinson Crusoe, only his true name was Alexander Selkirk.

Merry. Very well said, Seth, and now let us apply your remark. You think the idea of the Golden Fleece is absurd, and so you would no doubt reject the whole story as a ridiculous fable; yet, after all, there was no doubt an actual basis of truth for the story.

Seth. Well, if there is a sprinkling of truth in it, I should like to hear it.

James. Yes, yes—the story!

Merry. Very well. You will understand that the period of which I am going to speak is very remote—some fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, and soon after the principal states of Greece were founded. At that time there lived in Bœotia a king of a small state whose name was Athamas. He married Nephele, by whom he had two children, a son and a daughter, named Phrixus and Helle. After a time he divorced Nephele and married Ino, daughter of the celebrated Cadmus, about whom some very droll stories are told. One of these is too good to be missed.

Being in search of his sister Europa,

who had been carried off by Jupiter, Cadmus went to the Delphic oracle, to make inquiries about her. This advised him to trouble himself no more about Europa, but to follow a cow for his guide, and to build a city where she should lie down. Cadmus determined to obey, and as he was going through Phocis he met a cow, which he followed for a long time, till at last she laid down.

Here he made preparations to build the city, but being in want of water he sent some of his companions to a neighboring spring to fetch a supply, but what was their amazement and terror to find the spring guarded by an enormous serpent. In a moment the monster rushed upon them and destroyed them. Cadmus flew to the spot, engaged the serpent in single combat, and after a terrible fight cut off his head.

He was instructed by the goddess Minerva to scatter a portion of the teeth of the monster in the ground, like seed. This he did, and immediately every tooth sprang up an armed man. These persons immediately got into a quarrel, and in the fight all were killed but five. These joined Cadmus and his remaining companions, and together they built the city of Thebes, which afterwards became one of the most powerful states of Greece.

After a time Cadmus married Harmonia, the daughter of Mars and Venus. The wedding was celebrated with great pomp at the palace of the bridegroom, Jupiter and all the other gods quitting Olympus to be present at the ceremony.

We surely might expect something marvellous to happen to the princess Ino, the fruit of this union.

I have said that she became the wife of Athamas, after he had divorced Nephele, the mother of Phrixus and Helle. Ino soon grew jealous of these children and determined to destroy them. For this purpose she persuaded the women of the country round about to parch the seed corn without letting their husbands know of it. This they did; the parched corn was sown, and, of course, yielded no crop.

In consequence, the country was threatened with a terrible famine. The king sent to the oracle at Delphi, to inquire in what way this terrible calamity might be arrested. The messenger, on his return, was persuaded by Ino to say that Apollo directed Phrixus to be sacrificed to Jupiter. This was a terrible blow to king Athamas, the father, but the frightened people became clamorous and compelled him to bring his son before the altar for sacrifice.

But it appears that Nephele, the mother, knew what was going on, and accordingly, just in the nick of time, she snatched away both her son and daughter, and placed them on the back of a golden-fleeced ram, which had been provided for the purpose by the god Mercury. Upon this they were carried through the air, over sea and land.

Seth. Well, I suppose this golden-fleeced ram was nothing but a balloon like ours.

Merry. Perhaps so, though that would be a new interpretation of the fable. It

appears that the young voyagers proceeded in a northeasterly direction, toward the Euxine or Black Sea, their design being to go to Colchis, situated upon its border. They proceeded safely till they came to the narrow strait lying between Europe and Asia, now called the Dardanelles. Here poor Helle slipped off the back of the ram, fell into the sea, and was drowned. This was afterwards called the Hellespont by the Greeks, and is thus frequently designated even in modern times.

Phrixus continued his aerial journey till he came to Colchis, situated upon the mountainous borders of the Euxine Sea at the eastern extremity. The country now bears the name of Minpelia, lying between Circassia and Georgia. Here he addressed himself to King Ætes, who received him kindly, and, after a time, gave him his daughter Chalciopé in marriage. He then sacrificed his ram to Jupiter, as a token of gratitude for the happy termination of his voyage.

The golden fleece, which it seems was very magnificent, he gave to his father-in-law, who nailed it to an oak in the grove of Mars. Here it became an object of great attention, and it would appear that its fame travelled all over Greece.

Now, about these days, there was a king of Iolcos, in the northern part of Greece, named Æson. He was dethroned by his brother Pelias, who reigned in his stead. In order to assure his throne to himself, Pelias sought to take the life of young Jason, son of the dethroned king.

To save him his parents said that he was dead, and mean time secretly conveyed him by night to Chiron, who was the most celebrated of the Centaurs, a tribe living in the Thessalian mountains, with the heads of men and the bodies and legs of horses. Chiron appears to have been endowed with extraordinary skill and knowledge, and became the teacher not only of Jason, but of Hercules, Esculapius, Achilles, and other celebrated personages.

When Jason, who had been instructed in all the arts and accomplishments of that period, had reached the age of twenty, he set out to go to Colchis, and claim the rights of his family. On his way he came to a river, swollen by the rains, over which he was carried by Juno, Jupiter's wife, who changed herself into an old woman for the occasion. He, however, lost one of his sandals.

On his arrival at Iolcos, the singularity of his dress, the fairness of his complexion, and the wearing of but one sandal, attracted attention, and drew a crowd around him in the market-place. Among the rest king Pelias came to see him, and having been warned by an oracle to beware of a man who should appear at Colchis, with one foot bare and the other shod, he became alarmed. He asked him who he was, and Jason mildly answered his question, and added that he had come to demand the kingdom of his father.

Jason then proceeded to the house of Æson, who, it seems, was living there as a private citizen. He was received joyfully by the father, as well as by his

brothers and uncles. They all assembled, and, after five days' feasting and talking, they went in a body to Pelias, to demand the throne for Jason which he had unjustly taken away from Æson, his father.

Pelias at once consented, upon condition that he should retain his herds and pastures, which, in these days, formed a valuable portion of a king's possessions. At the same time he cunningly advised Jason to go rather and get the Golden Fleece, as being more worthy of the enterprise, courage, and ambition of a youthful prince, than to settle down as the mere ruler of a small kingdom like Iolcos.

He also promised Jason that if he would bring to him the Golden Fleece, he would immediately surrender the kingdom to him. Jason consented, and caused a vessel to be built, to which he gave the name of *Argo*, from *Argus*, the name of the builder. It is said that *Minerva* assisted the architect in its construction, and when at last the voyage was terminated successfully, the goddess translated the vessel to the skies, where it became one of the constellations. Yet such was the infant state of navigation at that period, that this famous ship was nothing but an open boat, perhaps fifty feet in length, and propelled by oars.

Everything in those days must have a religious beginning, the result of which and the object of which was to give the control of public as well as private affairs to the king and priests, who managed the oracles. Jason was di-

rected, by the oracle he consulted, to invite the greatest heroes of the age to share in the dangers and the glories of the voyage. The call was immediately responded to, and numerous sons of gods, heroes, and kings, hastened to put themselves under his command, in obedience to it.

The whole number was fifty, including *Hercules*, *Castor* and *Pollux*, sons of *Jupiter*; *Pelias* and *Theseus*, valorous and renowned adventurers, with many others. Among them was *Idmon*, the prophet, and son of *Apollo*; *Mopsus*, also a prophet, from *Thessaly*; *Orpheus*, the god musician, son of *Calliope*, the muse of poetry and eloquence; the steersman was named *Tiphis*.

When the hearers were all assembled, *Mopsus*, the prophet, examined the bowels of an ox, which he slew in order to determine whether the omens were favorable. However absurd such things appear, they were universal in those days, the sailing of fleets, the marching of armies, the accepting or refusing battle—the most important, as well as the most familiar affairs of life, were made to depend upon the palpitating entrails of beasts, the flight of birds, the cackling of geese, and other events according as they presented themselves to the mind or fancy of capricious, and often, no doubt, of deceitful and juggling soothsayers.

On the present occasion, the signs were propitious, and amid a crowd of admiring spectators, the fifty adventurers launched their boat upon the *Ægean* sea. *Orpheus* sang, striking his sound-

ing lyre in concert with the plashing oars of the Argonauts.

Starting from Thebes they reached the mouth of the bay of Pagasæ the first day. After entering the Ægean sea, they turned to the north, passed the coast of Thessaly, and skirting the western shore, at last reached Lemnos.

Having remained here for some time, they departed, and passed through the Hellespont into the Propontis, now called the sea of Marmora. Here they came to a lofty hill inhabited by giants with six arms. These they slew.

Again they put to sea and reached Mysia, where they left Polyphemus, and Hercules. Being thrown by a storm upon the coast of Thrace, they delivered Phineus, the king of the place, from the harpies, three terrible monsters, with the faces of women, and the wings, claws, and bodies of birds. These hideous creatures were not only offensive to the sight, but they filled every place they came into with the vilest odor.

They had been sent by the gods to punish Phineus for some crime: accordingly when food was set before him, and he was about to eat, these monsters rushed in, and seizing a part of the food, defiled the rest in such a manner that no mortal could endure it. The Argonauts, having consulted Phineus, as to their future course, he gave them directions, upon condition that they should drive the harpies away, which they did.

At length, they came to two rugged islands at the entrance of the Euxine

sea, called Cyanæ. These floated about, and sometimes crushed vessels to pieces that attempted to pass between them. They were even supposed to be alive, and to move back and forth more swiftly than the winds. But it was decreed that they should become fixed in the sea like other rocks, whenever a vessel should succeed in passing between them.

This was accomplished by the Argo. Phineus had directed Jason and his companions to let fly a pigeon as they came to this dangerous passage, and that if it went safely over, they might follow in the same direction. This was done, and the pigeon proceeded with no other accident than the loss of its tail. The Argonauts followed, and rowing vigorously over, and being aided also by Juno and Minerva, they passed through with the loss only of a part of the stern works of their vessel. From that time, agreeably to the decree, these rocks became fixed. Homer calls them *wanderers*, and gives the most poetic account of them.

The Argonauts, having entered the Euxine sea, met with a great variety of adventures. Idmon, the seer, received a fatal wound from the tusks of a wild boar. Tiphys, the helmsman, died, and Ancaeus took his place. Following the southern coast of the sea, they came to the island of Aritius, which was haunted by birds that shot feathers at them, sharp as arrows, from their wings. These, they drove off by clattering on their shields.

While at this island they met with

the sons of Phrixus, who were cast upon the shore by a storm. These were on their way to Greece, having been sent by Ætes to claim the kingdom of their deceased father. These became the guides of the Argonauts to Colchis, and they speedily reached the capitol, which bore the name of Ææ.

Thus the Argonauts had arrived at the end of their journey, a distance not exceeding six hundred miles, and which is now the voyage of a week. With Jason and his companions it appears to have required several months. Such are the exaggerations of the fabulous periods of history.

Jason explained the object of his voyage to king Ætes, but he appears to have been in a great fury. He consented to give up the Golden Fleece, provided Jason would perform certain marvellous feats all in one day. He must tame two bulls, the gifts of Vulcan to Ætes, which had brazen feet, and breathed flames from their throats. When he had yoked these, he was to plough with them a piece of ground, and sow it with the serpent's teeth which Ætes possessed, for Minerva had given him one half of those that Cadmus obtained at Thebes. If Jason failed to perform these successively, he and the Argonauts were to be slaves.

Our hero was, of course, in despair, but Medea, the daughter of Ætes, who was an enchantress, and had fortunately fallen in love with him, gave him a salve to rub his body, shield, and spear. This enabled him to perform the prodigious task, but Ætes still refused to

give up the Golden Fleece, and even meditated burning the Argo and slaying her crew.

Medea, however, anticipated him. At night she led Jason to the Golden Fleece. With her drugs she cast to sleep the enormous serpent which guarded it, so that he was able to take it with him. Before the morning Medea, with the Argonauts, had departed from Colchis. They reached the Ægean Sea, and after a very circuitous voyage, during which they experienced a multitude of strange adventures, they finally returned to Iolcos, having been absent a period of about four months. S. G. G.

[To be continued.]

EASTERN MODE OF MEASURING TIME.

—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes to the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the hour for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil, says, "Why did you not come sooner? Because I waited for my shadow." In the 7th chapter of Job we have it written, "As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow."

MAN is but a little thing in the midst of the objects of nature; yet, by the moral quality radiating from his countenance, he may abolish all considerations of magnitude, and, in his manners, equal the majesty of the world.

Adventures of Gilbert Go-Ahead.

[Continued from page 156.]

AS speedily as possible I made my preparations to quit Nishapoor, and proceed on my journey. My intention was to go to Teheran, the capital of Persia. This lies to the west a distance of more than three hundred miles, the route leading, for the most part, through a rugged, wild and mountainous country.

Having exchanged my little cob of a horse for a more lively animal, I joined a small caravan of traders, and we set forward. Nishapoor is situated in the province of Khorassin, a term which signifies *Country of the Law*. The southern part of the district is a saline desert, which is frequently swept by a terrible wind called the *Simoon*. The northern portions consist of lofty and rugged ridges, and fertile valleys between.

Cattle-feeding is the chief employment of the inhabitants of the desert. There are among them, however, bands of Turcomans, Roords, and Djeleis, who live by plunder, being mounted on swift camels or horses, and roaming about from place to place, restless as vultures, seeking whom they may devour.

Our company proceeded at the rate of about twenty miles a day, and at the end of a week they had performed more than half the journey. At last we came to a narrow pass, lying between two rocky mountains. The place was exceedingly wild, and scarcely allowed a

pathway between the enormous rocks that had fallen from the impending cliffs on both sides, and choked up the valley. This place was regarded with a degree of terror, partly on account of its natural wildness, partly because it had the reputation of being haunted by wolves, and more than all because it was the rendezvous of robbers.

As we approached the place, our whole party became watchful, and every man prepared for defence. Some were armed with pistols, some with knives, others with scimitars, and three or four with long spears. One or two ferocious looking fellows were provided with all these weapons.

For myself, not being aware of the danger, I was entirely unarmed, and would have given a good price for one of Colt's revolvers, or Sharpe's rifles; but these were out of the question. After a good deal of dickering, I bought a pistol of one of our company, a trading Armenian, who, like the greater part of our caravan, was on his way from Cabul to Damascus, or some of the intermediate capitals.

On examining the piece, however, I found it perfectly useless. I could think of nothing better than to cut myself a club about five feet in length, which, being of wood in the sap, was very heavy, and a formidable weapon. I took care to place myself about the middle of the caravan, in the rear of a brawny Syrian, armed to the teeth, my

idea being that he would take the brunt of the battle, if we should actually meet with an enemy.

It was just at evening that we entered this formidable pass, which bore the name of the *Tiger's Throat*. The moon was nearly at its full, and in a short time was visible over the mountains to the east. In a safe country and a pleasant state of mind, the full moon is a cheerful companion, and seems to throw a pleasant calm over the feelings; but in a wild region where the rocks around seem naturally to assume the appearance of bears, lions, and tigers, and especially where these frightful images seem to acquire life and activity from the legends which haunt the place, the moon serves only to excite the terrors of the imagination.

The grisly images around become more frightful in the pale light that seems, after all, only to give relief and boldness to the monsters that crouch in the shadows. It may be well understood, therefore, that the minds of our party were wrought up to the highest pitch by the time we reached the middle of the valley, where, we had reason to suppose, that the terrible Turcomans might rush upon us.

At this critical moment there was a sudden sound, like the rush of a horseman, down the rocky sides of the mountain. "They come, they come," burst in a wild shout from the whole line of our caravan. At the same moment every man was seen to put his horse to the gallop, and rush headlong through the various windings of the pass. Some

went forward, some dashed into the ravines at the side, some turned backward, and scampered away as fast as they could go.

For my part I stood still, holding my pistol in my left hand, which I intended to show as a warning, while I grasped my green shillelah in the right, for service. I waited several minutes, but no enemy appeared; I therefore moved forward, and soon put my horse into a smart trot. As I was descending a rocky declivity, I suddenly came upon a hideous fellow, armed with a spear at least eight feet long, a carbine, and other weapons.

As the full moonlight fell upon him, I could see that he was a man of great strength, and well mounted. He did not give me time to turn about and run, as I thought of doing, but, uttering a yell of "Allah il Allah," he came at me in a furious gallop. "Bunker Hill and Buena Vista," said I, at the same time rising in my stirrups and whirling my club round in the air, as I had seen the Murphys do at New York.

Whiz came the spear close to my ear, and a moment after my enemy assaulted me with his scimitar. I expected to see my head fly off like a popped corn. Nevertheless, I swung my shillelah about, and taking advantage of a good opportunity, gave the fellow a slap at the side of the head which tumbled him off his horse, and sent him rolling over the rocks like a sack of meal. I immediately seized the bridle of his horse, and leading him by my side, trotted rapidly along through the dell.

I pursued what I supposed to be the road till morning. I was astonished, and wondered what had become alike of the enemy and of my companions. The weather was clear, and though I was not sure that I was in the right path, I could see from the rising sun that I was going in the right direction. Continuing my journey, after two days' solitary travel I came to the town of Demavend, which is a small place situated at the foot of a mountain of the same name.

This is the loftiest peak of the celebrated Elburze range, which extends in a bending line across the whole of Northern Persia. It is in fact a part of the chain which reaches, under various names, across the whole of Central Asia, from the borders of the Black Sea to the eastern shores of China. Mount Demavend is fifteen thousand feet high. It has a conical shape, with a crater at the top, which shows that it has been volcanic. It yields large quantities of pumice stone and pure sulphur. Around its base are numerous hot springs.

I remained at this place two or three days, to recruit and examine my prize, consisting of a horse I had captured from the Turcoman, together with the contents of the burthen he bore.

These I found to consist of merchandise of various kinds, of immense value. There were not only some exquisite rings, pendants, bracelets, and other ornaments, set with rubies, diamonds, and other precious stones, from Golconda, but there were three magnificent shawls from Cashmere; a box of one hundred and sixteen superb turquoises

of the largest and purest kind; several pieces of the most beautiful India muslin that I have ever seen; nearly a hundred uncut diamonds of various sizes; about two pounds of musk; six pounds of opium, and a variety of other articles of greater or less value. I estimated the whole to be worth at least fifty thousand dollars.

Of course I was in a state of great exultation. "My object is accomplished," said I, "my fortune is made; I can now go back and live like a nabob at Sandy Plain." I could hardly refrain from rushing into the streets and proclaiming my good fortune to the inhabitants of the village. A little reflection, however, satisfied me that I had better keep my own counsel. I repacked my precious stones, sold my own horse, and set out upon the one I had taken, to Teheran.

The next day I arrived at this city, which is the winter capital of Persia. It looks well as you approach it, its mosques, colleges, and caravanseries being numerous and in good condition. It has also several well furnished shops and bazaars, and a few handsome palaces belonging to the Persian nobility. There are two royal palaces, one in the city, and another on a hill in the vicinity. It is surrounded by an earthen wall, and from a distance, as I have said, has a picturesque appearance, but the streets within the city consist of low houses built of earth, and have a most mean and muddy appearance.

I took up my residence at one of the caravanseries, and being now easy in my

circumstances, I indulged myself in a few luxuries which I considered no more than my due, after the many hardships, sufferings, and privations I had endured. But misfortune seems generally nearest when we least expect it. I was one day walking in the bazaar, dressed in a new turban and rich green surtout, edged with fur and coming down to my heels; on my fingers I had no less than seven magnificent rings, and wore a breast-pin worth at least five hundred dollars. In fact, I was attired like a prince, and I have an idea that I looked like one.

As I passed through the crowd everybody turned and looked at me. I drew myself up to my full height and towered head and shoulders above the mass around me. But suddenly I saw myself surrounded by a set of desperate looking fellows, armed with scimitars, blue jackets and red turbans. I had not time to say a word before I was seized and trotted off through the streets, a crowd of loafers and vagabonds—men, women, and children—trudging after us, and chattering like so many geese.

At last we arrived at a dark looking stone building, the door of which was speedily opened, and in I was thrust, my captors following me. Here we paused a moment, and there was a consultation. I took advantage of the opportunity to ask the leader of the band what I was to understand by all this violence. The man gazed at me a moment, but made no reply. I then addressed the whole company as follows:—

“This may be very good sport for you, gentlemen, but it is not pleasant to me. I have always understood that the Persians were a polite people, but never in my life have been treated so rudely. Here am I, a stranger, in Teheran, quietly and innocently walking the streets, when I am suddenly seized and hurried off to prison. Nobody condescends to tell me the crime of which I am accused; no opportunity is given for explanation or defence.

“This is not only a breach of good manners, but it is a violation of justice and law, as understood in civilized countries. You had better take care of what you do, I belong to the universal Yankee Nation, which beat the British, thrashed the Algerines, conquered Mexico, and swallowed California whole. You’d better look out I say, General Pierce is President, and if he hears of the manner in which you treat a citizen of the United States, he’ll make you pay dear for it.”

Having made this speech, I looked round to observe its effect, but the fellow said nothing, and all looked the other way. In a short time, a small fat man, of a sallow and feminine look, and a black turban on his head, came with a bunch of enormous keys. We followed him between a long range of rooms till we came to a stone archway. Here the little sallow man put in a key and opened a heavy door. In I was thrust, the door was locked, and I was left to myself.

Here was a pretty adventure. What a terrible downfall of my fortunes! The

place was as dark as pitch, and very damp withal. I tried to whistle Yankee Doodle, but there was no music in me, which is pretty good evidence that I felt my situation to be rather a discouraging one. After a time I began to feel a little better, and concluding that matters would mend some time or other, sat down upon a stone seat and considered my ways and means.

To make a long story short, I was taken out at the end of three days, and brought before the criminal court of Teheran. There were four judges, who wore turbans as big as a half-bushel basket. I was charged with robbing Malek Taroum al Taroum, a merchant of Armenia, in a fierce and felonious manner.

The crime was stated to have taken place by night, in the pass of the Tiger's Throat. The indictment set forth the event as one of the most horrible crimes that had ever been committed. Malek had been knocked down, stripped from his horse, tumbled over the rocks, and left for dead, while the robber fled with his horse, carrying off rich treasures of untold value.

Never was a man more completely thunderstruck than I was at this accusation, and what was worse, the story was substantially true. The sufferer was now brought forward as a witness, and, to my amazement, I perceived that he was one of my companions on the journey from Nishapoor. In a moment I saw the whole truth. Somehow or other this man and myself, during the alarm in the valley, had mistaken each

other for enemies. Each had taken the other for a Turcoman. In the battle I had come off victorious, and supposed that the effects of my robber enemy were the lawful spoils of war. He, too, had taken me for a Turcoman, and finding me at Teheran caused me to be arrested and taken before the court.

I allowed the case to proceed till the witness had told his story, in which, by the way, he had adhered to the truth, except the addition of a few flourishes, setting forth his valorous achievements in the combat. I then asked permission of the court to cross question the witness. This was granted, and we proceeded as follows:—

"You say that your name is Malek Taroum al Taroum?"

"It is," was the answer.

"You have been on a trading expedition to Cabul, and you were returning to your native country, which is Armenia?"

"Yes."

"At Nishapoor you were joined by a stranger, who accompanied you as far as the Tiger's Pass. This stranger purchased of you an old pistol, and gave you five dollars for it, as a means of defence against the Turcomans who were expected to attack the caravan. The pistol was good for nothing, and, of course, you cheated the stranger?"

"It was a fair bargain, the man saw what he bought."

"Well, was this the pistol?" As I said this, I handed it to him, for I happened to have it in my pocket.

"It is the same," said Malek, after a slight examination.

"Look at me," said I, lifting my turban, "am not I the stranger to whom you sold the pistol?"

Malek looked amazed, but answered in the affirmative.

"One thing more," said I. "In the fright, occasioned among our party in the Tiger's Throat, you got bewildered and turned backward, as you have already related. You met me in your path, and violently assaulted me. In the battle you were defeated. It would appear then that you sought my life, while I acted from self-defence. I took your property, as belonging to me, of right, because I was the victor in a deadly encounter. Now, it appears to me, that we should exchange conditions; that you should take my place in prison and that I should be set at liberty."

The effect of this upon Malek was like that of a thunder-clap. He saw the full force of what I had stated, and his evident embarrassment convinced the court that my statement was the simple truth.

"What do you say to this?" said one of the judges, addressing Malek.

"Before I answer," said the merchant, "let me ask of the court, whether I could not claim my goods, even supposing the stranger has told the truth?"

"That will be for the court to consider," said the judge. "Let us first have the facts. Was the caravan actually attacked in the Tiger's Pass by the Turcomans?"

"I believe not," said Malek. "So far as I can learn the caravan was frightened by some accident, perhaps the rolling of

a rock down one of the precipices. The noise sounded to them like the clatter of horses' feet, or the clashing of armed men. Some one cried out, 'They come,' and the whole party scattered."

"It appears to me very obvious," said the judge, "that the prisoner has given a true account of this affair. It explains circumstances which your story would render mysterious and improbable. What have you to say to the prisoner, who claims that you should take his place, and he be set at liberty?"

"And is he to keep my property?" said Malek, with a shudder.

"Why not?" said the judge.

"It was all an innocent mistake on my part," said the merchant, now completely humbled.

"Yes," said the judge, "but you put this man's life in peril. You sought to slay him, and he has escaped only by the will of God. You have pursued him and caused him to be imprisoned. You have arraigned him before this court, and have done what you could to effect his punishment."

"Still I acted without evil motive. I acted under a mistake. I am willing to make compensation."

"How much," said the judge.

Here I begged leave to speak. "Don't be hard upon the merchant," said I; "may it please your honors, I can see that this affair is a blunder from beginning to end. Let me be set at liberty, and I will cheerfully restore to Malek his property. I will leave it to him to make such compensation as he thinks proper."

The Armenian joyfully accepted this arrangement, and the court confirmed it. I was immediately liberated, and went with the merchant to my apartments at the caravanserie, where I delivered him his property. He carefully examined the whole, and compared the articles with his inventory. Everything was there except a single diamond, which I had sold. He took care to assure himself that he was in full possession, and then asked me what I expected in consideration of the circumstances.

"I leave it entirely to you," said I, "you are rich and I am poor. Give me what you please."

"Well," said the Armenian, "you have sold a diamond which was worth five hundred dollars."

"I received but fifty for it," said I.

"It was worth at least five hundred, and that, I think, is ample compensation for your three days' imprisonment."

"As you please," said I, quietly.

"Very well," said he, rising, "if you are content, I am; farewell." Upon this he was about to take his leave, when I said, "Stop a moment, the account is not square. Your liberality leaves me in debt." Upon this I took him by the collar, dragged him through the door out upon the gallery of the caravanserie, brought him to the top of one of the stairways, and giving him a kick, sent him on all fours to the bottom, where he landed safely, in a soft heap of camel's manure.

S. G. G.

[To be continued.]

A Letter from Song-Kong-Ho, of New York, to his brother, Ting-Ting-Tu, in China.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I HAVE told you that we have no king in this country, but that the people govern themselves, just as a people who have any respect for themselves should do. But this is not exactly the case. We have an old king, and he has a queen, (for what king has not?) and they do, in many particulars, regulate the affairs of the nation.

You will laugh, I am sure, when I mention their names—for they are no other than our old king Sol, and his wife Luna, who have reigned so long and so happily, over "the flowery central kingdom." But you will ask, how can they

govern two kingdoms so far distant from each other? I will tell you, for in this free country I have become better acquainted with them than I ever was before. They are a very hard-working couple, and, just as soon as the old king has put you all nicely asleep in China, instead of going to bed himself, as we used to think, he comes over here to take care of us, generally leaving his wife in charge, during his absence.

Now, as I have before said, I deny the divine right of kings and queens, and yet I hardly know what we could do without this venerable pair. Indeed, things look very dark here sometimes,

when they are away in your country. The queen always comes and stays with us when she can possibly make it convenient to do so; and, although she cannot fill her husband's place, we are all very well satisfied when she does her best.

The queen is an estimable woman. She has sometimes been accused of fickleness and inconstancy, but the charge is unjust. There are times, of course, when she cannot give her subjects that attention which they, perhaps reasonably, demand; but this is attributable only to an undue pressure of care and labor. And then, she is an open-hearted, ingenuous woman, a stranger to duplicity. She, unlike most people of my acquaintance, always presents the same face to us, and this, those who know her most intimately, will attest.

The queen's duties are very arduous, such constant travelling must be very fatiguing, and she can never have the society of her husband either at home, or in her journeyings.

She sometimes looks very pale and wan, and we can perceive from night to night that she is wasting away. She has, however, a good constitution, and after taking a little rest, comes out again brighter than ever.

From my heart, I pity the queen, for I believe she has severe *domestic* trials, and those are hardest to bear, you know.

In the first place, the king is a haughty, imperious man, and, I doubt not, acts the tyrant in his family. At least, one would suppose this to be the

case, from his bearing towards his subjects. Why! he has never been known, during his whole existence, to deviate from his prescribed course, or allow his wife to do so, even for the accommodation of his warmest friends.

You never saw a more obsequious company of individuals, than are the agents he employs to transact his business with us. Not one of them has ever been seen to turn, or even to look to the right or left, after once setting out on his mission. I often think Sol must have enforced the injunction of another old king—"Let thine eyes look right on, and thine eyelids look straight before thee"—moreover, he shows himself very arbitrary in many things that pertain to our comfort. For instance in the matter of caloric—he has the entire monopoly of the genuine article, and is reasonably expected to keep us comfortably supplied. Well, the fact is, if he happen to be in one of his generous moods, he will lavish it upon us in such quantities, as quite to oppress us. Then again, he will be economical even to penuriousness; and, were it not for contrivances of our own, to supply the deficiency, we should often suffer extremely.

He has the reputation, however, among poets, of being very generous, and perhaps it is a just one. He makes a great show of his generosity; but I have good authority to believe that he allows the queen no resources of her own, and that she can only act as his agent, when she would dispense favors to us. Why does he not deposit funds

with her, to be used at her own discretion ? The reason is obvious.

Now it seems to me, that if the king were an amiable, affectionate husband, he would desire to live more in the bosom of his family. We know he has in the queen a dutiful and loving spouse. Her husband's smile is everything to her. If his countenance beam upon her, she is the light of the circle in which she moves. But if those beams are withdrawn, as has been frequently noticed, she always retires immediately from observation.

Now, this constant absence of the king, of course, throws all the care of the family upon the queen. Indeed, he has always shown a disposition to keep aloof from his children. It is even said that there are some of them whom he has never seen ; and, so much of a stranger is he to them all, that they invariably run and hide themselves, when they see the old man approaching. Strange as it may seem, Mercury has always been a pet with his father, and the little thief is generally permitted to accompany him in his travels. Venus is also treated with some degree of familiarity. She always sings the old king to sleep, or calls him up in the morning. But as for the other children, he never interests himself in them at all.

Now it is no small matter for a queen, with all her other cares, to train up such a family of children. There is the little hot-headed, fiery Mars—why there is no peace with him, unless he is subjected to the very strictest discipline. And there is that great, overbearing Jupiter, with

all his self-sufficiency ; but his father has bound him with belts and bands, so that he is more manageable than he would otherwise be. And that contemptible, extravagant fop, Saturn, why, he would consume all his father's fortune in ornamenting his own person, if he had it in his power. He has already expended a large portion of it, in two immense rings, in which he is forever flaunting among the higher spheres. Herschel is, I believe, a very good, quiet child, and Neptune, the baby, I know but little about, but we know that babies always require attention. And there is that great, headstrong fellow, Orion, one of a whole family of cousins, of whom the queen has the entire charge. He needs a father's care if a child ever did, and of course, his influence over the other children is very mischievous.

But it was not my intention to give, in this letter, a history of the king and queen and their family, but merely to relate an incident which occurred here a short time since. We have some people in this country, who are very much addicted to prying into the secrets of the royal family, and they learned, by some means, that the king had appointed a meeting with his wife, and even ascertained the very day and hour in which it was to take place. The whole nation was soon informed of the fact, and everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation, as the time drew near, hoping to witness the meeting. Eye-glasses of every size and description were in requisition, I assure you.

And, sure enough, just as we had been told, on the 26th of May, precisely at the hour mentioned, the queen was seen to approach, and throw herself upon the bosom of her husband. There was no ostentation or display. I did not notice even a single attendant. Her dress was dark, and entirely without ornament. Some of the people say they noticed a heavy gold ring, but I saw nothing of the kind, and I know the queen is always exceedingly modest in her attire.

The interview was short, but long enough for the king to speak many pleasant, comforting words to his lovely consort, which thing I suppose he did, for he appeared to be in an unusually amiable mood at the time.

It is said that the queen entreated that they might not again be separated. She told her husband how important it was to the children that he should be with them more. She told him her trials with the boys, and her anxiety about the girls, that Venus was getting so vain and fond of flattery, and that she feared her cousin Cassiopea's health was declining. She could not get her out of her chair from night till morning, and it grieved her, for she knew she ought to have more air and exercise. She did not know but her health had suffered from the constant fear she was in of a Great Bear, who had been prowling about there for a long time, and she hoped some plan might be devised to have the animal captured.

In short, she unbosomed her whole soul to the king, and used every argu-

ment to induce him to a change in their mode of life. And it did seem, for a time, that the old man would for once relent, and yield to the dictates of affection. But it was only for a moment. He told the queen he saw no possible way for them to remain together for the present ; but that if Mercury ever attained sufficient wisdom and stature, he might, at some future day, resign his throne to him, and then they would retire to private life together. He sent strict orders to the boys to be more kind and respectful to their mother—commanded that Auriga should take his sister Cassiopea out riding every day in his wagon, a thing which he had always refused his mother. That Hercules must make it his first business to kill that Great Bear, and its young one, and he would give him permission to make use of all the *poles* and *axes* he could find in the family for the purpose. He suggested that, if Mars continued to manifest such a quarrelsome temper, she might let him go and see the fight which was going on in Europe between a Bear and a Lion about a poor Turkey. It would amuse the boy, he thought, and be a relief to her. As for Saturn, he did not expect to make much of him, but he thought it might be well to mortify his vanity by taking his rings away from him ; and he ordered that an old servant of the family, by the name of Centrifugal Force, should attend to the matter. As for Venus, he could hardly wonder she was vain, she *was* a very handsome child—he did not like to hurt her feelings, but if her mother thought

it best, she might take away her mirror, before which the pert little thing was continually parading.

He sent sundry other messages to his family, and for presents, to each of the boys a beam of light, and some pencils to the girls. Also, he promised the queen another meeting in November next, which I understand is to take place in your country. So you must be on the lookout at that time.

Well, the last word having been spoken, the king kissed his royal consort and they separated. It was a hard parting for her. She lingered wishfully a while, and then withdrew in silence. The king was considerably affected when he saw she was really gone. He withdrew from public gaze, and from court, and retired immediately to his bed, and nothing more was seen of him until the next morning.

I do hope for the queen's sake, they will meet oftener in future, but I suppose theirs is the life of most kings and queens.

Please consider this letter strictly confidential. I would be very unwilling to excite any ill-feeling toward the king. Indeed, he has some redeeming qualities, notwithstanding the many dark spots on his character. He is really a person of warm feelings, although he sacrifices everything to his solar system as he calls it. This system includes even the minutest affairs. Why, he has never but once, in the memory of man, been known to sit up one minute after the prescribed time for retiring. He did wait then to see the close of a battle between the

Israelites and their enemies. But it was by the express command of the King of kings, so that he deserves but little credit, after all, for the accommodating spirit shown on that occasion. But system is excellent in its place, and, no doubt, the king accomplishes much more with it, than he otherwise could.

One thing more I must mention in favor of our sovereign. He loves to see people joyous. He is an avowed enemy to all tears. And just as sure as the earth gets a fit of weeping, he comes and dries up all her tears, and sometimes, to divert her mind from her own griefs, he paints a beautiful picture on the sky, which man has called a rainbow, and on which one never tires of gazing. Now such occasional attentions on his part, of course, have a tendency to endear him to his subjects, and I wish he would practise them more frequently. But the king and queen are growing old as well as we, and, I suppose, must in time wear out. I hope, however, I shall not live to witness a change in the administration, and can pray with sincerity—God save the king. Yours ever,
SONG-KONG-HO.

Riddle.

Add, was the word the master gave to Dick. Dick scratched his head, and looking rather thick, Replied, "*Hereafter it would make it stick.*" "Dick," cried the master, "rudeness is a sin, Behold the stocks, I'll surely put you in." "That," answered Dick, "won't alter it a feather, *Hereafter it would make it hold together.*" "Dick," said the man, "if you insult me so, Your shoulders and my rod I'll put in Co." "Tis all the same," said Dick, "my worthy master,
Hereafter it will make it stick the faster."

The Panther Hunt.

FROM THE GERMAN.—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

THREE powerful, slenderly-formed hounds were coursing along through the dense forest, with their noses close to the ground, sometimes leaving the track amid the dry leaves, and snuffing about the fallen trees, and old, half-decayed trunks, then renewing the chase with loud baying—a certain sign that they were in pursuit of a wild beast, either a bear or a panther, and not the swift-footed deer, which, when it crossed their path, enticed them for a short time only from their track, but never entirely put them on a false scent.

They had now reached a spot, where the object of their chase had evidently delayed for a while, and must have crossed their path, for they often stopped for a moment, and then springing with wild yells back and forth, sought with increased eagerness around some closely-entwined plants, which encircled the spot, forming an almost impassable barrier, but again returned to its centre, there to renew their howls and lamentations.

Suddenly the bushes were pushed aside, and a young man mounted upon a small, black Indian pony, with a broad hunting knife in his hand, which he made use of to cut through the hanging vines, that threatened to drag him from his horse, appeared among the hounds, which, at his sudden appearance, surrounded him for a moment, barking and wagging their tails, and then, incited by the presence of their master, renewed

their search with increased eagerness.

"Right, my good dogs!" cried the young man, checking his horse, while he thrust his knife into its sheath, and placed the long rifle which he carried upon his shoulder, upon the saddle-bow before him, "that's right! seek, seek—you are upon the track, and I think we shall this time catch the thief that has stolen so many of our young pigs—he has escaped us often enough."

"Hip! hip!" he cried, raising himself high in his stirrups, and shouting his hunting cry, as he saw that the oldest of the dogs had suddenly found the track again, and, followed by the others, at once disappeared in the thicket, "hip! hip!" and throwing his rifle again upon his shoulder, he grasped the reins with his right hand, plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks, which reared aloft, and then dashed wildly after the hounds.

Nothing slackened their eagerness; neither the fallen trees, the dense thicket, marshes, nor miry channels; onward they coursed, and the horse, snorting and foaming, followed them with his master, who uttered loud, cheering huzzas:

The hounds now paused anew; this time, however, it was not uncertainty concerning the direction their enemy had taken that restrained their pursuit, for they leaped up, barking and yelling, against a lofty oak, furiously biting the roots and the rough bark of the mighty

tree that gave shelter to their foe, and protected him from his pursuers.

The hunter now appeared on the scene of action, and without waiting for his horse to pause in his career, sprang with a bound from the saddle, leaving the riderless beast to his own will. He then walked slowly about the tree, peering inquisitively through the dense foliage, and at last saw, ensconced between two branches, the form of a living creature, which, nestling closely to one of them, probably thought itself concealed and unobserved.

It was indeed quite dark in the shadow of the thick leaves, and a less practised eye than that of our young forester must have long remained in doubt as to the name and species of the beast that seemed so carefully intent upon withdrawing itself from the view of the hunter below. Wilson's keen glance, however, soon recognized in the cowering form a panther's cub, that was easily betrayed by its long tail, which it was unable to conceal.

He had already raised his rifle, to dislodge the animal from its height, where it doubtless thought itself secure, while the hounds gazed, breathless and expectant, now at the barrel of the rifle, from which they every moment expected to see flame flash forth, now at the top of the tree, in which they knew that their enemy was concealed.

But their low, imploring whine, with which they thought to hasten their master's shot, was this time in vain; the latter appeared suddenly to have changed his mind; he lowered his rifle,

and again began to examine the tree with even greater attention than before.

After a long and careful investigation, he seemed at last to have satisfied himself with regard to what he wished to know; he leaned his rifle against a fallen trunk that lay not far from the tree, unbuckled his belt, in which were thrust a knife and a small tomahawk, drew off his hunting shirt, and then, holding his belt in his hand, returned to the oak, which the hounds, although they had followed attentively every movement of their master, had not quitted for an instant.

"I will try it!" he muttered at last to himself, "I will try and take him alive; if I carry him to Little Rock, I can, with ease, get ten or fifteen dollars for him; if I shoot him, his hide isn't worth much. Besides, the mother must have fled, for I can't see her anywhere in the tree, and for ten dollars a man may very well take a scratching once from such a young chap; so then, my little panther, look out, for I am coming!"

With these words he walked to his horse, which was grazing quietly, unwound a rope that was fastened about his neck, buckled his belt about him again, in which he replaced his knife, leaving his tomahawk and rifle behind him, and began to ascend the huge tree. This he accomplished in the following manner: casting the rope high about the body of the tree, where a knob prevented it from slipping, he seized it by the two ends, and raised himself carefully, now with the right arm, now with

the left, until he reached a part of the trunk, which was sufficiently slender for him to grasp it firmly in his arms. The hounds at once comprehended their master's intention, and sprang, barking and yelping around the roots of the oak.

Slowly and cautiously the hunter climbed the tree to a height of about forty feet, before he reached the lower limb, where he could take breath and rest for a moment. When here, he felt for his knife to see that it was in its place, glanced up at the young panther, which still lay nestling close to the same branch upon which he had first observed it, wound the rope, which he no longer needed for his ascent, about his shoulders, and using the branches as the steps of a natural ladder, ascended rapidly and lightly towards the panther, which lay without stirring indeed, but kept its gloomy eyes fixed upon the approaching enemy.

But other and more ferocious glances observed and watched the progress of the hunter, who had not the slightest presentiment of this new and dangerous neighbor. It was no other than the cub's mother, which, crouching upon the limb of an adjacent tree, the branches of which projected among those of the oak, lay ready to leap, and waving his tail slowly, seemed only to be waiting for the hunter's nearer approach to spring upon the bold aggressor, who ventured to attack her offspring.

Wilson swung himself carelessly from branch to branch, and was already close beneath the young panther, which now rose softly, and raising its back after

the fashion of a cat, stood upon the branch, and looked down at the hunter, as if not yet quite understanding the danger which his presence betokened.

Wilson now paused, unwound the rope from his shoulders, made a noose at one end of it, to cast it over the cub's head, and supporting himself upon two other branches, was in the act of looking up, to avail himself of the proper moment, when he beheld directly opposite to him, at a distance of scarcely ten paces, the glowing eyes of the mother, who, at this instant, was crouching to make a spring.

Reared from childhood in the forest, and familiar with the dangers which so often menace the solitary hunter, he retained in that fearful moment sufficient presence of mind to bring the trunk of the oak instantly, and before his enemy could divine his intention, between him and the beast, which he succeeded in doing by a rapid movement. But it was indeed high time, for at that very moment, the dark form of the panther sprang to the spot which he had just abandoned, and her glowing eyes gazed into those of the undaunted hunter, who, with his left arm wound about a branch, and holding in his right hand a drawn knife, expected every instant to see the infuriated animal leap down upon him.

The panther, however, intimidated by the glance which the hunter kept fixed upon her, seemed satisfied with knowing that her cub was protected, and with carefully watching every movement of her enemy, and kept her present posi-

tion, which was scarcely six feet distant from him.

At first Wilson gave himself up for lost, for although his knife was a good, strong weapon, even against the most dangerous animal, yet the place where he stood, and where the slightest misstep would have hurled him lifeless to the ground, was by no means well calculated for a combat with such an enemy. No sooner, therefore, did he find that his antagonist contented herself with watching him merely, than he rapidly, but carefully, and without any hurried movement which could have alarmed or enraged the monster, restored his knife to its sheath, and slowly commenced to descend the tree.

The panther seeing that he retired farther and farther from her, followed him slowly, and more than once Wilson's hand grasped after his weapon, when he observed the beast's slender form crouched to spring; still, however, the latter could not resolve to venture an open attack, eye to eye.

Thus he reached the lowermost branch, again wound the rope about the trunk, grasped its two ends, and slid carefully, but as rapidly as possible to the ground.

The hounds, in the mean while, had observed their enemy as it had followed their master, and driven to wild fury, at seeing the beast among the branches without being able to reach her, they leaped aloft, and barked and yelled most piteously.

At last Wilson had gained firm ground again; his garments were torn, the blood dropped from his arms, which had

been severely lacerated by the rough bark of the oak, his strength was exhausted, and his knees shook beneath him. Not an instant, however, did he allow himself for repose; he sprang towards the spot where he had left his rifle, grasped it, and raised it to his cheek, to bring the panther from the retreat which it thought so secure. But it was in vain that he endeavored to hold the heavy weapon still and motionless even for a second; his limbs trembled, and he was obliged to cast himself upon the ground to obtain a moment's repose. But not an eye did he turn from the beast, that now cowered closely to the trunk, near its cub, which fearing no more danger, stood upon a somewhat projecting branch, with lifted tail, and rubbed itself comfortably against its mother.

Wilson soon recovered himself, grasped his rifle once more, took a long and sure aim, and the echo of his weapon resounded, thundering, from the distant hills.

The beast, pierced by the fatal bullet, started convulsively, sprang aloft, clambered in wild haste from limb to limb, to the top of the tree; the thin branches yielded beneath her; she had now nearly reached the summit of the oak when the weak foliage gave way; she fell, yet in falling, her powerful claws still grasped at the leaves and tendrils, until at last, with a mighty crash, amid the loud howlings of the dogs, she dropped lifeless at Wilson's feet.

No farther obstacle now stood in the way of his taking the cub alive,

which had anxiously followed its mother to the lowermost branches of the tree, yet his first experiment had too severely exhausted his strength, and he was unable again to attempt the laborious task. He therefore reloaded his rifle, and a sure shot brought the cub within the reach of the hounds, which assailed it with great fury.

In a few moments, the hides of the two panthers were stripped off, and placed upon the pony, and followed by the hounds, the bold hunter rode to new booty and to new dangers.

The Travellers' Rest.

(See Frontispiece.)

IT was a delightful spot, as full of pure rustic beauty and romantic effect, as the most poetic fancy could desire. The two travellers were exceedingly weary, and almost faint with hunger. They had had a very long tramp over the mountains, had lost their way for several hours, and had seen rougher travelling than ever before in their lives. But now, they had found a place of rest and refreshment. Under the cooling shade of wide spreading trees, in an arbor of sweetest flowers, they threw themselves into the luxurious chairs that seemed to welcome them to their rest, and called for a simple lunch.

In a few moments it came, prepared and served by the innkeeper's daughter, a modest and very beautiful girl of sixteen, whose gentle kindness and sweet

grace of manner did as much to revive and cheer her weary guests, as the ample repast she had provided. And when, on a little further acquaintance, they found that she was a companion of their earliest school-days, one whom they had known and loved, when they were all too young to know any thing of the timidity and reserve of love, they were quite at home and happy. They forgot their weariness in the pleasure of such a meeting in such a place, from which they found it difficult to tear themselves away, when the declining sun of the next day reminded them that they had yet a considerable journey to make, before they could reach home.

WONDERS OF NATURE.—There is a very curious plant, termed *dionæa muscipula*, or fly-trap, that secretes a sweetish fluid in its leaves, not unlike honey, by which flies are attracted; immediately on being touched, the leaf contracts, and being of a thorny, prickly nature, the animal is crushed to death, as if for its temerity.

ANIMAL LIFE.—The following is the scale of animal life from the most celebrated writers in natural history:—A hare will live 10 years, a cat 10, a goat 8, an ass 30, a sheep 10, a ram 15, a dog 14 to 20, a bull 15, an ox 20, a swine 25, a pigeon 8, a turtledove 25, a partridge 25, a raven 100, an eagle 100, a goose 100.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WELL, another month has flown by—a beautiful month too—the most beautiful, perhaps, in all the year—the blossoms have come and gone; the first rich fruits of the field and the garden are passing away; the birds have built their nests, and some of them have already hatched a little family of young, whom they are busily engaged in feeding and rearing; and here we are, all gathered around the old table, to talk over our family matters, and to learn from each other what we have been doing, and what we have been thinking about. Being the oldest, and consequently allowed to have the first word, I will say that I have been cutting and chopping my way along, much after the old sort. As for thinking, you would not expect much of that from a *hatchet*. Hatchets are made for execution, to be wielded by others, whose bidding they are required to do. I am only a hatchet here, in the hands of Mr. Merry, and expected to chop out work for him and you, while he is absent, exploring the old world for something to amuse and interest you. He set me going, before he started, and I shall go on, chopping, cutting, hacking, splitting, and hewing, to the best of my ability till he returns, and you—I do not see that you will have anything to do, but to pick up the chips. Now, Miss Laughing Eyes, over there in the corner, what chip have you picked up, that amuses you so. You look as if you would like to fling it at my head, but have too much reverence for my gray hairs to do it.

"Oh! Mr. Hatchet, I was only thinking about this riddle on the 166th page of the June number. I can't make it out. I have puzzled my brain over it, till I am quite tired. I can't imagine how it would be kinder to give a friend 40 dollars than to give him 500, unless he was a bad man, and would make a wrong use of it."

M... R. L..., *Michigan*.

The riddle does not say "give"—does it?

"Oh! yes, now I have it—it is better to send him 40 as a present, outright, than to lend him 500, which he will have to pay back again. But I do not see why that is called a riddle."

JULIA S..., *Rhode Island*.

"MR. HATCHET:—I cannot make anything of that riddle about lending 40 dollars and 500. If you can, you must be very sharp. I have dug around it on every side, but have found no answer."

H. W. SPADER, *Virginia*.

"I think, Mr. Hatchet, that between you and the printer there is a mistake in that first riddle, in the

June Number. I can make nothing of it, as it is; but I change the places of two words, putting "lend" where "send" is, and "send" where "lend" is, and then I make it out that to *lend* 40 dollars is XL lent, (excellent,) while to *send* 500, is only D sent, (decent)."

R. E. HOE, *New Jersey*.

P. S.—Or, if you would like it better in rhyme:—

"It is but D *sent*, as you see,
If you 500 *send*,
But truly XL *lent* 'twill be,
When you the 40 *lend*."

Your *hde* is very sharp, sir. It has cut up all that blunder by the roots. Printers will sometimes make such mistakes, and Editors, though sharp as a newly ground hatchet, will sometimes overlook them. But, when he has as many bright eyes to watch him as we have, there is not much chance for him to escape detection. We shall put on our best gold spectacles hereafter, when we read proof for the Museum.

There are so many in our circle, and so many letters on our table, that we are absolutely obliged to exclude some, and to confine all to the smallest possible space. Our young friends must not complain, if, under the administration of a Hatchet, their communications are cut short, sometimes at both ends, and sometimes all over.

"Harriet," of Maine, thinks the liquid without which Homer would not have left home, (page 169,) must have been salt water, as he journeyed chiefly by sea. But, if there had been no sea, he might have travelled by land. "W. S. T., of Alabama," guesses that that same liquid is the letter *r*, which, if taken from Homer, leaves him always at *home*.—He need not guess again. He is evidently a Yankee, though hailing from the South.

MR. HATCHET:—I ought to be sharp as well as you, but am sometimes very dull in making out your conundrums. I have tried those on page 181, May Number. I thought I *saw* through the first one, as soon as I read it, and that led me to try harder upon the rest. My answers are these.

France is like a skeleton, because only the *bony part* is left.

A woodman, like a stage-actor, is known by his *age* (acts.)

The best baker is most in want of bread, because he *kneads* (needs) it most.

The hour of noon on a dial plate is XII, that is, a *cross two i's* (across two eyes.)

S. G. SAWYER, somewhere in Maine,
Town not given.

It must be vacation with our Northern boys, or else they are hard at work in the hay-fields, and have left Latin and the schools to the girls.

CALAIS, April 19th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I have long wished to change my name, of Subscriber, to that of Contributor, but have hesitated to write, lest my letter should not be thought worthy an insertion.

Although the Latin sentence given in the May Number by G. S. Bloods, was sent especially for the Northern boys, still, I presume, he will allow the Northern girls the privilege of translating it also. I send the translations of the sentences, which, if you think correct, you will confer a great favor by inserting:—

My mother is a vile swine.
My mother, a swine, eats apples.
O my mother, the swine eats apples!
O my mother, the swine is vile!
O swine, my mother eats apples!
O swine, my mother is vile!

I could give other translations of this, and if "mea" could be separated from "mater," there are many other ways of translating it, varying slightly from each other, but I thought, from its position, this would be incorrect. Yours, respectfully, KATE.

Hold! we must take back our last remark. One of the boys has waked up, and here he comes to accept the challenge.

THE INSTITUTE, WHITE PLAINS,
June 15th, 1854.

MR. MERRY—Dear Sir:—I send you seven translations of G. S. Blood's sentence, and answers for some of the charades and enigmas, which I hope will prove to be correct.

The translations to the Latin sentence are:—

My mother is a bad sow.
My sow is a bad mother.
My mother is eating up the apples.
Mother, my sow is wicked.
Go mother, the sow is eating the apples.
Go sow, mother is wicked.
Go mother, sow is wicked.

To pen the pigs, we must put three in one pen, five in another, five in the third. Now there will be two left for the fourth, and as the conditions of the conundrum do not prevent us from supposing one to already be in the fourth, I place the remaining two with the one, which answers the conditions of the puzzle.

Note.—We are not quite sure of this, friend William, we shall see what others will say about it.

The answer to Lucy Hawley's charade is "Humbug."

The answer to Willie B.'s enigma is "General George Washington."

The answers to Alonzo Whitner's puzzles are: "Ice" is hard water.

What letters of the alphabet come too late for supper? Those that come after tea (t).

His first conundrum I could not manage.

I suppose the answer to the second is the Red Sea.

The answer to the puzzle is "tongs."

I think the wagoner had tobacco in his wagon.

The answer to Susa Perkins' charade is the eye.

The *canister* is always asking leave to stir.

Yours, most respectfully, WM. ———.

And here comes another, from the South-west, determined not to be out-done by Yankees, whether boys or girls:—

BOWLING GREEN, KY., May 16th, 1854.

MR. MERRY—Dear Sir:—Your Monthly Periodical has been so long taken in our family, that I do not hesitate to write you as an old friend, although I have never seen you. My purpose in writing, is to send you a solution to the Latin sentence in this Number. It was sent by one of our Southern boys, to be translated by your Northern boys, but I suppose any boy, from whatever section of the country, can try too. My translations are these:—

1. Run, mother, the sow is eating the apples.
2. Mother, the sow is eating my apples.
3. Mother, my sow is eating the apples.
4. My mother! the sow is eating the apples.
5. My mother is a bad sow.
6. My sow is a bad mother.

Whether these are right or not, I leave it to the next number to decide. Yours, respectfully, B. F. JONES.

"W. T. F." from Mount Carroll, Ill., thinks that "five pigs must be put into each of three pens, and they all enclosed in the fourth." "J. D. C.," of Long Island, N. Y., gives the same solution. As the author of this puzzle did not send us the answer, we shall not undertake to decide which is right, but wait for other answers, before we give our own.

N. B.—Answers should always be sent with the puzzles; they will not be published, of course, till all our readers have had a chance to solve them.

"W. T. F.," also sends the following puzzle, which certainly looks puzzling enough, and will employ a great deal of ingenuity to decipher it.

Znk Skxey Saykys Oy znk hkyz sgmgfotk vahroynkj. W. T. FRAHOCK.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Little Charlie S., of North Chelmsford, must excuse my laughing a little at his *Antelope* and *Cantelope* enigma. I think his "Pa" has lately bought him a new "Noah's Ark," out of which he has selected his favorite animal and fruit, to send to his friend Mr. Merry.

F. D. B. H., Warren Co., N. C.

Such presents are always acceptable to us, and never more so than when they come in such a shape that we can share them with all our readers, as we have done in this case.

NEW YORK, June 20th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET—Dear Sir:—You need be under no apprehension of appearing like a dull old axe, as you hinted in the June Number, for a better edged hatchet I never saw before. I hope you will, like the magic sword, grow sharper by use. The answers to the puzzles, in the last Number, are as follows:—

Enigma.—General George Washington.

Charade.—The eye.

Puzzles.—Ice. Those that come after T. Tongs.

Riddle.—Because they are full of pains.

I send you a Geographical Acrostic Enigma:—

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 2, 9, 18, is a mountain in Europe.
 " 2, 11, 16, 2, 5, 9, is a town in Georgia.
 " 8, 10, 4, 9, 18, 9, is an island off the coast of Asia.
 " 4, 5, 17, 8, is a town in Florida.
 " 5, 2, 2, 16, 11, is a stream in Iowa.
 " 6, 8, 7, 17, 14, 15, 4, is a town in Virginia.
 " 7, 5, 9, 7, 8, is a town in Michigan.
 " 8, 11, 16, 9, 8, is a town in Yucatan.
 " 10, 18, 6, 20, 17, 16, 5, 9, is a town in Arkansas.
 " 10, 17, 2, 5, 9, 18, is a town in Italy.
 " 11, 8, 6, 18, is an island in Polynesia.
 " 12, 17, 14, 9, 2, 5, 9, is a county in Iowa.
 " 18, 1, 17, 16, 9, 8, is a town in Arkansas.
 " 14, 17, 4, is a town in the Chinese Empire.
 " 15, 16, 6, 4, 9, is a lake in Wisconsin.
 " 16, 18, 16, 11, is a town in Austria.
 " 17, 8, 15, 18, 2, 8, are mountains in Africa.
 " 18, 12, 11, 16, is a town in Syria.
 " 19, 11, 20, 2, 5, 9, is a town in Connecticut.
 " 20, 18, 7, 5, is a county in Virginia.
 My whole is studded with islands.

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

MY DEAR MR. HATCHET:—It seems rather strange to write to you instead of Mr. Merry, but, will you believe it, sir? I think you and Robert Merry, and Peter Parley, and S. G. Goodrich, are all one person. Have I guessed right? [*Not exactly.*] The June Number of the Museum came in due time, and received a warm welcome. L. E. Hawley's charade is "Bugbear." The answer to J. P.'s "puzzle of puzzles" is "strange." [*Perhaps not.*] I, without any "hatchet," have got one hundred and seventeen words out of it. I found them all in "Webster." Is not he good authority? [*Excellent, but even he makes some mistakes.*] The letters after T are generally too late for supper. Tongs have "little heads and no eyes, long legs and crooked thighs." The wagoner had "tobacco." I hope W. H. Coleman did never try to solve the wagoner's mysterious answer by *tasting*. [*Amen.*] Susa's charade is "eye." The problem of A. H. H. is 1, 2, 8. $1+2+3=6$ and $1 \times 2 \times 3=6$. $1+8=9$ and $2 \times 2=4$. Is it not the drugs that smell most in a drug shop, or is it the people's noses?

There is a word in the English language which is invariably pronounced wrong. What is it?

Do you not find it very nice to get so many letters? I always love to get them, and I get a good many too, for our family is much scattered. Some are in the far west, some at the south, east, and north; and a few separated only by the grave. Good bye, you shall ever have the best wishes of

Your young friend,

MARY.

PLEASANT RETREAT, O., 1854.

We say "not exactly," dear Mary. We mean *not at all*. S. G. Goodrich—everybody knows him, and we need not describe him. Peter Parley, everybody knows him by reputation, but not by sight. He is an exceedingly well-to-do looking sort of a man, having all the experience, observation, and practical wisdom of a man of sixty, but looking, for all the world, like a fresh blown youth, whom any of our sweet Marys, or Annies, or Charlies, would call

brother, or cousin, at first sight. His sun is like that which Joshua hailed over the plain of Gibeon, it hastens not to go down. May it long continue to shine on the youth of all lands, for it has a generous love for the young.

Robert Merry is a younger man, always cheerful, sometimes even gay, but having withal what a good old writer calls "a commendable gravity, well becoming one who would benefit the young, as well as please them." He is of medium size, with fair rotundity of proportions, a plenty of dark hair and whiskers, and a smile always lurking about his mouth, which seems to say—Behold a friend of children.

Hiram Hatchet is a boy—past fifty—but a boy yet; tall, lean, gaunt, sharp built, like a hatchet, or a clipper ship. He looks as if the wind would blow him away, if it could only get hold of him, but he is so sharp he cuts through it, whichever way it comes. He is bald, gray, and grisy, and children instinctively call him grandpa. So much for Editorial daguerreotypes, by way of making ourselves better acquainted with the distant members of our large family.

We have so many good things before us, it is hard to know when to stop. We are obliged to interrupt the chat a moment, to say it is getting late and those who have anything to say must speak quickly and be very brief.

"Yes, sir, I understand. But you have not given us your promised solution of J. P.'s 'Enigma of Enigmas.' Pray don't dismiss the table till that is done."

SUSAN.

Well suggested, Miss Susan, but why have you not answered the fair Florence's French puzzle? Must we leave that over till next month, along with Eugene's Latin, and a score or two of very interesting letters? And then, there are my own poor bantlings, modestly hid away in a corner, at the bottom of the 192d page. Only one of them has been answered. What shall I do about them? I will—take a month to consider, and then, if some of you do not prove that my riddles are worth the trouble of an answer, I will give some that you can't answer, without some study.

But here, just in the nick of time, come the answers to my third and fourth:—

"The coward, skulking round the house,

Is like a mouse-trap as you see,

For that will puzzle any mouse,

And pusillanimous is he."

Green grass is like a mouse, because the cattle eat it (cat'll eat it.) ELLEN M. C., Bedford.





PETER THE HERMIT. See Page 251.



August.

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful summer ! How sweet, how fair, how lovely in all its variations. Its clear, deep azure skies, that seem to bring heaven so near ; its glorious drapery of ever changing clouds ; the light downy fleece, that melts into air as you gaze upon it ; the lofty, rolling snow-heap, that brightens and glitters in the golden sunlight ; the sublime, magnificent thunder cloud, that marches darkly up from the west, flashing out its fearful lightnings, and uttering its deep-toned voices, that reverberate among the hills, like that "voice of the Lord," which the Psalmist says, "breaks the cedars, and shakes the wilderness." And then the glorious sunrise, the loveliest sight and sweetest hour of all, which so few permit themselves to enjoy, and the golden sunsets, which even the laziest and most unpoetical can

admire. The star-light, balmy evenings, and "nights of cool repose," the busy hum of insects, the music of ten thousand birds, the playful gambols of young life in farm-yard, garden, grove and glen—the ever changing colors, and rich perfumery of the flowers, that come and go with every hour—and, over all, the lavish abundance of ripening fruits and grains, filling our hearts with food and gladness, if not, as they should, with gratitude to that divine hand which thus "crowns the year with his goodness." Oh ! how beautiful, how glorious is summer.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields ; for they are white already to the harvest." Let us go out to the reapers. They are gathering in the golden grain for our winter store. See, how the strong man wields his sharp instrument,

and how the tall grain falls as he goes. This instrument is called a *cradle*. It is not exactly the thing in which to put a child to sleep. But it very quietly takes down the wheat, and the oats, and lays it on the ground, as if it wanted rest or sleep. There is a scythe at the bottom, which cuts the grain, while the wooden frame-work above it catches and holds all that is cut at one stroke, till the reaper can lay it down behind him. It is hard work to reap, and machines have lately been invented by which horses can do this work, and do it very rapidly. It may be in our power by and by, to show you a picture of one of these machines at work. We should be pleased to do so, for we like to have our young readers know all about the improvements of the day. It is probable, however, that many of our friends in the country have seen them, and know more about them than we do. If so, we shall be glad to hear what they have to say of them.

Triads.

THREE things to love—Courage, Gentleness, Affectionateness.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, Dignity, Gracefulness.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, Arrogance, Ingratitude.

Three things to reverence—Religion, Justice, Self-denial.

Three things to delight in—Beauty, Frankness, Freedom.

Three things to wish for—Health, Friends, a cheerful spirit.

Three things to pray for—Faith, Peace, Purity of heart.

Three things to like—Cordiality, Good humor, Mirthfulness.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, Loquacity, Flippant jesting.

Three things to cultivate—Good books, Good friends, Good humor.

Three things to govern—Temper, Impulse, the Tongue.

Three things to be prepared for—Change, Decay, Death.

Pat and the Alphabet.

THE following rich scene occurred recently in one of our private schools :

“Ah, Pat! Pat!” exclaimed the school-mistress to a thick-headed urchin into whose muddy brain she was attempting to drive the alphabet—“I’m afraid you’ll never learn anything. Now what’s that letter, eh!”

“Sure I don’t know, ma’am,” replied Pat.

“I thought you’d recollect that.”

“Why, ma’am?”

“Because it has a dot over the top of it.”

“Och, ma’am, I mind it well, but sure I thought it was a fly speck.”

“Well, now remember, Pat, it is I.”

“*You*, ma’am?”

“No, no—not U, but I.”

“Not I, but *you*, ma’am—how’s that.”

“Not I, but you, blockhead.”

“Oh, yis, faith, now I have it, ma’am. You mean to say that not I, but *you* are a blockhead?”

"Take Care of Number One."

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE we proceed farther, we must give a brief sketch of farmer Lane's establishment, that the reader may have a clear idea of the situation of our hero. The house was an old-fashioned wooden building, standing by the road-side, and without any enclosure. It was gray with age, and its clapboards were tinged with a fine greenish moss, which found nutriment in the decaying wood. Two huge buttonwood trees rose in front; and scattered around upon the green were an ample wood-pile, the wreck of an old cart, a heap of stones, a ricketty ox-sled, a sleigh painted fiery red within and bright green without, and a great variety of other ruinous articles, "too tedious to mention."

The outhouses were ample, and consisted of almost a village of edifices, built at various times, and set higgledy-piggledy, without a very nice regard to picturesque effect. It is said that utility is the rule of beauty; and if it be so, probably farmer Lane thought this the most beautiful place in the world; for, from his front-door steps, he could take an easy and rapid survey of the chief objects which constituted his worldly wealth. Before him, in one landscape, lay all the various articles we have mentioned, together with his well and his pig-sty, his barn and his barn-yard, three stacks of hay and three of straw, his two cow-houses and his sheep-pen, his corn-crib and his smoke-house, his beehives and his hen-coops. All lay before

him in one view; and he could look round upon these things, and say he was lord of all he surveyed.

To a mind that is trained in ideas and habits of neatness and order, such a scene is anything but pleasing; for it not only shows a want of refined taste, but it displays also a deficiency of that economy and care which are needful in order to thrive in the affairs of life. But the farmer had been brought up in this way; so his father lived before him; and it was a part of his pride and his glory to do as the "old man" had done.

We must pass over a period of some months, after Jacob Karl's arrival at this place, and remark that, by degrees, not only his master, but the people around the establishment, all began to have an unpleasant idea that the boy was greedy and selfish to a degree seldom found in one so young. This notion grew into a settled opinion, and that opinion constituted what we may call his character. This was not confined to the older people; but the children of the family—the boys and girls of Jacob's age—noticed his peculiarities, and soon began to make him the object of their jibes and jeers. They found that he always appropriated to himself everything he could get. He never shared his cherries, or whortleberries, or pears, or peaches, which he obtained, with his friends or playmates: everything of this sort went into his mouth or his pocket. "Take care of Number One!" said Jacob; and "There

goes greedy Jake!" said the boys and girls.

During cherry time, an incident occurred which made no little fun among the young republicans of the farm. Jacob's master had noticed the greedy habits of the youth, and saw that it led him into a kind of small pilfering, which was not only disagreeable, but dangerous, from the consequences to which it might lead. Accordingly, one day, he contrived to have the children carefully weighed upon the steelyard, and noted the exact notch of Jacob's weight. He then set the boy to picking cherries, upon a large old tree, bending with red and juicy fruit. Jacob had no suspicion of the trap that was laid for him: so he went on picking, very industriously, for half an hour. The greater part of the fruit he put into the basket; but when he came across a peculiarly tempting cherry, he slipped it slyly into his throat. At last he came down; and then the farmer, who had watched his proceedings, took him again to the steelyards.

"Heigh-ho!" said the farmer; "what is this, Jacob? you weigh full two pounds more than when you went up the cherry tree!"

"I don't know, sir," said the boy.

"Well, I know," was the reply. "You have eaten two pounds, or more than a quart, of cherries! That's too large a toll, my boy. I do not grudge a few cherries; but I hate to see a fellow who is always greedy and sly. Be careful, sir, how you practise in this way, for soon or late, it will make you a thief!"

Jacob was not a little mortified at this

affair, particularly as all the young people around got hold of the story, and rang it, by a hundred changes, in his ears. "What's your opinion of steelyards?" said one. "How many cherries to the pound?" said another. "Two for me, and one for the basket, as Jacob Karl said to the cherries," added a third.

Now our hero, unhappily, had no kind friend, no wise father or mother, to teach him his error, and to show him the way to correct his fault, and set his feet in the right path. He saw that he had made a mistake; but, instead of doubting the truth of his selfish principle,—*"Take care of Number One!"*—he concluded that he had failed in not being cunning and careful enough. "I shall look out better next time," said he, "and take care not to be caught." This was the substance of his reflections upon the affair of the steelyards.

He now went on for some time, growing more and more cautious and sly in his little arts, but still practising them. He was not actually detected in any one gross instance for a considerable period; but the sharp eyes of young and old could see his real feelings displayed in many ways, and their opinion of him grew worse and worse. Every one was suspicious of him; every one shunned and watched him. Jacob became conscious of this, and not only his manner gradually changed, but his very looks altered. At first, he was a handsome, round-faced boy, with dark, curly hair, and large, mild, hazel eyes. His look was pensive, but still winning. Now, his deportment had become shy; his eye had lost its mild

expression, and was restless, startled, and suspicious. His face had a sharpened look; he seemed old beyond his years; the blandness of youth was gone, and a cold, repulsive selfishness was visible in his countenance.

Thus things went on, till another incident occurred which made no little sport at the expense of our hero. He was one day required to go in a wagon, with one of the hired men, to a village, at the distance of three miles, to carry some walnuts, chestnuts, &c. As they were going along they came to a house where the hired man had some business. He accordingly got out of the wagon and went in, leaving Jacob on the seat. "Now," thought Jacob, "is a good chance. I can get my pockets full of walnuts, and sell them at the village." So he untied one of the bags, and filled the pockets of his trousers to overflowing. When the man came back, he saw what had been going on, but said nothing.

He, however, whipped up the horse, and, as the road was pretty rough, some of the walnuts in the boy's trousers hopped out of his pockets, and, sliding down, got into the seat of his trousers. One or two soon came under him, and, as he was pounded up and down by the motion of the wagon, he was sorely distressed. The driver understood the whole matter, and whipped up the faster. Jacob was soon in a most terrible state of agitation. He shifted this way and that; he rose up and sat down; but all this rather increased his misery, for, the more he moved, the more walnuts slipped down his trousers, and came between him

and the hard board of which the wagon seat was made. At last, full a pint of nuts had got under him; but the driver had no mercy. On he went, at full trot, until Jacob, unable to conceal his agony, cried out, "Stop—stop—do stop! I want to get out."

"What do you want to get out for?" said the man.

"No matter; no matter," said Jacob; "but do let me get out; do, pray, let me get out."

"O, we're almost there," said the merciless driver; "you can surely wait till we get there." With this he fetched the horse a sharp cut, and, springing into a gallop, he soon brought the two riders to the village. We need hardly say, that a part of our hero's body, which may as well be nameless, was nearly reduced to a jelly. Still, he was obliged to conceal his distress—or, as the phrase goes, "Grin, and bear it." Nor was this all he had to suffer; for, when he returned to the farm, the story was told, and soon became the crack jest of the place. "Which do you like best for a seat, Jake—nuts or down?" said one, with a leer. "How many bushels can you carry in your trousers?" said another. "I must be more careful," said Jacob to himself, "and take better care of Number One!"

[To be continued.]

LET the bonds of love and affection unite you with your brothers and sisters, that peace and happiness may always be your lot.

Friend Hatchet's Enigma.

THE following enigma appeared first in the Portland Eclectic, about two months ago, and more recently in the Insurance Monitor. Thinking it probable that but few of the readers of the Museum have seen it, and being obliged suddenly to fill the space reserved for "Gilbert Go-Ahead," who, in this case has failed to *go ahead* in season for the present number, we have given it a place here. There have been several poetical answers to it, on former occasions. We should like a fresh one from any young rhymester among our subscribers.

I'm composed of six elements, though it may seem,

Since one is repeated to finish my theme,
That in fairness I ought (but I shall not) contrive
To limit my claim to a plain honest five.

I'm the centre, the focus, the symbol of home,
Its point of attraction, wherever you roam;
Around whose bright circle, heaven-cherished,
divine,
Its pleasures, its hopes, and its memories twine;
In the smile of whose countenance all that is sweet,

Or true, or endearing, or permanent, meet;
All ages, all nations, the rude or polite,
A sacred protection accord as my right—
And wars have been waged, and hecatombs given,
In defence of my honor, as next that of heaven:
Though modern inventions are pressing me hard,
And contesting my claim to exclusive regard.

Steal from me my *first*, and my measure ex-
pands,
As deep as all oceans, as broad as all lands,
And whirling and whizzing away, like a top,
I fly at a rate that no brakeman can stop.
Of my whole bearing with me the whole entire
race,
Though each one avers it ne'er moved from its
place.

My *fourth* take away, and I dwindle again,
I am barren and desolate, dreary and plain,
As dry as a toper, as bleak as the pole—
Yet one fourth of a dram would refurnish my
whole.

To prove or disprove me, wrest from me my
last,

And lo! I'm with spirits invisible classed—
The seat and the centre of love and of hate,
The fountain of sorrows and joys, small and
great;

I'm good and I'm evil, I'm false and I'm true,
I'm kind and I'm cruel, I'm black and white too,
I'm hot, cold, and lukewarm, I'm weak, faint, and
strong,

I do everything right, I do everything wrong,
I break and am broken, I wound and I heal,
And all that is felt, I occasion and feel—
And whenever, wherever, whatever done,
Good, bad or indifferent, I am the one.

From this take my *fifth*, and you are ordered to
do

What you can't till you've taken my *first* away
too;

This done, and you have a contrivance complete
For gathering knowledge in house, church or
street;

A sentinel sleepless on prominent tower,
To warn you of danger behind and before,—
An appendage convenient to man and to beast,
An ornament needful, or held so at least—
Though of this it is well that you now be ad-
vised—

The more there is of it, the less it is prized.

Take my *fourth* and my *sixth*,—the remainder
will show

The essence of what puts my whole in a glow,—
A principle vital to all vegetation,
To brick-making, cookery, and steam navigation,
To Ericsson's patent, to love's effervescence,
And to just half the cheating that's done in your
presence.

My *second*, *third* and *fifth*, a hint may convey
Of what most people do, if they can, every day,

The doing of which draws hard on their wealth,
The neglecting of which draws hard on the health.

And when it is done, with self-satisfied air,
My *third*, *fifth* and *second* the fact will declare.

In my *third*, *fourth* and *fifth*, lo! a power is revealed,
Which 'tis said, shows the better the more 'tis concealed;

A veil, every sort of deceit to disguise,
A ladder for genius to climb to the skies,
A something divine, a something plebeian,
A something in fine altogether Protean. *urru*
Prefix now my *first* and away like the wind
It flies down the valley and looks not behind,
And then for my *fifth* let my *second* have place,
And, panting and frightened, it follows the race.

My *first*, *third* and *fifth* is a nondescript shield,
Ornamental and useful, in church or a-field,
All sizes, all colors, all shapes it assumes,
To suit man or matron, or maid in her blooms,
The prince or the beggar, the wit or the churl,
The silver-crowned grandsire, or ruby-lipped girl,—

A badge to be known by, a symbol of pride,
Exposing the part 'tis intended to hide,—
'Tis a tub or a box, 'tis a cone or a flare, *m*
'Tis graceful, 'tis awkward, 'tis ugly, 'tis fair,
And oft starts a doubt, as the cat in the meal did,
Which has the best *taste*, the shield or the shielded.

To this add my *second*, and dark as the night,
The demon of discord uprises to sight,
A gloom, like the shadow of death, seems to roll
To quench and to darken the light of my whole.
Append now my *fourth*, and the thrice guilty cause,

A murderer convicted, whom heaven abhors,
Stands revealed in his blackness—ah! let us beware,
Lest haply we find our own names written there!

My *fourth*, *third* and *fifth* show what good wives detest,
My *fifth*, *second*, *third*, what some good wives love best;
To which last add my *fourth*, and up from the deep
Of her innermost founts where her sympathies sleep,

As if by some talisman touched, there is seen
“A gem of the purest of rays serene,”
The which with a slight change of accent will figure
A fault to be mended before it grows bigger.

My *fifth*, *third* and *fourth*, if it soil your fair hand,
Is wondrously useful, at sea and on land,
And the character oft by that token expressed
Is of nature's born noblemen one of the best—
Add then but my *second*, and nature with groans
Most promptly the pestilent mischief disowns.

In my *fifth*, *sixth* and *second* an article find
In everyday use, of the commonest kind,
And if with my *third* you should make out another,
With the family likeness, 'twill pass for a brother.

My *second*, *fourth*, *third*, is a prominent mark
In the world's flying history, brilliant or dark,
A sort of hotel, with appointments sublime,
To rest and refresh the old traveler, Time.
Invert them and any grammarian will see
It is too much for one and may serve two or three.

My *fourth*, *third*, *fifth*, *second*, you doubtless will find
In mystic proportion most truly combined—
A standard—though who is the bearer, and where,
This humble enigma designs not to declare—
A tax on your chattels, a price for your stuff,
Which is all you will get, if it be not enough.

But, not to be tedious, much more I might show
That out of my few simple elements grow;
I can make out two worthies that flourished and died
Forty centuries ago, on the world's other side;
Number One was the super-ancestral head
Of the oldest of races extant, it is said.
Number Two was the sire of a race polite,
Whose children revering hospitality's rite,
Sold the choice of their fields to the honored son
Of super-ancestral Number One.
With several more whose remains are found
Amid Hebrew roots, in consecrate ground,
And some half a dozen who claim a home
In the fabulous lore of Greece and Rome,

Whose courteous ghosts will please refresh us
From naming them here, as rhymes grow
precious.

I can speak of a man without sounding his
name,
Of a woman's possessions can do the same,
And that with a word any wit above zero

Will perceive wants nothing to make her a hero,
I can utter three notes of admiration,
With little surprise or self-gratulation;
I can make out a singular verb of possession,
With a very convenient though short preposition,
Which Romans of the old Augustine school
Employed as an adverb, against all rule.

HATCHET.

The Wood-ranger's Son.

[Continued from page 181.]

CHAPTER III.

THEY both went up some untrodden steps, and Eberhard, who thought he knew every bush and tree in the region round, felt as if he were in a strange world. They came to a large hollow full of dry worn rocks, which looked as if it had been the bed of a lake now dried up.

Midday yielded its place to evening. The wide region about them was but scantily covered with shrubs; here and there a cricket chirped, as if it were the mournfully trembling voice of the fettered rocks. The bee hummed monotonously, whilst one could hear in the woods the pecking of the woodpecker, and the thrush sang joyfully in that gloomy spot, where it seemed as if nothing good could live.

Eberhard was obliged to step from rock to rock; he often slipped, and it made his knees bleed. Was it from compassion, or what feeling prompted the stranger, that he should seize him and leap with him over the precipitous masses of stone? On he went without stumbling, the rocks appeared to hold him as firmly as if he had been their brother. It was a fearful sight as they strode on-

ward. They seemed to fly hand in hand over the narrow, sloping pathway, their long shadows falling far behind them. At last the stranger spoke to him:

"Where is thy father's gun?" he said.

"It hangs at home on the horns of the last stag my grandfather shot," he replied.

"Thy grandfather was a murderer," growled the ruffian, "the murderer of my father." He seemed to Eberhard to grow tall, as he said, "And why do you not sell that weapon, why not give it away?"

"The old hermit huntsman told my mother to let it hang there. It is loaded with the shot with which my father loaded it, and he says that if the murderer should enter that room it would discharge of itself and kill him."

The hand of the man trembled in that of the boy. He drew a long breath, bit his lips until they bled, then spitting out the blood, he said with a loud laugh, "Nonsense, the man will not be fool enough to go into the room and place himself at the mouth of the gun, in order that he may kill himself."

He started quickly, as if some one had touched him in the back. "What was that?" said he, half angrily, and half tremblingly, "what did you do? why do you seize me by the neck?"

"I see nothing," replied the boy, "and I have done nothing."

An unspeakable anguish came over Eberhard, and he began in the wilderness to sing the pious songs his mother had taught him, hoping he should be released from the evil spirit which held him captive, and relieved of the deathly sorrow at his heart. At first the ruffian reproved him with harsh words for singing, but the boy continued to sing on more and more devoutly, until by degrees the rough hand of the stranger loosened its hold, he sighed and groaned in spirit and could not turn from him, as he sang them :

May all the hosts of angels above,
And all the saints there dwelling in love
Who have us under their watchful care
Wherever we go, wherever we are,
Whatever we do, by day or by night
Shield me by their protecting might.
May the Eternal God of Heaven
By the commandment He has given,
Protect me in this fearful night,
Guard, guard, protect me by his might.

The man involuntarily took off his hat, folded his hands, and looking down before him, he bit the rim of it with his teeth. The evening sun shone upon the countenance of the boy, and it was lighted as with a gleam from heaven. He seemed lost as it were to earth, angelic forms hovered about him, and he sang :

Tell me, bright angels, whom I love,
Whether through God's grace,
In yonder courts of heaven
Thou hast seen my father's face ?

They had come to the end of the ledge of rocks : a birch tree stood there. It was leaning toward Eberhard. Striding it as if it were a slender twig, he swung himself over to the rocks on the other side, still singing,

Now bend the tree, oh, bend thy boughs !
The child hath neither peace nor repose ;
Oh, tremble leaves, ye grasses bow,
Let sorrow touch your hearts, too, now.

The stranger looked at the boy as if he had been some transfigured one, who had, unharmed, strode over the abyss. But the birch swung back and struck him in the face. His fury was roused by the severity of the blow. He looked after a board which he kept concealed in a cleft of the rock, and passed over on it to the other side. The child was upon his knees, and his hands being lifted toward heaven, he sang,

Kind God, who dwellest in heaven so bright,
I commend my soul to thee to-night ;
A host of angels hither send
If here and now my life must end.
Protect me from the devil's might,
In need, lend help to me to-night,
Protect me in this dreadful hour,
And shield me from the devil's power.

"Hold your tongue," growled the ruffian, "I've heard enough of it ; I am no devil but a human being like yourself. I've given you my hand in pledge I will not harm you, but you must follow me."

"For what?" said Eberhard, and waited for a reply.

"The rock upon which we now stand

is called the cockscomb; you have often seen it from a distance; it is seldom trodden by the foot of man. We are now only about ten steps from a vulture's nest. Climb up the rock there, you will find it, and bring it to me."

"What do you want of a vulture's nest?"

"The bailiff pays well for all the talons that are brought to him, and you shall have it."

"I do not want it: throw down the nest for yourself. Why do you not do it?"

"Because I cannot. It would be dangerous for me to do it alone; if the old vulture should come he would pick out my eyes. But I have my gun with me. I will wait down here and listen; if he should come I will shoot him."

"Where is the dog?" said the boy, he knew not why.

"He has not followed us; he would be of no help to us," replied the stranger roughly; "make no fuss about it, but climb up; do you not hear the young ones shriek? Up there!"

Eberhard climbed the rock almost involuntarily, while the man stood below upon the watch. * * *

He reached the nest, and though sorely troubled, he could not withhold an expression of joyous surprise when he saw the young ones. They were blind, and put their nearly bare heads close together as if they were afraid, or had something to say which no mortal ear could understand. For a second, he watched them compassionately, and said, "Is it not strange that the dog

and the vulture, who have the best of eye-sight, should be born blind?"

The young birds seemed conscious of the boy's presence, for they tumbled over each other, opened their reddish yellow beaks, and rolled around among the feathers of the various sorts of birds which lay around them.

"Throw me down the young ones," screamed the ruffian, still gazing unmoved toward heaven. Eberhard put his hand toward them and they tried to peck it. This made him angry, and he threw them out one after another, all five of them, and last of all, a dead bird. There was a rustling in the air, a voice cried out from below, "stoop!" A gun snapped, a black wing glided by Eberhard, and the old vulture fell lifeless upon the ground beside its panting young. It had been shot over the boy's head.

The poacher, for so we may venture to call him after we have witnessed his successful shot, gazed with a sullen glance upon the boy, and then on the vulture which lay not far from him. The evening sun was sinking from below the hill tops, and his countenance was lighted as with flame.

"The devil," said he, "my shot is successful. It would not have happened so if I had strongly wished it. The youth is as invulnerable as if he were protected by some unearthly spirit. If he has such a guardian angel, he may carry him safely home. Ha! ha!" he laughed wildly and shivered.

He lifted up the huge vulture, by its outspread bloody wing, whilst Eber-

hard hastening down, laid himself beside the dying young ones.

The birds gazed out that night from their nests, for the boy walked through the woods, and sang again,

Now bend the tree, oh, bend thy boughs!
The child hath neither peace nor repose,
Oh, tremble leaves, ye grasses bow,
Let sorrow touch your hearts, too, now.

CHAPTER IV.

THE tops of the trees glistened in the early twilight of the morning. The sun rose gradually from behind the mountain, its rising appearing far more slow and gradual than its setting. The owls in their concealed nests, screeched for the last time. The birds upon the trees begin to warble as if in dreams. The sun mounts still higher, its flaming beams gilding all around. It is as silent in that cool grove, as if a spirit wandered through its hallowed space. The trees gaze upon each other and tremble, the birds also hold their breath. Then suddenly the sweet tone of a linnet was heard, another and another answered, and their joyous chorus was echoed through the woods. Day is awakened! The dew-drops glisten with rainbow colors on the grass. The beetles crawl forth, their shining wings glittering in the sunlight. The butterfly comes flying forth to greet the merry fresh flowers, which had burst forth into full bloom, whilst the flowers themselves, bending under the light breeze, greeted each other far and wide, sending forth their balmy odors into the revealed world.

Under the beautiful fir trees, close beside some strawberry blossoms, lay a boy, his left hand under his head, asleep. It is Eberhard. Close beside him sat his dog, his eyes fixed upon him. He snaps no longer at the flies, but shakes them off quietly as though he feared his snapping might awake the child. The sun kissed his cheeks, making them still more rosy, and he slept as quietly there as if the darkness of night were around him. Only once he sighed and turned upon his side, then slept again. The dog sprang fawningly toward some one, who was seen coming through the woods. Godfrey, for he it was, pushed him away and watched a few moments the sleeping boy, then stooping down he cried "cuckoo" in his ear. Eberhard awoke and rubbed his eyes in astonishment; he did not know where he was, and he gazed in silence around him. Upon being asked how he came there, he answered no longer in jokes, but began to cry for his mother.

"I had a talk with her yesterday on my way home," said Godfrey, "and we both decided it was best for you to go to school. This roving life is a dangerous one for your family. Will you go?"

"Yes, yes, anything you and mother wish I will strive to do, only but let me go home quickly." And he leaped forward with his dog, for fear he should be questioned about what had happened. He looked back upon that night as if it had been a sad and gloomy dream. How he shouted when he saw his father's house! The dog got there be-

fore him, but came slowly back. He called from a distance to his mother, but no mother appeared: he found the house shut on every side. He knew that she had set out early in search of him; perhaps she had spent the whole night wandering about in the woods. Then he, too, felt how painful it must be to look and wait for one we love. Hour after hour elapsed and yet she did not come, but in her stead the poacher, with his searching eye, stepped out from the thicket. Eberhard screamed as if he had been murdered.

"Be still," cried the man, "I have brought you something beautiful. You wanted a squirrel, but this is much prettier, it is a young fox. I have brought it from the gulf for you, but you must promise to say nothing of what has passed between us."

He took the fox from his handkerchief, put a chain about his neck, fastened it to the dog-kennel, and vanished as quickly as he had come.

Some time after this his mother came home. She embraced her lost boy, and quietly sobbing, stroked his face to see if he were really alive. Eberhard appeared very penitent for his disobedience, still he did not tell his mother what had happened to him: When she saw the fox, she wanted to unchain it, to run at will in the woods. But she was afraid of it and so she let it alone. Eberhard told her a man in the woods had given it to him.

The child lived for a short time at home very quietly, but he began by degrees to venture into the woods, an ir-

resistibly magical power seemed to drive him there.

The still quiet days of life, how little are they remembered, and when they are recalled we have much less to say concerning them, than those which are more eventful. Still are those not plainly our happiest?

It is with individuals as with nations. There are ten or more of quiet to one eventful year. History informs only of extraordinary occurrences. Thus it is with Eberhard's history.

The days and hours which he spent upon the heights back of his house, were indeed happy. He lived in the corn fields. * * *

One day he lay between the furrows, and gazed dreamily with open eyes toward the heavens, listening to the whistling of the quail in the wheat fields close by, a bird which is heard only morning and evening, being quiet at midday. He got up as refreshed and light of spirit, as if he had just come from a fresh water bath, singing merrily. He saw a beautiful red linnnet which appeared at first scarcely fledged, fly up a short distance and then down again. He wanted to catch it, and sprang after it from bush to bush, but just as soon as he was near it, the bird was up and off again; nevertheless his pursuer still kept close behind it until it came to a ravine, when it flew over and sang upon the other side a beautiful and untaught song. Eberhard stopped, for he well knew that before he should have time to climb up the rocks of the ravine, the bird would be beyond his reach, so he looked down at

his feet, and tried hard to raise a little stone with his toes ; he laughed at himself, clapped his hands and cried out :

"What wonderful things birds' feet are ! They leap from ash to ash and never loose their foot-hold, make no false step, nor fall. How quickly they can clasp and unclasp their claws, and what a good eye they must have to see where to light so quickly ! Indeed," said he, almost aloud, turning his head around, "they have a much better adjusted neck than we, they move it so easily. We are obliged to turn our whole body when we would look behind us." In the midst of these reflections he began to sing, as he sauntered along back.

Were we to be carried to a place, and told to listen to an echo, we should not think much of it, but should we accidentally discover it for ourselves, it would be a very different thing. Eberhard was terrified when he first heard his songs re-echoed from the woods, prolonged and loud, but his terror was soon changed to joy, and he cried Juhu ! Juhu !—Juhu ! Juhu ! was repeated again, far, far down. He cried out, "This cannot be a bird that is giving to the woods a voice !" "a voice," was echoed through the wide space. Then he cried "Godfrey !" The name was thundered afar. And now he called his own name, and it was re-echoed, "Eberhard." He was enraptured at hearing it, and in his joy he shouted it yet again. "Now all the trees know me, how they call me ;" "call me," it replied.

With unspeakable delight he played

with the echo which he for the first time had awakened, for never had man before him, he thought, taught trees and mountains to speak. He tried it in another place, but the sound was fainter, and not so clear as it was upon the spot he had first heard it. He returned and shouted for the last time "farewell," it answered yet again "farewell," and he turned his steps toward his mother's house, his breast swelling with happiness. He had in that solitary place heard the voice of Nature, who always answers back a thousand fold when we greet her as we should.

Had not this been a blissful, gladsome day !

But sorrow, that accompaniment of man's transgression, yet lingers for him in the background.

One Saturday noon, when Eberhard had gone to a little village some distance off, cousin Godfrey came by the house of the wood-ranger, and stopped to talk awhile with his widow, who was hanging out her clothes. She made some complaint that she could not live in peace with her son, since the fox had been there. The boy played with the animal, and although it appeared tame, yet she always trembled for fear he would do something to rouse suddenly his wild malice. Yet she did not know how she should help it.

"I can help it very easily," said Godfrey, and going to the kennel, he took his gun from his shoulder, let the fox loose, and shot him dead. He laughed at the ease with which he shot his game, skinned the animal, and threw what

flesh the dog would not eat into a pond near by. He bought the skin and stuck it into his hunting bag.

"One bargain more," said he. "I have no shot with me, and I do not wish to go without it through the woods. I will leave my gun here, and take that of your husband's if there is any shot in it." He took it and left for home.

Whilst these things were going on at the wood-ranger's house, the poacher was watching Eberhard's return from the village. He laid himself down by a deep hole, where the stump of a tree had been dug up, and talked thus to himself: "So Eberhard is to go to school, is he? then I must not wait long for the bullet which is to kill me. Must I thus continually ramble around in sorrow and fearful anguish? Then the guilt of the murder will remain ours, while they shall be guiltless. No, and yet again, no. From olden time the shot has alternated in our families, now it belongs to that of the wood-ranger. He has left behind him a bullet, shall I wander about and place myself at the muzzle of the gun which is loaded to kill? No, and for the third time, No." Eberhard came singing along, and the poacher stepped across his path, and handed him a young black-bird. He took the bird into his hand, and then suddenly let it fly. Like the bird did the flattering words which the poacher addressed to him vanish. "I will teach you," said he, "to shoot better than any boy of your age, which can be found far or wide." Eberhard had a strong de-

sire to learn, but nevertheless he rejected the offer. "Only bring the gun of your father to me, in the 'cool valley,' and you shall have whatever you wish," said the stern man in a supplicating tone. But the boy bounded off, and the poacher called after him. "If you repent of it, you can come, I shall be there in the morning."

"I shall not come," said Eberhard to himself, and ran home. But when he found the fox was not there, he became angry, and plied his mother with questions and entreaties. But she would not answer him, and forbade his asking any more about it. On looking round, however, the boy found fresh tracks of blood. His anger and fury were roused, and he determined that he would get another.

[To be continued.]

Little Things.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above!

The Travelled Monkey.

"Oft has it been my lot" to meet
Men of small wit, and large conceit,
Who, having visited, perchance,
The shores of Egypt, Greece, or France,
Having seen the Pyramids, or sat
'Neath Sinai's shade, or Ararat,
Mounted St. Peter's or St. Paul's,
Or bathed beneath Niagara Falls—
Deem their poor stock of knowledge worth
The hoarded wisdom of the earth,
And their mere dictum worthy quite
To set all knotty questions right.

IN the central province, Chang Fou Tse, of the Flowery Kingdom of the Sun, there was an extensive forest, remarkable for the magnitude and beauty of its trees, the variety and richness of its flowers, and the abundance of its delicious fruits. But it was still more remarkable as the residence of a tribe of monkeys, the most sagaciously human, the most provokingly civilized, of any that have ever been known to caricature the ways of man. So exceedingly apt were they in learning the manners and customs of their more intelligent neighbors, that it was commonly remarked, that a more vain, self-conceited, selfish race of thieves, pickpockets, and highway robbers, was never known. From the universal prevalence of these elements of moral depravity among them, it was currently believed by the philosophers of that age, that this was the identical family from which Lord Momboddo, and others of the same school, traced their genealogy direct.

If this could be satisfactorily proved, either by authentic documents, or unquestionable tradition, it would be a fact

of great interest and importance to the scientific world, as it would afford a natural and easy explanation of certain psychological phenomena, always exhibited in that family of philosophers. I refer to their singular talent for disputing everything that is certain, and believing everything that is doubtful. Nature has a less decided and unchangeable abhorrence of a vacuum, than these men of the simplicity and directness of truth. They will grope through weary volumes of misty speculation, and impalpable conjecture, in quest of the "vestiges of creation," which, like foot-prints in the solid rock, are graven on every page of the volume of nature, and illustrated, in characters of light, in the book of revelation.

The tribe that occupied this beautiful forest of Chang Fou Tse, was known by the name of the Hing-po-qua tribe. They were large and well formed, with features more regular than others of their race. They were cleanly and social in their habits, as well as exceedingly loquacious and communicative. Such a set of chatterers, babblers, and boasters, the sun, in his circuit, never looked upon. The imitative faculty, so strongly developed in the whole race, was pre-eminent in them, and was distinguished by a degree of refinement and taste elsewhere unknown. They were rarely caught doing anything ungentle, or ungraceful, according to the usual acceptance of those paradoxical terms. On this account, they were of-

ten taken to the great cities of the east, and sometimes were sent to distant lands, to be exhibited for the admiration of the curious.

It happened, in the year — that one of the Hing-po-quas became the prisoner of Henry Cabot, a European merchant of great celebrity, who was acquainted with nearly all the countries of the globe, and visited many different nations every year. The animal was tall and finely formed, with a coat so soft, smooth, and glossy, that his master gave him the name of Joseph Silk, to which, in acknowledgment of his remarkable gifts as a traveller, was added the surname of Munchausen. He accompanied his master wherever he went, and was received with marks of distinguished consideration, even in the most fashionable circles of society, being allowed the privilege of amusing gentlemen and ladies, by mimicking their movements, and caricaturing their looks.

On one occasion, being on a visit to the court of the queen of England, he was greatly delighted with the appearance of a very small page, in the service of one of the ladies of honor. He was quite a dwarf, and a good match, in point of size, for the monkey. Silky Joe, as he was more generally called, annoyed this miniature page exceedingly, by following him at all times, and acting over, with the most ludicrous precision, all his attitudes and motions. Happening, one day, to find the door of the page's room open, as he was passing, the monkey stole in, and helped himself to a complete suit of court dress, of the

richest materials, and of the gay and showy colors so much admired among the fashionables of that period. In attempting to array himself, he made some awkward mistakes. Having satisfied himself, however, that all was right, he hastened to take his place as the shadow of the page. The court was in an uproar of laughter. The page was highly incensed, and demanded satisfaction for the insult, vowing he would never put on the dress again, after it had been so dishonored. He was soon pacified with presents, and Mr. Cabot purchased the dress at a high price. Induced, by this incident, to promote Joseph Silk to the rank of a page in his own retinue, he also purchased for him a variety of other costly dresses, after the most approved costumes of the day. He had his head powdered according to the prevailing custom, and his face bleached, by a liberal use of depilatory appliances and pearl white.

Joseph was thus a frequent visitor at court, and in many of the palaces of the nobility. He was in universal favor, especially with the ladies, for whose attentions he always showed a marked preference. His manners were graceful and courteous in the extreme. He could enter a room with the air of an accomplished dancing-master. He flourished a cane, an eye-glass, a pocket-handkerchief, or a snuff-box, with the grace of a courtier. In fine, he was a model of an accomplished beau, to whom brains are superfluous. As to his tail, that was no more in his way than a Chinaman's queue. It was immediately adopted as

a fashion, both by gentlemen and ladies, the former attaching huge pig-tails to their heads behind, and the latter making long trails to their dresses.

After several years of absence, Mr. Cabot returned to the Flowery Kingdom of the Sun, and visited the province of Chang Fou Tse. Joseph Silk Munchausen accompanied him, having become learned in the manners and customs of men, and in the airs and arts of travellers. Arrived within the precincts of his native province, he was seized with a strong yearning for the home of his youth, and an invincible desire to astonish the natives, by showing off his finery and his acquirements. Arraying himself with great care in his choicest habiliments, as he would have done for a presentation at court, he seized an opportunity when Mr. Cabot was too much occupied to notice his movement, and stole away, with rapid strides, to the forest. Flourishing his cane with vigor, he strode down the long avenues, and through the favorite haunts of his childhood, without encountering one familiar face. Supposing him to be a human monster, "an outside barbarian," the Hing-po-quas, his cousins and neighbors, hid themselves from him, as from an enemy. At length, one of them, peeping after him, from a hollow tree, discovered his tail, half concealed by the ample flaps of his coat. Stealing noiselessly out, he seized the obtruding member, and gave it a violent pull, as if to test its genuineness, and then, with a provoking chuckle, flew away into the tree. It was answered by a hundred chatter-

ing voices in all its branches. Gentleman Joe, though sorely offended by the indignity offered to his person, instinctively replied to the salutation, wheeling suddenly about, and squinting scornfully through his eye-glass, to see if he could detect the offender. The monkeys, shrewd at all sorts of tricks themselves, readily suspected some trick on this occasion. They therefore kept a respectful distance, chattering to each other, and making all manner of grimaces at the intruder, as, with the most affected airs imaginable, he strutted about, sometimes brandishing his cane in defiance, and sometimes threatening to chastise them for their insolence. He soon became cool, however, and, revealing his true character, invited them to a parley.

One by one the monkeys gathered around the stranger, till he had a large audience, to whom he made himself known as a friend and relative, and very condescendingly related the marvels he had seen in distant lands. Doubt it not, kind reader—Rousseau has settled that point long ago—that animals talk. The parrot, you know, is quite a linguist, and talks Spanish, French, Dutch, German, and whatever you may please to teach him. Other animals have languages of their own, which have never been reduced to writing. And, in this respect, I do not see why the brute is not entitled to the pre-eminence, since many of them learn to understand, and some of them to speak, the various human tongues; while no man has yet been able to learn any of their dialects. This question I leave to the philosophers,

and beg they will consider whether it does not intimate, if not prove clearly, that we, in our arrogance and self-conceit, have mistaken the direction of the scale of being, when we have placed man at the head of it.

Joseph Silk Munchausen was a plausible, insinuating monkey, easy of address, and ready of speech on all occasions. He was now especially desirous to make a grand impression. He had a remarkably happy faculty of showing up all he had seen, and giving it the coloring of his own fancy. Some of his hearers were as credulous as the disciples of Swedenborg, Mesmer, or Mormon; though there were many unbelieving wags among them, who made the most quizzical grimaces, as he dilated upon some of the impossible marvels of other lands. Monkeys are associationists. They have all things common. And when Joseph told them that the people of England allowed a few of their number to call the whole land their own, and to claim even the forests, so that their neighbors and brothers could not so much as walk under their shade, they laughed outright at their folly. "It is even worse than that;" said he, "there are a few who have every year as much food as would serve ten thousand, which they keep all for themselves, while the rest die by hundreds for want of a root, or a nut."

"Oh! what a whopper;" said one, "don't I know that the hungry would take it by force, if it were not given them?"

"If they should do that, they would

be hung," replied the traveller. "In truth it is only a grand contrivance they have for getting rid of that mean sort of people, that have not wit enough to make themselves rich by wholesale robbery. They are not allowed to have anything of their own. They must either starve or steal, and if they steal they are hung."

"Now we have caught you," said a grave old fellow, who had not spoken hitherto. "You say that they hang those who steal. How could these rich ones get so much land, and claim all the forests, without stealing it? It was not always thus. So they should all be hung, and the land be common again."

"You know nothing about human philosophy," replied Joseph Silk. "He who steals a morsel, to save himself from starving, is a villain, and must be put to death. But he who steals a whole kingdom is a hero, and men worship and serve him, as a kind of god."

A sort of suppressed titter, expressive of extreme incredulity, was all the reply which the audience deigned to give to what they conceived to be a mere fiction of the speaker's fancy. He went on, however, in the same strain, slandering the poor humans with such malicious inventions as these:—"Let me tell you, moreover, that if one man kills another, the law is that he shall be put to death. But if he kills a hundred or a thousand, he is honored and rewarded as one of the greatest benefactors of his race."

"Caught again in your own trap," replied the philosopher—"for he who had killed one in a passion, would only

have to kill a hundred more, and that would save him, and make a great man of him at once."

"What is the matter with your face, cousin," asked one, "that it is turned so pale and smooth? You have lost entirely that fine ebon complexion and hairy comeliness that we Hing-po-quas prize so much."

"No, no," replied the traveller, "white is the favorite color among men. So much so, that, in some places, it is deemed a crime to have a black skin."

"Impossible!" interrupted the sage before mentioned. "However, it is as well as could be expected from ourang-outangs without tails. I see how it is. The same judgment of heaven which deprived them of that fundamental ornament, deprived them also of their powers of reasoning. We must pity them, for they do not know any better."

"Tell that story to the Chop-pieqs," cried one of the doubters, "Hing-po-quas are not so easily imposed upon."

"'Tis true," reiterated Munchausen, "true, every word of it, I have seen it with these eyes. The whites have nothing to do with the blacks, but to trample on them. They must not sit together, nor walk together, nor even pray together. I should never have seen any good society, much less should I have been a general favorite there, if I had kept my face black. Men dress their bodies in black, and think nothing so fine as black eyes and black hair; but to have a black face is a sin."

With an air of perfect satisfaction, Joseph noticed the indications of sur-

prise and disgust among his auditors; for, like most other travellers, he deemed it greater honor to himself, to excite the wonder and tax the credulity of his hearers, than to secure their confidence as a truth-telling and honest observer. He, accordingly, went on with his story, always taking care to make his human brethren appear as ridiculous as possible. Among other incredible things, he had the audacity to declare, that a large majority of mankind were not at all scrupulous of right—that they practised lying, and thieving, and all kinds of injustice—that the weak were everywhere oppressed by the strong, the simple overreached by the shrewd, and the ignorant imposed upon by the shallow pretenders to knowledge. He even went so far as to state, as a veracious historical fact, that the larger portion of mankind, of all ranks, were in the daily habit of drinking various kinds of slow poisons, by which they were often made sick, and by which vast multitudes were annually killed. It was not uncommon, he said, for companies of them to meet together, with a view to see who could drink most of such poisons. It always made them foolish, and sometimes drove them mad, but still it is everywhere regarded as a sovereign remedy for all the diseases it produces."

"That comes of their losing their tails," said the philosopher.

"There is another custom," continued this veracious reporter, "which is almost too vulgar for a refined Hing-po-quas to believe; but, I assure you, on the word of a traveller, that it is, in a

sense, omniprevalent. They have a certain kind of very dry, nauseous dust, which they are fond of, and which they always eat with their noses, though it almost invariably throws them into sudden and painful convulsions."

A general shout followed this burst of original wit, and the old woods rang again with the mirth it occasioned. Nothing abashed, the modest speaker waited a moment till the uproar had subsided, and then gravely re-assured his hearers that it was even so as he had said. "Why," said he, "every *gentleman* carries a box of this singlar powder in his pocket, offering it often to his friends, by way of salutation, as he meets them. And you will sometimes see a dozen of them together cramming their noses with it, and then, when the convulsions come on, shouting at each other, as if they were mad, and shedding tears, as if the operation were highly painful."

No sooner was this said, than one of those unbelieving wags before mentioned, thrust his hand into his cousin's pocket, to test the truth of his statement. To his surprise, he there discovered a small black shining box, with curious figures on the top and sides. He opened it, and found it nearly filled with a coarse, brown powder which had a very disagreeable smell. Determined to try its quality he took a handful of it, and crammed it into his nose, in doing which he was unfortunately not careful to keep it out of his eyes. Immediately his head seemed in a strange commotion. His eyes contracted, his nerves tingled,

and he seemed about to swoon; when, suddenly and involuntarily, he uttered a convulsive shriek, that alarmed the whole audience, and sent them scampering away. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and he was left in that foolish predicament, that he did not know whether he was laughing or crying, whether he was hurt or pleased. The monkeys soon recovered from their fright, and returned to inquire what was the matter. They found the sufferer recovering from his agony, the tears streaming down his face, and mingling with the dirty brown powder, which made him appear disgustingly filthy. He was obliged to go to the brook and wash himself, and it was long before his eyes ceased to smart, and his nose to tingle under this unnatural stimulus.

This experiment was not without its advantages to the traveller. It gained him credit among his hearers, by confirming a part of his tale, which led them to suppose that the whole might be true. He therefore went on boldly to say, that this singlar powder was made of the dried leaves of a plant, the various uses of which constituted some of the chief pleasures of man. Sometimes they roll up the leaves into a cylindrical shape, and then, setting fire to one end of the tube, draw the smoke into their mouths, and then puff it out again, till it is all consumed. Sometimes without setting fire to it, they put a large roll of it into their mouths, and chew it. This mingling with the fluids of the mouth, makes a very dirty mixture, which they are so eager to get rid

of, that they do not scruple to spue it upon every object that is near them. It often runs down upon their faces, and clothes ; and I am compelled to say, that, in spite of all their pride and self-esteem, men are more filthy and vulgar in many of their habits, than any of the animals I have seen."

"What could you expect of animals without tails?" asked the old sage, with the satisfied air of a victor. "I tell you my friends, it is in this beautiful extension of the spinal column, that the intellect resides. Therefore it is placed at the base of the column that it may sustain the whole. Therefore it is made ornamental, that it may attract the eye, and command the admiration of all. Therefore it is made flexible and pliant, that it may reach to every part of the body. And therefore, when that is gone, the poor unfortunate animal is reduced in the scale of being. He becomes a mere animal, and is like a ship without a rudder."

"True, true," interrupted Joseph, sneeringly, "but what do you know about ships?"

The philosopher deigned no reply, and there was a momentary pause.

"How is it," asked one of the company, "that your legs are so oddly shaped? They are round and smooth as the young willow twig."

"Oh! that is the fashion where I have been. In Europe, they have a class of men called tailors, who are constantly employed contriving means to cover up and hide the deformities of the human figure, though they sometimes

make them more deformed than they were by nature. They were first employed in devising various kinds of long skirts, as substitutes for tails, and this gave them the name which they are known by to this day. A tailor is the most important man in human society. He holds all the rest in absolute subjection. And, while a king rules over one country only, a tailor rules over many—for all men must necessarily wear the same kind of clothes, though they live in different parts of the world, and speak different languages, and are at deadly enmity among themselves. These tailors change the fashion as often as they please, and all men, everywhere, are obliged to adopt it. If they neglect, or are not able to do so, they are not considered worthy of good society. When the fashion is close and tight, fat men are obliged to squeeze themselves almost to death, in order to get into their clothes. When they are large, lean men are obliged to stuff them out with cotton, or feathers, or any other convenient thing, so that one can never know what a man's figure is by his outward appearance. The tailor manages that according to his own fancy, or convenience."

"Poor, unfortunate race," exclaimed the sage, "let us commiserate their infirmities, and be thankful that, while our tails remain to us, we have no need of tailors."

One by one, every article of the traveller's dress was examined and commented upon, with numberless questions in respect to their various uses. Seeing

a sagacious old fellow puzzling himself with various experiments to detect the quality and use of an eye-glass, which was suspended by a chain from his neck, Joseph condescended to enlighten him, by assuring, that in good, that is to say, genteel society, it was not considered polite for one person to look at another with the naked eye, and glasses were invented, as a proper medium of vision for those who would show deference and respect to each other. An eye-glass was, therefore, a kind of passport to good society. And it was a singular phenomenon, that, as soon as any one rose from a low condition to good standing in society, he lost the power of seeing clearly without the aid of a glass.

Many other marvellous and ridiculous stories did the Hing-po-qua Munchausen relate for the diversion of his old friends and associates—of the manners and customs of different people, of their towns and cities, their palaces and ships, and numberless other matters, till they were weary of hearing what they could not believe. At length, with a general yawn, they bade him good night, and betook themselves to their several places of rest. Gentleman Joe, being greatly fatigued with his travels, and with his long effort to entertain his companions, was glad of the opportunity to retire to the hollow of an old tree, which was reserved for his special use.

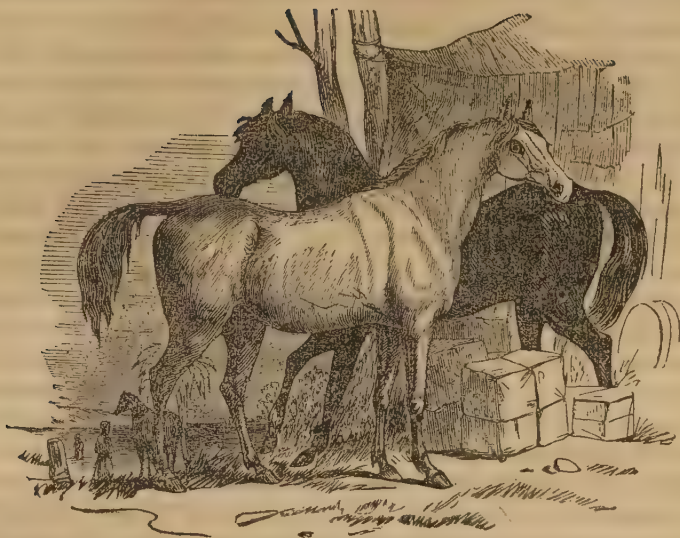
As his custom was, he divested himself of all his clothes, carefully hanging them on the twigs and branches that grew about the door of his chamber. Having acquired the genteel habits of

civilized society, his old friends were all awake and busy, while he was yet but half refreshed. At length, at a late hour in the morning, he opened his eyes, yawned, stretched himself, and turned over for another nap. In doing this, he caught a glimpse of his elegant embroidered coat running swiftly along the principal branch of a neighboring tree. Starting suddenly up, he found to his chagrin and utter dismay, that not one article of his finery remained. His wakeful cousins had borrowed it all, and there they were, one with his cap, another with his shirt, a third with one stocking on his leg, a fourth with the other on his arm, capering and frisking about, with infinite glee and merriment. In vain did he attempt to recover them by giving chase first to one and then to another. He had lost a portion of his nimbleness and power of climbing, and his old friends only laughed at him for his present unavailing rage, as they had done before for his vain pretensions. Deprived of his trappings, and both ashamed and afraid to return, in a state of nakedness, to his master, this accomplished traveller was obliged to return to his original mode of living, and to the humble obscurity of a mere monkey.

Puzzle.

"THOMAS," said Charles, "you are good at figures, please give me a *figurative* answer to this question:—What ought one to do who arrives at a friend's house too late for dinner?"

Thomas, after thinking a little, wrote the following—1028,40. What was his meaning?



The Horse.

THE horse is the noblest, and the most useful to man, of all the animals. In a wild state they are found in large droves, numbering sometimes a thousand or more. Powerful as they are, however, they never attack other animals, but content themselves with acting on the defensive. When they lie down to rest, they generally leave some of their number as sentinels, to give notice of the approach of danger. When the alarm is given, by a loud neighing of the sentinels, the whole troop start to their feet, and, after taking a view of their enemy, either give them instant battle, or gallop off with inconceivable speed.

When they determine on battle, they close round the enemy on all sides, and

trample him to death. If the attack is of a very serious character, they form a circle, in the centre of which the young are placed with their mothers. The rest, arranging themselves with their heels towards their foes, repel the most vigorous attacks.

Many a careless boy, and unfortunate man, knows, from bitter experience, what a powerful instrument of defence the horse possesses in his heels. By their means he has been known, in a favorable situation, to contend successfully, though single handed, with a full grown lion. It was in the menagerie at Paris, in the reign of Louis XV. A nobleman having a vicious horse, whom none of his grooms were able to manage, asked leave of the king, as a mat-

ter of sport, to have him turned loose in the menagerie, against one of the largest lions. The king consented. Soon after the arrival of the horse, the door of the den was drawn up, and the lion, with great state and majesty, marched slowly to the mouth of it, when, seeing his antagonist, he set up a tremendous roar. The horse immediately started and fell back. His ears were erected, his mane twisted, his eyes flashed, and something like a convulsive shudder agitated his whole frame. In a moment these first emotions of fear subsided, and the horse retired to a corner of the menagerie to prepare for the combat. Turning his back upon the lion, and raising his head over his left shoulder, he watched the motions of his antagonist with intense eagerness.

In a few moments the lion came out of his den, moved cautiously about from one side of the menagerie to the other, as if meditating the mode of attack. Suddenly, he made a spring, to take his adversary by surprise, but was met by such a tremendous blow upon the breast from both his heels, as sent him back groaning toward his den.

For some time the discomfited lion seemed inclined to give up the contest. At length, having recovered a little from the painful effects of his first encounter, he returned again to the charge, making similar preparations for the second attack, as he had done for the first. Traversing the little area, to and fro, for a considerable time, he seemed to seek a favorable opportu-

nity to seize his prey, by diverting his attention from the point of attack. The horse, in the meantime, preserved the same posture of defence, keeping his eye intently fixed upon every motion of the lion. Presently the lion gave a second spring, putting forth his utmost strength and activity. But the watchful horse was prepared for him, and struck him so vigorous a blow on his mouth, that his lower jaw bone was broken.

Having thus sustained a second, and more severe repulse, the poor lion retreated hastily to his den, apparently in the greatest agony, and uttering the most lamentable moans. The victorious horse escaped without a scar or a scratch. His agility and power were much admired. But he became, after this conflict, more ungovernable than ever. So formidable was he, that no one dared even to approach the ground where he was kept, and it became necessary to shoot him.

The most beautiful horses in the world are the Arabian, though there are different races of them, as well as in other countries. The most remarkable and valuable among them are the Kocklani, who, to an uncommon gentleness and docility, and a singular attachment to their masters, unite a courage and intrepidity worthy of the best trained war-horse. They have an astonishing power of remembering the places where they have been, and the treatment they have received.

The intelligence of this race of horses is almost incredible. He knows when

he is sold to a new master, or even when his old master is bargaining to sell him. When the proprietor and the purchaser meet for that purpose in the stables, the Kochlan appears instantly to guess what is going on. He becomes restless and dissatisfied; casts frequent angry glances from his beautiful eye at the merchant, paws the ground impatiently with his feet, and exhibits other unmistakeable signs of discontent. Neither the buyer, nor any other stranger, dares to come near him. But, when the bargain is concluded, and the vender, taking the Kochlan by the halter, gives him up to the purchaser, and turns away, the horse becomes immediately tractable and submissive. From that moment he is mild and faithful to his new master, as he had been to his old one. This is no idle story. It is well attested by English residents in the East, as well as by Turkish, Arabian and Armenian merchants.

We can hardly wonder at the extreme gentleness and docility of the Arabian horses, when we consider how they are treated. The Arabs live constantly in tents. These they always share with their horses. The mare and her foal occupy the same corner where the children sleep, and often serve them for a pillow. They may often be seen prattling to their colts as our children do to their pet dogs, patting them on their necks and faces, stroking down their soft hair, climbing on their bodies, and hanging about their necks, with the fondness and fearlessness of childhood.

The Arabian horses are always well

fed, and never whipped. The use of the lash is not known among them, and it is only in the utmost extremity that the spur is used, and then as sparingly as possible. They are seldom, if ever, overburdened, or overworked, but are treated with as much care and tenderness as any member of the family.

[To be continued.]

Peter the Hermit.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

THERE are very few hermits, in our day; but, some centuries ago, it was not an uncommon thing for men to withdraw from society, and from friends, and retire into some wilderness, or, perhaps, to some mountain cave, and pass their whole lives in solitude. This was generally done under the influence of religious feeling. The real object of the hermit, in wishing to live alone, was, that he might give all his time and thoughts to God and heaven. In this he was no doubt sincere, and if, in taking care of his own soul, he neglected his duty to society and the world, let not us blame him, since we, perhaps, err as much, or more, on the other side, and give so much time and thought to the world as to have none left for our own souls.

If any of our young subscribers will send us a good account of "Peter the Hermit," not very long, we shall be pleased to publish it, with or without the name, as the writer may desire. If more than one is sent, we shall publish the one we think best.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

OUR friends are growing very chatty. Every one likes to put in a word. A whole evening is not long enough for our chat. Last month we were compelled to break off in the middle, while several persons were watching their opportunity to speak. Some, who had their speeches all ready, were obliged to hold in, for want of time and room. This time we have resolved to give every one a chance, and have therefore invited the company two hours earlier than usual. If this will not do we shall sit it out till midnight, for we do not wish any one to feel as Elihu did, when he was "full of matter," and "ready to burst like bottles of new wine."

Before we open the talk, let us take the opportunity to inquire if the "Prize Sentence" is quite forgotten. But few letters have been received lately on that subject. It will be some time yet before the decision can be given, as Mr. Merry is still in Europe, and does not intimate any purpose to come home at present. When he returns, he will give it his earliest attention, and then look out for fun. All the wit of our large family will be exhausted on that prize sentence, and it will be a pity if something good does not come of it.

We have two very interesting letters from Mary J. P., Fort Kent, Aroostook county, Me., a place which Jack Downing would call "below the eastward." She has sent us pay for six new subscribers, and says she "shall try hard to get more." She also says, "some parents think it money uselessly expended to buy books for children, but I don't. Mother pays us two cents a basket to pick up chips, and I can soon get enough to pay for mine."

Some of our southern readers may like to know more about this far away place, so we make another extract:—

"We live two hundred and fifty miles above Bangor. After the 'Aroostook war,' this place was occupied as a military post. At the time of the Mexican war the troops were called away, and their buildings are now occupied by citizens. We have had a great freshet here. The snow remained on the ground till May. On the third of May, father had his horses brought out of the wood, where he had been lumbering, and fifteen men shovelled snow ten miles, in order to get them along. It is now very warm, and the fields begin to be clothed in their summer attire."

RICHMOND, VA., June 8th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I have been wanting to write to you, but have not had courage to do so. I made a sentence but lost it. The answer of the puzzle by Coleman is *tobacco*—it is a very good puzzle. I send you one: Why is Queen Victoria unlike a dog?

I have been long thinking whether you wrote the letters, or whether the boys and girls wrote them. If you think this letter is worth the paper and time, please put it in, and oblige your friend and reader

E. C. GORDON.

Our Richmond friend will see that the letters we publish are genuine, and that we do not have all the *chatting* to do.

FALL RIVER, June 8th, 1854.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir*:—I send the following: Why is Russia like Rome when it was at the height of its prosperity?

Why is an ox an obedient animal?

Which side of a horse has the most hair on it?

Why is a cock like the mind?

Why is a woman's head like a bee-hive?

Yours truly, C. V. R.

C. V. R. answers correctly several puzzles, such as "Ice"—"The nose"—"Tongs"—"Eye"—"Red Sea."

CLINTON, N. Y., June 8th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I was going to send you a dollar to pay for the Museum sent to Rev. H. H. Kellogg. I thought I would write you a letter. I wish to give you some answers.

Why is the letter N like a pig sty? Because it makes it nasty.

[This ought to be, "Why is the letter N like a pig? Because it make a sty *nasty*.]

Letters of the alphabet come too late for supper: All that come after T.

Little head, no eyes, long legs, and crooked thighs, is a pair of tongs.

I will send you a puzzle, and a conundrum, which you may publish, if you think them good enough. The puzzle is:—

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

The conundrum is:—When is a door not a door?

Yours, respectfully,

SAMUEL C. KELLOGG.

TERRE HAUTE, June 13th, 1854.

DEAR MR. HATCHET:—We are two school-mates, and are very great friends; we both take the Museum, and think a great deal of it, especially the Monthly Chat. We have found out the answers to one or two of the puzzles. Susa Perkins' is "The Eye." The sea spelled with three letters is "Red." We have some enigmas, which we send, and if you think they are worthy we would like to see them in the Museum.

MARY & EMILY.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 6, 4, 12, is worn by boys.

" 8, 7, 8, is a very troublesome animal.

" 8, 1, 4, 12, is a relative pronoun.

" 11, 4, 8, is an indispensable process.

" 9, 4, 8 is a domestic animal.

" 7, 5, is a passive verb.

" 1, 4, 12, 9, 6, 11, 8, is a part of my whole.

" 10, 2, 5, is a personal pronoun.

My whole is a person who has taken the place of another in a very pleasant duty.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 14, 15, 11, 9, is a part of a house.

" 17, 9, 19, 20, 21, is an herb.

" 11, 7, 6, is a number.

" 2, 15, 4, is a toy for boys.

" 8, 10, 18, is a conjunction.

" 1, 2, 8, 4, is done with the feet.

" 5, 11, 16, 20, 6, is a place for human beings.

" 5, 8, 12, 4, is what is often wanted.

" 5, 6, 19, 18, 2, 5, is a great blessing.

My whole has no very enviable reputation.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 8, 8, 5, 9, 11, is a kind of fruit.

" 8, 2, 8, is a nickname for my 1, 2, 8, 4, 5, 6.

" 11, 4, is a pronoun.

" 9, 2, 8, is what thieves do.

" 7, 8, 10, 9, 11, is what some people are when they are in a good humor.

" 6, 10, 8, 4, is never found in a prairie.

" 7, 4, 7, 2, 5, 11, is what no one could do without.

We have no answers to Eugene C. Hall's Latin, page 191. We shall wait till next month, before we offer a translation of our own. Meanwhile here is another chance for our young folks to try their hands at Latin. Let us see who will first solve the enigmas.

CATTLETON, VT., May 15th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—For my own amusement I have composed the following enigma, the answer to which is a Latin sentence, and the several parts Latin words. Thinking that it might interest some of your readers, who study Latin, I take the liberty of sending it to you for publication, if you think it worth the room which it will occupy. With many thanks for the pleasure and benefit which I received, in childhood, from your Museum, and hoping that it may long continue to benefit other children, I remain yours,

EGO IPSA.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 14, 8, 1, is a quadruped quite common in some streets.

" 23, 5, 12, 19, 29, is one of the gods of the world.

" 15, 2, 24, is often called "a man of three letters."

" 9, 12, 18, 23, is a defective noun, and as it is more frequently found with another meaning, under another part of speech, lazy scholars are apt to be puzzled by it.

" 28, 6, 11, may be found among defective verbs.

" 24, 18, is a preposition.

" 9, 26, 8, 12, 1, is what many look for in the grave.

" 4, 16, 10, 11, 20, was one of those distinguished Grecians whose lives were written by Nepos.

" 17, 5, 29, 23, was one of the early kings of Rome, celebrated more for his wisdom than for making war.

" 10, 28, 21, 13, 24, is a name ever dear to the heart.

" 28, 9, 25, 27, 23, is a mountain celebrated in mythology and history.

My 22, 16, 20, 8, 14, ends the matter.

My whole is a Latin sentence, which the readers of Nepos have probably seen.

KINGSBORO, June 2d, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am twelve years old. I have written to you before, but never saw it in the Museum. Here is an enigma, which, if you think worthy, you may publish.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 10, 7, 5, 6, is an important part of the body.

" 4, 11, 1, is a part of the face.

" 2, 3, 4, 8, is a small mountain.

" 4, 12, 6, is a boy.

" 1, 3, 4, 8, is a kind of medicine.

My whole is a city in the United States.

From your youthful reader,

CALEB JOHNSON.

MADISON, OHIO, May 8th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—Dear Sir:—I have been for eight or nine years a delighted reader of your excellent Museum. It has had a great moral influence upon me, and it is my sincere wish that it may become a visitor in all the families of the United States. Will you please insert this in your next number:—

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 5, 7, 2, benefits but few, and ruins many.

" 16, 9, 11, 12, is a flourishing grain.

" 22, 1, 20, is a valuable shrub.

" 6, 18, 4, 8, 19, 10, are very necessary to the comforts of those who live in cities: Gipsies seldom use them.

" 21, 8, 14, 15, is a fixed alkali.

" 18, 17, 22, is a part of an animal body.

My whole is a proverb we are all familiar with.

With respect,

W. H. BIDWELL.

Also, a budget of anagrams:—

1. Many a hog. 3. War is seen.

2. Saw nothing. 4. No more.

GAINESVILLE, ALA., May 10th, 1854.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 17, 1, 8, 23, is a boy's name.

" 4, 9, 22, is a fowl.

" 12, 7, is a pronoun.

" 8, 12, 22, is a metal.

" 23, 21, 7, 4, 21, 2, is a boy's name.

" 2, 6, 18, is what persons do who sleep in church.

" 12, 5, 21, 20, is not alive.

" 10, 9, 20, is a nickname.

" 11, 12, 22, is what we commit every day.

" 20, 14, 5, 19, is an animal.

" 16, 15, 6, 8, is a part of the body.

" 20, 18, 6, 19, is a part of a house.

My whole is the name of a song.

From R. A. WHITFIELD.

OPELOUSAS, LA., April 28th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I am a little Miss, about thirteen years old. I like the Museum very much. My father has been taking it for my brother and myself as long as I can remember. I have never written to you before. I expect you will think I am very impudent to write to you. [Not at all. Mary dear, you was never more mistaken.] I send the following enigma, which my brother helped me to make:—

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 4, 6, 5, is a useful article.

" 8, 1, 2, 7, is the name of an ancient king.

" 5, 1, 4, is the name of a small animal.

" 8, 9, 10, 11, a quarter of the globe.

" 7, 6, 8, 9, the Scotch for girl.

" 8, 4, 1, 5, is something that you can see at night.

" 9, 6, 7, 4, is an article much used in cooking.

" 8, 9, is a conjunction.

My whole is a large collection of islands in the Pacific Ocean.

MARY A. LITTELL.

CARLISLE, June 15th, 1854.

MR. MERRY (HATCHET):—This is the first time I have ever written to you. I am only eleven years old. Carlisle is a very pretty place, at least I think so, although almost every one is prejudiced more or less in favor of his own native town. I send you a conundrum, which, although not original with me, is, as I think, good enough to be repeated. It is, "What is older than its mother?" Also, "What relation is a child to its father, when it is not its mother's own son?" Also, an arithmetical puzzle, "What is $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{1}{2}$ of 10?" I likewise send you an enigma, which is my first production:—

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 13, 27, 18, 4, 6, 13, 11, is a town in Pennsylvania.

" 2, 13, 7, is a quality of cloth.

" 8, 12, 8, is an organ of the body.

" 4, 9, 10, is a contemptuous term.

" 5, 6, is a pronoun.

" 6, 18, 9, 17, 24, 18, is a boy's name.

" 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, is a dog's name.

" 8, 10, 4, 12, 9, is a pernicious drug.

" 9, 13, 9, 9, 13, is a term used by infants.

" 10, 13, 27, 25, 18, 3, 12, is a vegetable used in soup.

" 11, 7, 11, 6, is the first name of a celebrated writer.

" 12, 13, 9, is a vegetable.

" 13, 14, 15, is a conjunction.

" 14, 3, 15, is a nickname.

" 15, 18, 14, 4, 11, 18, is a boy's name.

" 16, 17, 18, 19, 13, is a girl's name.

" 17, 7, is a preposition.

" 18, 19, 13, 27, is a despicable.

" 19, 21, is a verb.

" 20, 9, is an ejaculation.

" 21, 26, 9, is a nickname.

" 22, 23, 2, 7, is a very useful article.

" 23, 1, 9, 11, is a term used to signify the top.

" 24, 18, 18, 13, is a girl's name.

" 25, 26, 27, 13, 4, is a name very much used in the Book of Genesis.

" 26, 19, 27, is what we could not live without.

" 27, 3, 15, is a color.

My whole were two very celebrated Roman Generals.

The answer to Susa Perkins' riddle is "Eye." The answer to W. H. Coleman's question is "Tobacco." The answers to Alonzo C. Whitner's Conundrums are, "Those that come after T, the Red Sea, and a pair of tongs." To J. M. S., of Stanton, Va., the answer is "Drugs." The answer to Willie B——'s enigma is "General George Washington."

Yours, respectfully, W. F. LAW.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 13, 26, 5, 35, 23, often draws my 35, 11, 4, 34, 1, 18.

" 16, 34, 3, 34, 31, 1, 8, 9, 20, 24, 25, is an article of furniture.

" 19, 15, 1, 7, 6, 8, 16, is a country in Europe.

" 23, 29, 12, 10, belongs to a ship.

" 18, 2, 14, 16, is a part of the body.

" 13, 21, 34, 24, is a part of a fence.

" 27, 34, 1, 29, 5, 2, 18, 19, 14, 16, is a part of a ship.

" 17, 5, 32, 33, 25, 24, 2, 18, is what I have not been.

My 22, 18, 30, 6, 23, is what I esteem the Merry's Museum.

" 18, 6, 5, 36, 27, 12, 18, 16, is a city in Connecticut.

" 1, 12, 33, 30, 15, 26, 13, is what I would like to be.

" 12, 18, 34, 26, is a State of our Union.

" 34, 8, 9, 11, 10, is a province in Europe.

My whole was the name of a President and a great battle.

GEO. H. ROUNTREE.

ANDOVER, MASS., June 10th, 1854.

MOST WORTHY FRIEND HATCHET:—I have no enigma of my own to offer. Here is one which I found in an old paper, and which I have tried in vain to solve. I send it to you, as the sharpest man I know of. Please give the answer in your next number. S. S. T.

ENIGMA.

Hear ye who boast from ages dark

A pedigree to Noah's ark

Painted on parchment nice;

I'm older still, for I was there,

As first of all I did appear

With Eve in Paradise.

And I was Adam, Adam I,

And I was Eve, and Eve was I,

In spite of wind and weather;

Yet mark me, Adam was not I,

Neither was Mrs. Adam I,

Unless we were together.

Suppose then Eve and Adam talking;—

With all my heart—but were they walking?

There ends all simile:

For though I've tongue, and often talk;

Legs too, yet whene'er I walk,

That puts an end to me.

Not such an end but that I've breath,

Therefore, to such a kind of death

I make but small objection;

For soon again I come to view,

And though a Christian, yet 'tis true

I die by resurrection.

I shall give all the "Merry" family a chance at it before I try my edge upon it. I hope the young folks will not be alarmed, because one has found it so difficult. The mystery is not as deep as it appears to be. When digging into a mine, we are very apt to overlook important matters which lie on the surface. Now, open your eyes, one and all, and look right at it.

LIBERIA, April 7th, 1854.

Please, Mr. Merry, though far away, let me ask a question, for your young readers to answer. "What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided?"

Yours, respectfully, PHILLIS M . . .

MADISON, FLA., June 17th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—This is the first time I have written to you, although I have been taking your Museum for several years. I like it very much. I find many interesting stories, which I delight in reading, such as the Boy Bachelor, Balloon Travels, Gilbert Go-Ahead. I am trying to get you some subscribers. I think I will be successful.

I send you a few enigmas and conundrums. The enigmas are:—

I'm slain to be saved, with much ado and pain;
Scattered, dispersed, and gathered up again;
Withered, though young; sweet, yet unperfumed;
And carefully laid up, to be consumed.

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every place.

The conundrums are:—

Why does an aching tooth impose silence upon the sufferer?

To what town in Poland should you go to have it extracted?

Why does a miller wear a white hat?

What is the most difficult thing in the world?

From your friend and subscriber,

J. ABORN HARRIS.

WINCHENDON, June 12th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I received my magazine, and I send an enigma:—

I am composed of seven letters.

My 1, 2, is a male.

" 1, 2, 8, is a female.

" 1, 2, 8, 4, is a brave man.

" 1, 2, 8, 4, 5, 6, 7, a brave woman.

From

HATTY.

MOUNT LEBANON, LA., June 10th, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—As this is my first attempt, I shall not be surprised if I do not see it in print. The school-boys here are splendid archers with the bow and cane. Getting up early, one morning, I started to go to the old plum trees, as they were called, to shoot woodpeckers. As I went along, I overheard some persons talking about shooting woodpeckers. At that moment I let fly a dart, which struck the bird I aimed at, and he fell to the ground. I ran up immediately, elated with my success, but imagine my mortification when I found it was only a paper device.

A SUBSCRIBER.

May 25th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I send you the following enigma:—

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 8, 11, 2, 5, is found in winter.

" 1, 14, 8, 12, is a proper noun.

" 18, 14, is a preposition.

" 8, 5, 11, 10, 5, is a river of France.

" 8, 9, 2, 8, 13, is not long.

My whole is a very distinguished person.

From your blue-eyed friend, CARRIE.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 16, 20, 20, was an officer in the revolutionary war.

" 2, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, is a person's name.

" 10, 7, 8, is a fowl.

" 9, 10, 12, 17, 21, is a piece of furniture.

" 15, 18, 17, 11, 7, is a very useful article.

" 2, 3, 17, 23, is a vegetable.

" 9, 2, 3, 12, 14, is a kind of grain.

" 2, 8, 17, 23, 24, is a vegetable.

" 11, 17, 11, 20, is a musical instrument.

" 1, 2, 8, 4, was one of the apostles.

My whole is one of your subscribers, and his place of residence.

J F Franklin, Vt.

74 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK, June 26th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—The puzzle about the pigs can be answered in two ways—3, 5, 7, and 1, 3, 11.

THEO. G

Not quite so fast, friend Theodore. The puzzle requires four pens to fifteen pigs; you have given us only three. If that were all, you might have given at least four more answers, as—5, 5, 5—1, 5, 9—1, 7, 7—3, 3, 9. Please try again, one and all. It will not do to "give it up" so easily.

MADISON, FLA., June 20th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have solved nearly all the puzzles and charades in the June number. Master Coleman's puzzle is "Tobacco." I now send a charade and four anagrams for him to solve:—

"Insensible as clay, deaf, dumb, and blind,
I yet possess each passion of the mind.
Rage, tenderness, grief, joy, soft hope and fear,
Dwell in my breast, and in my words appear.
Not only I possess, but can impart
Each sentiment that ever touched the heart;
At the same time, by the same means, bestow
The height of pleasure and abyss of woe.

The anagrams are:—"Never so mad a ladu," "Anglice liera beata," "De façon suis royal," "Veto," "Un corse la finira."

Insert these if you please, if they are worth it, and please

Yours, respectfully,

ALONZO C. WHITNER.

NEW YORK, June 26th, 1854.

MR. MERRY (HATCHET):—I send you one dollar, for one year's subscription to Merry's Museum; in addition to some of the charades, conundrums, and puzzles in the June number. [Answers all right.—HATCHET.] I also send two conundrums.

1st. Why is a gooseberry pie like counterfeit money?

2d. Why does a fisherman blow his horn?

Yours, &c.,

G. F. EYSDYK.

CARROLLVILLE, MISS., June 15th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—As this is my first attempt, I will only "pen those pigs" for Sarah Bell Reynolds, which is to make three pens and put five pigs in each, and then make a large pen around them all.

To Spell Mr. A. C. Whitner's word—hard water—with three letters l-c-e.

Yours, respectfully,

H. D. LONG, JR.

This answer has been given before, but we cannot let it pass as the true one, without the sanction of our friend Miss Sarah. There is no knowing what arithmetic is used in her school. It will be odd enough if she has given us a puzzle which she cannot answer herself.

June 19th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I am composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 16, 18, is a town in Switzerland.

" 2, 22, 18, 14, is a river in Germany.

" 7, 9, 14, 18, is a town in Spain.

" 4, 5, 7, 6, is a town in Peru.

" 11, 10, 21, 3, 8, 12, 18, 19, 20, is a town in Vermont.

" 15, 6, 17, is a river in England.

My whole is a person's name.

The answer to charade, by Susa Perkins, Eye. To puzzles and conundrums, by Alonzo C. Whitner, are Red Sea, Ice, Tonga, and those that come after T. The puzzle by Sarah Bell Reynolds is, put fifteen in each pen. From your friend in Muncy.

What say you to that, Miss Sarah? Are you caught now? Have you really been playing a trick upon the whole family of the Merrys, just for the pleasure of making yourself merry over their discomfiture? When you "let the cat out of the bag," or rather, the pigs out of the pens, we shall see.

KINGSTON, June 19th, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—I send you a few enigmas, which I composed some time ago, and which, if you think them good enough, you may publish in your Museum. My sisters and myself are very much pleased with your good Magazine, and are always very glad of its arrival. Yours truly,

KATE BRUYN FORSYTH.

I am composed of seven letters.

My 5, 8, 1, is to possess.

" 3, 6, 2, 1, is a small bird.

" 3, 6, 6, 7, is to labor.

My whole is a large city in the United States.

I am composed of ten letters.

My 6, 7, 8, 9, is a fish.

" 2, 1, is a preposition.

" 3, 2, 3, 1, 5, is a very tall man.

" 4, 8, 5, is to wear on the head.

" 10, 3, 5, is to devour.

" 6, 2, 5, is to recline.

My whole is a poisonous plant.

I am composed of seven letters.

My 3, 4, 5, will be found among Catholic females.

" 6, 7, 8, 9, is an instrument of music.

" 3, 2, is a refusal.

" 7, 8, 6, is to go very fast.

My whole is an amusing exercise for the mind.

I am composed of ten letters.

My 7, 8, 9, is a part of the human form.

" 8, 9, 10, is a verb.

" 3, 6, 7, is a quadruped.

" 3, 1, 6, is a reptile.

" 6, 7, 8, 9, is a fruit.

" 2, 8, 9, 10, is a small animal.

" 9, 3, 4, 7, is what men sometimes work with.

My whole is a celebrated poet.

NOFOLK, VA., June 17th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—As you so kindly receive the letters of your little friends, I thought you would not object to one from me. I send you the answers to most of the conundrums, puzzles and enigmas. Ice, U, V, W, X, Y, and Z, come too late for tea (T), Black Sea, Tonga, Tobacco, Eye, a Pitcher, Because fear holds him fast. These, I think, are correct. I send you an enigma:—

I am composed of nineteen letters.

My 2, 7, 7, 4, 8, is a girl's name.

" 1, 19, 12, 5, 1, 2, is a boy's name.

" 10, 11, 4, is an article.

" 15, 8, 17, 9, 19, is a county in Mississippi.

My 13, 19, 15, 11, 12, 8, is a county in Mississippi.

" 6, 9, 10, is an insect.

" 8, 17, 8, is a girl's name.

" 14, 19, is a pronoun.

" 1, 16, 7, 15, 6, 17, is a town in Ireland.

" 18, 6, 10, 11, 8, 13, is a boy's name.

My whole is the name of a very celebrated individual.

From your friend KATE.

NEW ORLEANS, June 13th, 1854.

MR. MERRY—Dear Sir:—I hope Mr. Hatchet has sharp enough eyes to read this letter. I send the answer to W. H. Coleman's query.

T. Three fourth of a cross.

O. A circle complete.

B. An upright where two semicircles meet.

A. A rectangle triangle, standing on feet.

CC. Two semicircles.

O. A circle complete.

Your most obt. servant, R. M.

BROOKLYN, July 12th, 1854.

Heigho! Mr. Merry, or Mr. Hatchet, whoever you may be that puzzles our poor brains so, what can that boy, Dick, mean by his rude answers on the 216th page. If I had been the master I would have made every inch of his back acquainted with the "stick," unless he made an apology and an explanation.

I believe there is, as you say, some *malice* in those Latin sentences by Eugene C. Hall. I give them up.

Your own Latin puzzle, at the bottom of page 192, I am not quite sure of, but I think it may be made out thus.—Am I right?

Fortē tu, atrox, tenes fortē Sexto Fortunato.

Yours ever, GEORGE E. L. . . .

You are quite right, dear George. How is it that you could not unravel Eugene as well? "Try, try again." Then, as to Dick, it is as plain as the nose on your own face, which, to be sure, you cannot see to advantage, unless you look in the glass. Dick has a glass that would show you the whole mystery at once. If you do not find it out some other way, you shall take a peep into that glass next month.

But, what are all the boys and girls about, that they leave so many things without explanation. Is it the warm weather that overcomes them? or, have they all gone to the Springs, or to the sea-shore, or

"To the hills, to the hills away?"

Please, Miss Florence, have a little patience. Some one will bring you out, by and by, though you must already be not a little weary of your retirement under the shadow of that French mask, especially if you are never allowed to dance, except as in No. 1, or to go the table, except as in No. 4.





FARMERS' GIRLS. See page 270.



"THE summer is past, the harvest is ended;" and such a summer! "the oldest inhabitant" can scarcely remember one so hot, or so dry. And such a harvest! heaven grant that our youngest reader, though he may live a hundred years, may never see another like it. Ah! how little we realize our dependence upon God for the early and the latter rains, that nourish and mature the fruits of earth, giving "bread to the sower and food to the eater."

But "the summer is past." Autumn, with his "sere and yellow leaf," is upon us; leaves prematurely yellow and superabundantly sere. It is time for the ripe and mellow fruit of gardens and orchards. But the drought has been there, as well as in the fields. The good old trees have been so long parched with thirst, that they have been compelled, for their own protection, to withhold the

nourishment necessary to the full growth and flavor of the fruit, and leave it half grown, or withering on the boughs. The fair promises of spring will not be fulfilled. It is delightful, when the year has been crowned with plenty, to go out in companies, and gather the delicious fruits of the season. Men and women, boys and girls, are all wanted then, to gather the abundance. But this year, the boys and girls can do it all. One basket and a hat are all that is wanted for that large tree. And while John shakes it lazily, as if he did not expect to be paid for his trouble, William and Edward are making sure of an apple apiece, lest they should not have another chance, while Ellen is left to fill the basket alone. We shall have to do without apples next winter, or pay a great price for them, and have but few good ones at that. Well, we can do without

apples and pears, but how shall we do for potatoes and bread? I will tell you what to do. Be more thankful for what you have, take more care of that which God has provided for you, use prudently and wisely all his gifts, and you will always have enough—if not enough for luxury, and the indulgence of every desire, yet enough for health, enough for comfort. The crops are all very short this year, and there is no doubt that prices will be high, and many will suffer want. But there is no need that any should suffer. If there is no improvidence, if every one is careful and prudent, if no one wastes any of the good gifts of God, there will be enough, and more than enough for all. Are you aware, dear young friends, that fully half of what God in his goodness provides for the supply of our daily wants, is wasted and thrown away? It is really so. A vast deal of it is wasted in expensive and injurious forms of cookery, merely to pamper our vitiated tastes, and breed disease in our bodies. A vast deal more is worse than wasted by those who always eat too much, sacrificing health, and sometimes life itself, to the indulgence of a diseased appetite. A still further, and an incalculable amount is not only thrown away, for all rational use, but converted into a deadly poison, by distillation into ardent spirits. It can be proved by figures, which cannot lie, that the food thus annually wasted in the United States, is sufficient to sustain its entire population, if husbanded with care, and used in all cases as it should be. It will be so this year. There

will be grain enough destroyed by our distilleries, not only to poison and murder the nation, in the form of drink, but to feed and sustain it, if properly used, in the form of wholesome food. Consider this, young friends. Let it have a cool place in your memories, and be prepared, when you grow up to be men, to put a stop to these terrible evils, and to banish waste and intemperance from the land. Consider how differently the story of Joseph would read, if we were told that one half the corn he saved for the famine, was distilled into poisonous rum.

Willie and the Birds.

A TRUE STORY.

A LITTLE black-eyed boy of five,
Thus spake to his mamma :—
“Do look at all the pretty birds;
How beautiful they are!
How smooth and glossy are their wings—
How beautiful their hue;
Besides, mamma, I really think
That they are pious too.”

“Why so, my dear?” the mother said,
And scarce suppressed a smile—
The answer showed a thoughtful head,
A heart quite free from guile.
“Because, when each one bows his head,
His tiny bill to wet,
To lift a thankful glance above,
He never does forget;
And so, mamma, it seems to me,
That very pious they must be.”

O Dear child, I would a lesson learn
From this sweet thought of thine,
And heavenward, with a glad heart, turn
These earth-bound eyes of mine;
Perfected praise, indeed, is given
By babes below to God in heaven.

Balloon Travels.

MERRY AND HIS FRIENDS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

[Continued from page 205.]

Seth. Well, I must say that the story of the Golden Fleece is very amusing; and it seems, Mr. Merry, that you conceive there was a real foundation for it in history, just as the tale of Robinson Crusoe is founded upon the real adventures of Alexander Selkirk?

Merry. Yes, that is my opinion, because that is the judgment of learned men who have reviewed the subject. They believe that, in the remote ages referred to, certain Greek adventurers made an expedition into the Black Sea, which attracted great attention at the time, and was so famous as to become the theme of ballads, tales, and histories for a thousand years afterwards. But about the precise nature and design of the expedition there is matter of doubt. Some authors imagine it to have been a commercial, and some a piratical enterprise; but the most plausible solution is, that Colchis was formerly a sort of California, where a great deal of gold was found washed down by the mountain rivulets, and the people were accustomed to collect this by placing fleeces of sheep's wool in the stream. So, as the Argonauts went to Colchis for gold thus secured, the poets gradually made out of their adventures, the romance of the Golden Fleece. But see! while we have been talking about Grecian mythology, do you observe that we have come in sight of Constantinople?

James. Indeed! Where is it?

Merry. Here, to the east, directly before us. It is still very distant, and seems only like a speck in the horizon.

Ellen. I think I see it; but what is this sheet of water immediately under us?

Merry. That is the narrow strait of the Hellespont, now called *Dardanelles*.

Ellen. Oh, dear me! Then this land to the right is a part of Asia?

Merry. Yes, that is Asia Minor.

Ellen. Really, how odd it does seem to find ourselves here looking at Asia, that famous land of which I have read and thought so much.

James. And does this narrow strait separate Europe from Asia?

Merry. Yes: this to the left is Europe, this to the right is Asia. The river is but one mile to three or four in width. Here is the place where Xerxes and other Asiatic conquerors crossed from Asia into Europe. It is now strongly fortified, as you see, forts and castles bristling with cannon on either side. Here to the left is Galipoli, the ancient Sestos, and to the right is Lamkani, the ancient Abydos.

James. And how long is this strait?

Merry. About forty miles from the *Ægean Sea* to the *Sea of Marmora*. The latter is one hundred and seventy miles long by sixty wide, and is connected with the Black Sea by the Strait of Constantinople.

Ellen. How often I have read about these celebrated places! I can hardly

realize that I am here ; that this sea, now opening before us, is the Propontis, that yonder is the Bosphorus, and that on its left bank there, far away in the blue mist, is Constantinople.

James. I am always puzzled about the names of these places.

Merry. That is perhaps because nearly all these objects have several names. The *Hellespont* is called the *Dardanelles*; the *Sea of Marmora*, the Propontis ; the *Strait of Constantinople*, the Bosphorus ; and *Constantinople*, *Stamboul*.

James. I am very glad to get this confusion of names cleared up. Now that I have seen these things, I shall easily keep matters right.

Laura. After all, I see nothing very wonderful in these countries : they look a good deal like Greece or Italy.

Merry. Yes, except the tall minarets, or spires, we see on the mosques.

Ellen. And we see here mosques instead of churches.

James. And on the minarets I see the crescent, which is the emblem of Mahomedism, just as the cross is the emblem of Christianity.

Merry. When we get to Constantinople, you will find that its houses and streets differ from any thing you have seen in Europe.

Seth. Mr. Merry, do tell us a little about Constantinople.

Merry. Certainly. It is one of the largest and most famous cities in Europe. In very ancient times it was called Byzantium, and was the capital of an independent state. Its situation is unrivalled, as it presents the greatest advantages

for commerce, while its supplies of fish, and its resources from the products of the earth, are almost without bounds. The harbor is deep, capacious, and sheltered from every storm. From its shape and its unrivalled advantages, it acquired the name of the Golden Horn, which it retains to the present day. The Roman emperor Constantine made Constantinople the seat of the empire, in 328 A.D.; and when, at a later period, the Roman empire was divided into the Eastern and Western, this city became the metropolis of the former division. It continued, indeed, to be the capital of the Byzantine or Greek empire, or, as it is sometimes called, the Eastern Roman empire, till it was taken by the Turks, in 1453.

James. And have the Turks kept it ever since ?

Merry. Yes ; that is, for nearly four hundred years.

James. What is the present population of the city ?

Merry. About 400,000. It was greatly embellished by Constantine, who built magnificent temples, palaces, and houses, with baths, a hippodrome, and other places of amusement, after the manner of Rome. People were collected from all quarters, and thus, from comparative insignificance, it suddenly became one of the great cities of the world. It has now some splendid edifices, but every thing is changed from what it formerly was. It has, altogether, an Oriental character ; the houses, streets, mosques, palaces, etc., being all Asiatic in their style. It embraces a space 13 miles in

circuit, inclosed by triple walls. These are entered by 28 gates.

Ellen. We begin to see the city quite distinctly with the glass, and it has a splendid appearance.

Merry. Yes; externally, Constantinople is very imposing. Its mosques, minarets, and cupolas, rising in the midst of groves of cypresses, shading the hill-sides which slope to the sea, have a charming effect; but we shall see, when we get into the city, that it consists of a labyrinth of miserable, crooked, dirty streets.

James. Oh, what is that magnificent palace at the center part of the city?

Merry. That is called the *Seraglio*, and is the domain of the Sultan; it is, in fact, a city of itself, 5 miles in circuit, embracing apartments, baths, kiosks, gardens, groves of cypresses, etc. It is inclosed by a separate wall; but it is only the inner inclosure that is devoted to the exclusive use of the Sultan. Around are the offices of state.

Just without the *Seraglio* is the principal mosque, called St. Sophia, originally a Christian church, built by the Emperor Justinian, at a cost of five millions of dollars. There, you can see it now!

Ellen. Which is it?

Merry. That building which rises over the rest of the city—its tall dome and lofty minarets seeming to make every thing look little at its side.

Ellen. Oh, I see it distinctly!

Merry. Look around now, and see what a beautiful scene is presented by the harbor, and the city sloping down to the shores.

Laura. It is, indeed, wonderfully beautiful!

James. I never saw any thing so charming!

Merry. Yes; Constantinople, externally, is perhaps the most beautiful city in the world. It is built, like Rome, upon seven hills, each of which is distinguished by some conspicuous object. The first is occupied by the *Seraglio*; the second is crowned by what is called the *Burnt Pillar*, a monument erected by Constantine, and the celebrated mosque of Othman; on the third is the mosque of Solymán; on the fourth that of Mohammed; on the fifth that of Selim, etc. This amphitheatre of peopled hills, and forests of dark evergreens, and the unrivalled port crowded with the vessels of all nations, present a scene which ever excites the admiration of the stranger. But, as I have said, the interior will disappoint you. Do you wish to stop and see it?

All the Children. Oh, yes, yes!

Ellen. This is the first Turkish country we have come to, and of course we desire to see how the people look in their turbans.

Merry. Well, here we go—down, down! Now you see we are in Adrianople street; and here is the European Hotel, kept by an Englishman.

Seth. Well, I am glad to get to a hotel, for travelling in a balloon is a dreadful hungry business.

James. I think you generally have a good appetite, Seth.

Merry. There's no disgrace in that, James. I like to see boys with good

appetites : and besides, I dare say you would like a bit of good English roast-beef yourself.

James. Certainly ; and though this Constantinople is a very curious-looking place, I think it will be well to take a

lunch before we begin to see its wonders.

Merry. Well, we will select our lodgings here in the hotel, then lunch, and then take a ramble over the city.

S. G. G.

[To be continued.]

The Adventures of a Mouse.

[Continued from page 184.]

I FELT very lonesome at the loss of my children, for they had often accompanied me in my incursions to the neighboring barns and stables. But I did not miss them as much as my poor wife did. She did not survive them long. Three days after I had placed two of my children in the grave, I had to follow her body to the same resting-place.

I was now left alone, without any kindred or friends, in the wide world. I was now in the same condition that I was about a year before, when my poor mother died.

One day I had not gone out in search of food, for I felt too weak to leave my bed, and if it had not have been for a kind neighbor, I would certainly have died. One of my neighbors brought me a nice piece of cheese, and I was so hungry that I devoured it immediately.

Soon after, I began to feel sick. My neighbor was very much frightened, and sent for the doctor.

The doctor came in a little while, and as soon as he saw me and had felt my pulse, he gave me a very powerful emetic.

The cheese that I had eaten was poi-

soned ; but as the poison was very old, it did not kill me. I was, however, laid up for six weeks, during which time I was attended by Miss Thicketail. During my sickness I was so taken up with Miss Thicketail, that when I recovered, I asked her hand in marriage.

She consented, and a week afterwards her name was changed from Miss Thicketail to Mrs. Charles Finetooth. About two months afterwards I was the happy father of two beautiful children. But while they were playing in the coal-bin one afternoon, a cat came along, and seized one of them and ran off. The other one was so much frightened, that for three or four days he would not stir out of the nest. One evening I looked out of the door to see if there were any dangers near, and, not seeing any, I ran out. After looking about for a few minutes, I spied a very large piece of cheese lying in one corner of the cellar. I seized the cheese, and was carrying it back to my nest, when my foot caught between two large pieces of cord. The cord was placed in such a position, that, although you could not see it, you could not avoid running against it. The more

I pulled and tried to get away, the tighter it became; and at last I gave up, and resolved to patiently await my fate, and not endeavor to escape any more.

All at once a thought flashed across my brain, and, calling all my companions together, I told them that if they would follow my directions, and help me out of my difficulty, I would divide the large piece of cheese among them.

All agreed to my proposition, and I soon had them at work gnawing the cord.

The cord was severed close to my leg (the cord had caught me in one of the hind legs), and, notwithstanding the efforts of all the mice, it could not be removed, and it remains there to this day, and sometimes it is very troublesome. On the seventeenth day of August, 1848 (a day well remembered by almost every rat and mouse in the city of Albany—for on that day occurred the great fire which robbed thousands of rats and mice of their homes), we heard an unusual noise overhead, just as if they were breaking every pane of glass in the house. Suddenly, the cellar-door fell in, and a volume of flames burst in, setting fire to every thing composed of wood in the cellar. Some of the mice rushed out and tried to escape, but they were either burned to death or else killed by the mass of people outside.

I kept quietly in my nest until the house was burned to the ground and the people had dispersed.

I looked for my wife and son the rest of the day, but my search proved fruitless; I could gain no tidings from them.

I now determined to travel, and see

the world. I made up a small package of food, and set out for the river.

After walking and running, alternately, for half a day, I arrived there.

I ran along the dock, and, seeing a large carpet-bag on the ground, I gnawed a hole in it, and crept in. Soon after, some one lifted up the carpet-bag, and moved. After walking about a quarter of an hour, he set the carpet-bag down.

I soon became very tired of staying in such close quarters, so I just looked out to see where I was; but somebody must have seen me, for I was struck at with a cane, but, fortunately, it hit right above my head. You may be sure that my head was in the carpet-bag before he could strike again.

Soon after I felt the owner of the bag take it up and unlock it. I thought that I was doomed to die now, but I resolved to try to escape. I felt the owner remove the articles from the carpet-bag, and at last only one little apron separated me from him. As I felt him put his hand on the apron, I prepared to jump, and as he lifted it out, I sprang from him, and ran under a band-box in one corner of a long room (as I then thought); but as soon as I got a little over my fright, I found out that I was in a beautiful carriage, that moved so fast that you could not distinguish one thing from another as you passed them. I have since been told that it was a railroad car instead of a carriage. I wished to know what was in the band-box, so I gnawed a hole in, and found a—what? Wait, gentle reader, till the next, and I will tell you. A Mouse.



The Lion.

THE lion is of a uniform gray or tawny color; the male, from his fourth year, has his head, neck, and shoulders covered with a mane; this gives him a majestic appearance, and distinguishes him from the rest of the feline tribe. His length, from the muzzle to the tail, is about five feet two inches; his tail, which is furnished at the extremity with a tuft of hair, is about two feet two inches in length. The female brings forth, at times, but one whelp, and never more than six. The whelps are born with their eyes open, and are as large as our domestic cats; at first their bodies are covered with brown stripes, running diagonally; their ears do not erect themselves until they are two months old; the mother defends them with terrible fury. At the present day the lion is found only in Africa and some parts of Asia; in old times he inhabited Syria and Greece,

between the rivers Nestus and Archelaus. Next to the Asiatic tiger and the American jaguar, he is the most ferocious beast of prey. He lives to a great age. In the year 1760, a lion died in England, which had been confined in the Tower for more than seventy years, and another died there also at the age of three and sixty.

The following description will give us a correct idea of the nature of the lion.

"The lion," says Lichtenstein, "like all the feline tribe, springs upon his prey, and never attacks a man or a beast that does not run from him, without having first crouched to the ground at a distance of ten or twelve paces, and measured his leap. Hunters take advantage of this fact, and it has become a rule with them never to fire until he crouches, when at that short distance they can take aim with such certainty, that the ball strikes him exactly in the

forehead. When a man is so unfortunate as to encounter a lion unarmed, his only hope of safety is in his courage and presence of mind. If he attempts to run, he is infallibly lost ; if he stands still quietly, the lion will not attack him. He must not allow himself to be disturbed, even if the animal approaches quite near him, and crouches, as if about to take his leap ; he will not venture this leap if the man has courage enough to stand motionless as a statue, and look calmly in his eyes. There is something in the lofty form of man which inspires the lion with respect and a distrust of his own strength, and the calm attitude of the body increases this impression every moment. It would be banished by an imprudent movement, which should betray fear, or challenge the beast to the attack. The result shows that his fear has been no less than that of the man ; for after a while he rises slowly, retires some steps, continually looking back ; crouches again ; retires still, at shorter and shorter intervals, and at last, when he thinks himself beyond the dangerous proximity, takes to flight with all his speed. Unanimously as this fact is asserted by the inhabitants of all parts of Africa, yet the experiment can scarcely have been made very often.

Formerly, when lions were in greater abundance, and the colonists had not learned how to hunt them, they arranged a great hunt in common against a lion ; tried to lure him into the open country, and formed a large circle about him. If he tried to break through on

one side, they fired at him from the opposite, and when he turned angrily upon his new assailants, he was easily overcome by the numerous bullets which they discharged from all sides. But he is now usually hunted by two in company ; and skillful marksmen, who are sure of their aim, and can depend upon their weapons, venture to go alone in pursuit of a lion, and even to seek him out in his lair. Such an undertaking is very dangerous, however, and many accidents have occurred. Here are two examples:

The field commandant Ijaard Vanderwald, and his brother Johannes, were pursuing, not far from their dwellings, on the eastern slope of the Schneeberg, the track of a lion, which had done great mischief among their herds, and discovered him at last in a ravine which was overgrown with thick bushes. They took their position on either side of the entrance, and sent in their dogs to hunt the animal out. They succeeded in this ; the lion rushed toward the side where the last named brother stood, crouched, and received the contents of his musket. Unfortunately the shot had not hit him directly, but had merely grazed his ear and the side of his breast. After an interval of hesitation, which lasted for a few seconds, the beast recovered himself, and darted, furious with pain, with such rage upon the hunter, that he had scarcely time to leap upon his horse and endeavor to fly. But in a few bounds the lion overtook him, leaped upon the back of the horse, which, crushed by the weight, could not

stir from the spot, and struck his claws into the thigh of the unhappy man, seizing him at the same time with his teeth by his clothes. While he clings with all his strength to the horse, to prevent himself from being dragged to the ground, he hears his brother galloping up behind him, and calls to him to shoot, hit whom he might. The brave Ijaard leaps from his horse, calmly takes aim, and shoots the lion through the head, and strangely fortunate, the ball passes through the saddle, without injuring either horse or rider.

Another man was not so lucky—a hunter called Rendsburg, who, with a cousin of the same name, went to hunt a lion. The adventure took exactly the same turn as the former one, but the lion leaped sidewise upon the horseman, and seized him with his teeth by the left arm. His cowardly comrade, instead of assisting the unhappy man, ran to call upon some men for help, who were posted not far off, at another outlet of the thicket.

In the mean while, Rendsburg had resorted to his last means of defence, and while the enraged animal lacerates and crushes his left arm, he draws with his right a knife from his pocket, and pierces the breast of the furious beast in several places. Those who had hastened to his assistance, found him dragged from his horse, swimming in his blood, his left arm entirely torn from his body, his side dreadfully lacerated, and the dead lion lying upon him, with the knife in his heart. After a few moments, the bold hunter, exhausted

by loss of blood, breathed his last.

A writer, whose testimony may be relied on, tells us that, in many parts of the mountains, not far from Elephant river, lions are found in such abundance, that once, when on a journey, he saw two and twenty of them in one spot. The most of them were young, eight of them only being full grown. He had just unharnessed his horses upon an open place, and retreating with his companions to a distance, without venturing a shot, he gave up his beasts a prey to the wild beasts, who killed six of them, and dragged them away.

Near Rietriviersport we came to the house of a man named Vanwyk. While we let our cattle feed a little, and sought the shadow under the portico of the house, Vanwyk related to us the following story: It is somewhat more than two years since I ventured a dangerous shot on the spot where we now stand. Here in the house, close to the door, sat my wife. The children were playing near her, and I was without at the side of the house, busied with my wagon, when suddenly, in broad day, a large lion appeared and laid himself quietly down near the threshold in the shadow of the portico. My wife, benumbed with terror, and aware of the danger of flight, remained in her place; the children took refuge in her lap. Their cries attracted my attention. I hurried towards the door, and you can imagine my astonishment, when I found the passage barred in this manner. Although the animal had not seen me, yet, unarmed as I was, it seemed impossible to save them.

I turned, however, almost involuntarily, toward the rear of the house, towards the chamber in which stood my loaded musket.

Fortunately I had, by chance, placed it in the corner nearest the window, and could reach it with my hand, for as you see, the opening is too small to allow me to climb into the room, and still more fortunately the door of the chamber was open, so that I could see the whole of the frightful scene. The lion now made a movement; it was perhaps about to take a leap. I hesitated no longer, whispered a word of encouragement to my wife, and fired, with a low "God help me." The ball passed close by my boy's curls, and struck the lion above his flashing eyes upon the forehead, so that he fell dead instantly.

It not unfrequently happens that the lion when he sleeps is awaked by the hounds, which are the constant companions of the caravans. Thus Barchell relates the following adventure: One bright day, at noon, as our dogs were diverting themselves by beating the reed-covered bank of a river, they suddenly broke out into a peculiar and loud barking; we sought for the cause of the clamor, and were soon convinced that they had seen a lion. We urged them on, and soon beheld a large lion, with a black bushy mane, and a lioness. We saw the latter but for an instant, she disappeared so quickly amid the reeds. The lion, on the contrary, stood still, and gazed steadfastly upon us.

Our situation was not destitute of danger, for the lion was but a few paces

distant from us, and seemed preparing to leap upon us. The most of us were on foot and without suitable weapons. But we had no time for fear, and necessity required an attack in order to escape one. I kept well upon my guard; indeed, held my pistol in my hand, with my finger upon the trigger, and the rest who were provided with firearms did the same.

But soon the dogs began to throw themselves between us and the lion, surrounded him, and kept up a violent barking. The courage of the animals was truly wonderful; they approached closer and closer toward the sides of the mighty beast, and now threatened him in front, barking violently, and without betraying the slightest signs of fear. The lion, conscious of his strength, remained quiet, and fixed his eyes only upon us. The dogs grew bolder and bolder, and ventured even within reach of his mighty paws. He now became annoyed at their din; a slight movement of his paw, and two of his bold antagonists lay dead upon the earth. This was done without the least exertion, and so rapidly that we could scarcely understand the result. We fired at him, and a ball struck him beneath the fore ribs, so that the blood flowed. He remained for a while in the same position, and then retired.

At the commencement of the previous century, there was, among other animals in the menagerie at Cassel, a lion, which was remarkably tame, at least towards the woman who fed and tended it. This was so much the case that the daring woman, in order to excite the

wonder of the spectators, often ventured to put, not only her hand, but even her head, within the animal's enormous jaws. She had often done this without the slightest accident occurring, and still the old and true proverb was at last verified, "He who goes into unnecessary danger perishes in it."

One day, as the woman entrusted again her head to his jaws, the lion snapped them to, and broke her neck, so that she died on the spot. This was doubtless committed involuntarily by the lion, as, unfortunately for the woman in this critical moment, he was compelled, tickled, perhaps by a hair of his mane, to sneeze. The result at least seemed perfectly to justify this supposition, for scarcely had he remarked that he had caused the death of his attendant, than the good natured and grateful animal became exceedingly sorrowful, laid himself down near the body, would not allow it to be removed from him, refused all the food that was offered him, and a few days after this misfortune died from grief.

MANY persons think it a mark of genius to be eccentric, and to depart from the common road, or to do things in an uncommon way, like the lady in Young's works, who drank her tea by stratagem; or like Hudibras, who could wisely tell—

"what hour o' the day
The clock does strike, by algebra."

Farmers' Girls.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

Up in the early morning, just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy, turning the cows away,
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen, making the beds up stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes, dusting the parlor chairs,
Brushing the crumbs from the pantry, hunting for eggs at the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner, in spinning the stocking yarn,
Spreading the whitening linen down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow, where the red strawberries grow;
Starching the "fixins" for Sunday, churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer down in the running stream,
Feeding the geese and the turkeys, making the pumpkin pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle, driving away the flies;
Grace in every motion, music in every tone,
Beauty of form and feature thousands might covet to own,
Cheeks that rival spring roses, teeth the whitest of pearls—
One of these country maids is worth a score of city girls.

A Pretty Thought.

THE night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring;
And ever upon old decay,
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all.

Adventures of Gilbert Go-Ahead.

[Continued from page 212.]

IT was winter when I was at Teheran, and the King and Court were there. The place is very damp and unhealthy in summer, and at that season it is deserted by a great part of the inhabitants, who then remove to the adjacent country, there being many pleasant villages around. The winter population is sixty or seventy thousand, but in summer not more than ten thousand remain.

Persia, which makes such a figure in ancient history, is now comparatively insignificant. In the time of the celebrated Cyrus, the conqueror of Babylon, and the founder of the great Persian Empire upon the ruins of Assyria, 536 before Christ, it stretched from India to the borders of the Black Sea, and probably included about a hundred millions of inhabitants. About 330 B. C. it was conquered by Alexander, and from that period, amid many changes and vicissitudes, it has always continued to be an inferior kingdom. At the present time its population is about twelve millions; its territory, lying between the Caspian Sea on the north, and the Persian Gulf at the south, is about ten times as extensive as the State of New York, and seven times as extensive as New England.

The government is a complete despotism, and is administered with little wisdom. The nobles are numerous, and are entrusted with the provincial governments, where they practice every species of extortion and inquisition. The following anecdote will illustrate this :

Hajee Ibrahim was a noble of Teheran. A few years ago a shopkeeper of the capital went one day to the brother of Ibrahim, who was governor, to request the abatement of a tax which he was unable to pay.

"You must pay, or leave the city," replied the governor.

"Where shall I go?" asked the shopkeeper.

"To Shiraz," was the reply.

"Your nephew rules that city, and all your family are my enemies," was the answer.

"Then to Cashan."

"But your uncle is governor there."

"Then complain to the Shah."

"But your brother Hajee is prime minister."

"Then go to the lower regions," exclaimed the governor, in a passion.

"But your pious father is dead," retorted the shopkeeper.

Ibrahim burst into a laugh at the witty impudence of the man, and said :

"Then I will pay your tax myself, as my family keeps you from all means of redress, both in this world and in the next."

It would appear that although the Persian monarchs are among the most cruel of despots, they are not insensible to the claims of justice, if they chance to be put in such a way as to touch the heart. It is said of Shah Abbas, who flourished about the year 1600, A. D., and whose reign was regarded as the golden

period of modern Persia, that he was once on a hunting expedition, when just at dawn, he met a very ugly looking peasant. At the sight of this person the king's horse started so violently as almost to throw him off. Abbas, who like most of his countrymen, was superstitious, deeming this a bad omen, ordered the man's head to be struck off. The poor peasant was immediately seized, and the cimitar was drawn for his execution, when he begged that they would inform him what crime he had committed.

"Your crime," said the Shah, "is your unlucky face, which is the first object I saw this morning, and which had nearly caused me to break my neck."

"Alas," said the man, "by this rule, what must I say of your *majesty's face*, which was the first object I saw this morning, and which is about to cause me to lose my head?"

The Shah was so diverted by the man's wit and presence of mind, that he not only spared him his life, but made him a liberal present.

Among the wild animals of Persia, are lions, tigers, leopards, chetahs or hunting leopards, lynxes and hyenas. There are few reptiles, but many parts are dreadfully infested by insects. Scorpions, centipedes of great size, and gigantic spiders, all venomous, are numerous in certain districts. The musquitoes in the jungles of the north surpass, in number and size, any thing of the kind known in the United States. Hosts of locusts occasionally spread like clouds over the country, and carry devastation far and wide. The camel is largely used

in the trading caravans, and fine breeds of horses are common. The horse, indeed, is the great pet of the Persians. It is attended with as much care and attention as a child. It is clothed according to the weather, kept close in the stable during the heat of the day in summer, and taken out to breathe the fresh air at night. Dromedaries and mules are in great request as beasts of burthen.

The principal trade of Persia is with India, Turkey, Russia, Independent Tartary and Affghanistan. All this commerce is carried on by caravans, chiefly of camels. The whole interior of Asia has indeed been the theatre of an extended caravan trade for thousands of years. From India the Persians receive indigo, calicoes, muslins, gold and silver brocades, precious stones, china and earthen-ware. From Turkey they get European manufactures. From Russia, iron, broadcloth, gold lace, metal buttons, coarse calicoes, furs, fringes, cutlery, leather, glass-ware, quicksilver, &c. There is considerable direct trade with England, the Persians receiving woollen goods of all sorts, shawls, jewelry, fire-arms, watches, spectacles, glass-ware, earthen-ware, and articles of tin, copper, and iron.

To India the Persians send spices, dried fruits, tobacco, wine, drugs, dates, sulphur, turquoises, shawls, rose water, swords, horses, grey-hounds, &c. To Turkey, grain, raw silk, tobacco, skins of lambs, spices, salt, sheep, &c.—Many articles of a similar kind are sent to Bagdat. There is considerable trade also, along the eastern coast of the Cas-

pian, with the Turcomans, and by way of the interior, with the Tartar tribes, known as Usbeks. The chief article sent to this people, is a peculiar species of shawl, manufactured at Kerman.

The Persians have no shipping of any consequence, sea commerce being almost entirely in the hands of foreigners. The chief coin consists of *bajoglees*, and *ko-roonees*, of silver, and *pool-e-siah*, or *black money*, of copper. The population is very mixed, consisting of Arabs, Turks, Tartars, Armenians and Georgians, grafted on the original Persian stock. A large portion of the people live a nomade or wandering life, having no habitation but tents, and no property but their flocks. The people of the towns and cities are devoted to trades and manufactures; there are numerous gardeners and farmers in the vicinity. The higher classes about the court are skillful in every species of intrigue, and are more distinguished for a slippery politeness than for integrity. They are described as at once sensual, venal, deceitful, and treacherous, and when they dare be so, arrogant and overbearing.

The townspeople, influenced by the example of those in high places, partake of their vices, though in an inferior degree. They are heroic, cheerful, polite and sociable; the masters are kind, and the servants obedient. It is said there is a great resemblance between this people and the French, in that universal politeness, running through all classes, and greatly smoothing the intercourse of society.

As a race, the Persians are very hand-

some, robust and active. The women are beautiful, but in the towns they are kept secluded as in Turkey. The wives of the great spend their time in gossip, bathing, and a little embroidering, and in visiting one another. Many of them meet at the baths, where they have abundance of idle talk and racy scandal. Large, soft, languishing eyes, like those of the gazelle, are considered the chief features of beauty. Many of them are fair, like the women of Sinope, but they all spoil their appearance, according to our taste, by painting their cheeks of various colors and tattooing their skins. They also smoke to excess, thus defiling their breath and ruining their teeth. When they go abroad they wrap themselves entirely in a cloak, extending from the head to the feet, and so arranged as to permit them to see out of two little holes. Though they are thus careful of their persons, their language is in the highest degree coarse and indelicate.

The Persians are Mahomedans of the sect called *Sheahs*, while the Turks belong to the sect called *Scennites*. The two are opposed to each other as bitterly as the Catholics and Protestants of Europe or America. The priests in Persia are numerous, and consist of a great many orders, the head being called *mooshtehed*. Of this rank there are four or five, as there are four or five patriarchs in the Greek Church. There are still a few of the old fire-worshippers, who follow the ancient Zoroaster, whose doctrine was that "*by fire we breathe; to this the earth owes its fertility, animals their existence, and plants their vegetation.*"

Considerable attention has been paid to education, at different times, in Persia, and especially by some of the former sovereigns. This, however, was chiefly for the higher classes, and for the priesthood. At present there are private schools for teaching to read and write, and especially to understand the prayers and practices of the Mahomedan religion. The children of the rich are taught by private masters at home. There is some literature, embracing poetry and tales, but books of true science and solid history are unknown. The chief poet is Hafiz, who lived in the time of Tamerlane. His verses are too extravagant to be tolerable in English. In one he said he would give the cities of Samarcand and Bokhara, then in all their splendor, for the mole on the cheek of his mistress. When Tamerlane came to Shiraz, where the poet lived, he asked how he dared thus to dispense of his two principal cities.

"Can the gifts of Hafiz impoverish Tamerlane?" said the poet; by which the king was greatly delighted, and consequently he became his friend and patron.

While Hafiz is a sentimental and lyrical poet, Saadi is a moralist, and in this vein is at the head of Persian writers. He was born at Gheniz near the end of the twelfth century, and being in Syria he was taken by the Crusaders and compelled to work as a slave in building fortifications. From this condition he was released by a merchant of Aleppo, who paid ten crowns for his ransom, and gave him his daughter in marriage with

a dowry of a hundred crowns. She, however proved a terrible shrew, and led poor Saadi a sad life. On one occasion she reproached him with having been bought of the Christians for ten crowns. "Yes," said the poet; "and then I was sold to you for a hundred crowns."

There are other Persian poets, of whom the most famous is Fiodusi, who wrote a poetical account of the Persian kings, extending to a dozen folio volumes.

Soon after I arrived at Teheran the spring set in, and having a great curiosity to see the Caspian Sea, I set out for that purpose, with a company of traders going to sell goods to the Usbeks. The distance from Teheran to the Caspian is not over a hundred miles, but the road leads over the Elbourz mountains, so that our journey to the little town of Farhabad, lying at the south-east corner of the Caspian, cost us five days of severe travelling. I here parted with the caravans, which proceeded along the eastern coast, while I sailed in a small sloop for the Russian part of Lankereu.

The Caspian Sea is one of the most remarkable sheets of water in the world. It is about 700 miles long; and from 140 to 400 miles wide. Its extent is about 140,000 square miles, equal to the British Islands, twice as extensive as all New England, and five times as large as Lake Superior. It receives several large rivers, as the Volga, Ural, Zarek, Kur, &c., yet it has no outlet, and such is the amount of its evaporation, that it is 300 feet lower than it was

in ancient times, and nearly 100 feet lower than the Black Sea. The water is salt, yet much less so than the ocean. It has no tides. It abounds in salmon and other fishes, with seals, &c. In winter its northern part is frozen over. The waters are shallow near the coasts, being but about 12 feet, in other places they are scarcely fathomable. Its shores are broken, and in some places mountainous, so that the winds are made irregular and variable, causing the navigation to be dangerous.

The Caspian Sea is bounded on the south by Persia, on the east by the Leuconians and Kirquis Tartars, and on the west by Russia. Near the north-west corner, at the mouth of the great river Volga, is the Russian town of Astrakan, which has now almost monopolized the entire trade of this great inland sea. At present steamboats ply from this city to several places along the shores.

In two days our sloop reached Lanckereu, which I found to be a small town formerly belonging to Persia, but recently taken by Russia. It is a place of some importance, being the chief port in this quarter. Here I staid two days, and then proceeded in the same vessel to Baku, a Russian town on the celebrated peninsular of Abscharon. This juts out from the western coast some fifty miles, and is noted for its mud volcanoes and springs of naphtha.

Baku has about 5000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by a double wall and deep ditch, constructed in the time of Peter the Great. It has several mosques and caravanserais, but it is very meanly built.

Its houses have flat roofs as in the East, and these are covered with naphtha, which excludes the water. The chief advantages of this place consist in its central position, its good harbors, and its wells of naphtha. A steamboat runs between this place and Astrakan.

I had a great curiosity to see the naphtha springs, which I found to be in a plain to the south-east end of the city. The quantity produced is really enormous. As soon as the naphtha is taken out of a well it comes in again, so that 1000 and even 1500 pounds are often taken from one pit in a day. It is used by the natives in the country around instead of lamp oil, yet, though it gives a clear flame, it throws out a large quantity of filthy, bad-smelling smoke. The naphtha is exported in large quantities.

Just to the east of this region of the naphtha springs, I saw a large edifice, and on inquiry was told that it was the Atash-Kudd of the ancient Ghebers, or fire-worshippers, whom I have recently mentioned. Here is a space of ground nearly a mile in circuit, in the centre of which, from time immemorial, a bluish flame has issued from the ground. Around this the people have built a wall, and to smother the flame, have covered the earth with a thick coat of loam. When, however, they want the flame for any purpose, as to cook their vegetables or to make a pot boil, they scrape a hole in the loam and the fire bursts out. When they have done with it, they cover it up, and the flame gradually disappears.

This is so wonderful that I could hardly believe it, unless I had seen it. A

kind of sulphurous gas rises with the flame, and when this is extinguished, a current of inflammable air continues for a time. This is taken in leathern bottles and may be transported to a distance. The whole country around Baku, at particular times, seems to be covered with a light bluish flame, while, however, it does not consume, and a person in the midst of it feels no warmth. Sometimes large masses of fire seemed rolling down from the edges of the mountains, with incredible velocity. In the clear moonlit nights of November and December, the whole western range of mountains seemed clothed in flame.

Besides all this, there are around Baku what are called mud volcanoes. These frequently throw up large quantities of mud, though without any great signs of violence or agitation. My stay being limited, I had not the pleasure of seeing any of their curious phenomena.

I was very anxious to go to Astrakan, as I was told it was quite an interesting place, with 50,000 inhabitants. It has commercial relations with all parts of the Russian Empire, and is in fact a kind of central point between its vast territories of Europe and Asia. It is the chief depot of the trade carried on between Russia, Persia, Tartary, India and China. Orenburg, 500 miles to the north, though a small town, has however large intercourse with Astrakan, especially in connection with the great inland commerce of Russia with Central Asia.

It was near time for me to return to Teheran, as I had engaged to accompany a caravan from that city to Bagdad, and the time for its departure was approaching. I therefore took passage in a little vessel, and after a boisterous passage of seven days, reached Farhabad.

S. G. G.

[To be continued.]

The Horse.

[Continued from page 251.]

THERE are many anecdotes of the sagacity and fidelity of the Arabian horses, and the incredible exertions they will make to carry their masters through any scene of danger. In the deepest confusion of battle, even though himself wounded, if he has strength enough left to run, he will carry his rider from the field.

A Bedouin Arab, who had committed some offence, was pursued by the

governor's guard, and was near being taken, when his favorite mare, on which he was riding, rushed down from the top of the hills that overlook Jericho. She went at a full gallop down an almost perpendicular declivity, without stumbling, the pursuing soldiers pausing and looking on with astonishment and admiration. Overcome by her exhausting efforts, the poor creature dropped down dead on entering Jericho; and

the Bedouin, who would not quit her even to save his own life, was taken weeping over the lifeless body of his faithful companion.

An Arab, whose name was Ibrahim, being reduced to poverty, was compelled to part with a favorite mare, by leaving her, as security, in the hands of a merchant at Rama. He went frequently to see her. He would embrace her with every expression of affection, give her a thousand benedictions, and remain talking to her for hours together. "My eyes," he would say to her, "my heart, my soul! must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters, and not keep thee myself? I am poor, my antelope! thou knowest it well, my darling! I brought thee up in my tent as my own child. I never beat thee, nor spoke to thee one unkind word. Allah preserve thee, my beloved! Thou art beautiful, thou art lovely! Allah defend thee from all evil!"

Another poor Arab of the desert was so poor as to have lost every thing but a favorite mare. She was a fine, noble animal, and had attracted the attention of the French consul at Said, who wished to purchase her, to send as a present to his king. The Arab hesitated a long time, unwilling to part with an object so dear to him, but, being in great want, he at length consented, in consideration of the high price which was named. When the consul was ready to receive her, he sent for the Arab to bring her in, and receive his money. The Arab soon ar-

rived, a miserable spectacle clothed in rags, but mounted on a magnificent courser, fit to be the bearer of the proudest monarch on earth. The poor man, in an agony of grief and doubt, stood leaning over his favorite, vainly endeavoring to reconcile himself to the necessity of parting with her. The purse was offered him. He looked at the gold, and felt how much it would do to help his distressed family. Then looking fondly on his mare, he heaved a deep sigh. The tears trickled down his cheeks. "To who is it," he exclaimed, "that I am going to yield thee up? To Europeans—who will tie thee close, and beat thee, and render thee miserable! No, I cannot let thee go, even for all this gold. Return with me, my beauty! my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children." As he said the last word, he sprang upon her back, and was out of sight in a moment.

There is much that is interesting in the history of the horse, and the manner of training and managing it among different people. The ancient Greeks and Romans, though they attained a high degree of luxury and refinement in many respects, rode without saddle or bridle. Their horses were so thoroughly trained that they could easily be guided by the voice or the hand. The rider usually carried a small switch in his hand, with which he would touch the horse gently on the right side of his face when he would have him turn to the left, and on the left when he would turn to the right. A touch on

the muzzle would cause him to stop. These were not blows, but touches, gentle and intelligible, and always obeyed. Even in the race, and on the field of battle, they had no other means of guiding and controlling their fiery coursers.

The saddle is a much later invention than the bridle. Long after the bit and bridle were introduced, it was the custom, even of kings, to ride on the bare back of the animal, or, at most, with only a padded cloth, or the skin of some wild beast, for a seat.

In these respects the Greeks and Romans were far behind the more ancient Hebrews. The bit, the bridle, and the saddle, are all mentioned in the Bible. These were in use before the days of Solomon. David says, in one of the Psalms, that the "horse's mouth must be held in with bit and bridle." The saddle, or something called by that name, was used by Abraham, and the bridle is mentioned by Job, which is supposed to be the oldest of all the books of the Bible.

Even after the saddle began to be used by the Romans, it was a long time before they thought of such a thing as a stirrup. Those who had slaves used to make them stoop down, so that they could step upon their backs. Others had a small light ladder, which they carried about with them, to assist them in mounting and alighting.

But that which will appear most curious and strange to young readers, is the manner in which the horse's shoes were fastened. For many hundred

years they were used without any shoes at all, and oftentimes their hoofs would be worn down and broken so as to render them quite useless. The first attempt that was made to defend the horse's foot, was with a kind of sandal, tied on with strings. These sandals were sometimes made of matting, sometimes of leather, and sometimes perhaps of wood. How funny, and how provoking too, to be obliged to stop on the road to tie your horse's shoes. Little boys and girls are often very careless with their shoe-strings. They let them hang loosely about their feet, and sometimes they step on them, and get a bad fall. It would not be so bad for a horse to step on his shoe-strings, as it would probably break, without making him stumble. Besides, as the horse could not tie his own shoe, it would be no fault of his if the strings should be seen dangling about his feet.

There are several different kinds of horses. They are distinguished by peculiarities of form. Some have slender bodies and long slender legs. These are good race horses and hunters, as they can run very fast. Others have short stout legs and strong bodies, and these are good for drawing heavy burdens. Horses that are very small are called *ponies*. Of these there are several kinds, in different parts of the world. The most beautiful are those of Tartary, called *phooldars*, or *flower-marked*. They are very small and graceful in their forms. The predominant color is a pure snow white. This is covered all over with large, irregular,

bright red spots, which are marked or shaded in the middle. Intermixed with these are small round patches of dark iron-grey, with small dots of red around and between them.

Ponies, though small, are very strong, swift, and sure-footed. They can travel longer and farther, without breaking down, than larger horses. They are very useful in rough mountainous countries, where they are employed to carry persons up and down the mountains. They will go safely, where a man would hardly venture, and will carry a man over passes so craggy and difficult that he could not possibly get over on foot.

The British Islands produce several fine breeds of ponies. They are very hardy, and capable of doing a great deal of service. One of them has been known to leap over a gate eight inches higher than his back. An officer, in attempting to catch one of them, some years ago, drove him into a narrow place, from which there was no escape but one, and that was occupied by the pursuer on horseback. The pony, determined not to be taken, made a desperate leap, cleared the horse and his rider, and flew away down the valley.

In Wales it was the custom, many years ago, to hunt wild ponies with the *lasso*. This was a long rope, with a noose at one end, the other being fastened round the body of the hunter. A man named Hugo Garroway, having equipped himself with a lasso, went out with his servants to provide himself a team of ponies. Climbing with difficulty the lofty mountains, a herd of wild

ponies was seen in the distance, but, alarmed by the appearance of the hunters, they all took to flight. Hugo and his men pursued; the ponies would sometimes halt suddenly, wheel about, snorting and pawing the ground furiously, as if in defiance of the intruders. Having, at length, cooped them up in a corner, and captured three of the very finest among them, Hugo might well have been satisfied with his day's work. But there was still one, a splendid little fellow, whom he wished to secure. He was as wild and untameable as a zebra, and his crested mane, flowing tail, fiery eye, and broad distended nostril, showed that he was a prize worthy of a great effort to secure him. It was a hazardous business to attack an animal of so much spirit. Many a hunter had been severely bruised in the encounter with such, and some had been dismounted and trampled to death.

Fearing, therefore, to attack him at once, Hugo determined to give him a long chase over the hills, and not to fling the lasso till he was nearly or quite overcome with fatigue. The servants were left behind with the care of the three ponies they had already taken, and Hugo went off alone to the chase. Over hill and valley, over tangle and brake, he flew with the speed of the wind, till his own good steed showed more signs of fatigue than the wild pony. It was evident he was not to be run down in this way. Hugo became impatient, and seizing an opportunity, when he had gained a little upon the chase he flung the lasso, with-

out looking to see if all the coils were clear. It was a good throw, and fell fairly over the head of the pony. Af-frighted and driven to frenzy, in finding himself in the toils, the wild animal became more wild and fierce than before. Struggling and leaping, and tearing the ground in his fury, he dragged Hugo from his horse, and then dashed away over the rocky ground, and started for the bush-wood, without giving his enemy a chance to regain his feet. Blinded by terror and rage, he pursued his flight a considerable distance, till he reached a lofty cliff overhanging the sea shore. Without pausing an instant he gave a fearful leap into the abyss, dragging the miserable hunter after him. They were both dashed in pieces in a moment, and their bodies were afterwards found mangled and broken among the rugged rocks.

Philip, king of Macedon, had a son, whose name was Alexander. While he was yet quite young, a powerful, fiery horse was brought to the king as a present. The name of the horse was Bucephalus, or *bull's head*, because his head was large like that of a bull. He was regarded as perfectly untameable, as no one had ever been able to manage or ride him. Philip, after his grooms had tried to see what they could do with him, was about sending him away, when the young prince, Alexander, asked permission to try his skill. He went quietly up to Bucephalus and commenced patting and stroking him gently, at the same time soothing him

with gentle tones. This he continued for some time, then, by a sudden leap, flung himself upon the animal's back. Bucephalus plunged and reared, and tore the ground in his violent endeavors to shake off the prince. He then flew away over the plain, leaping and rearing as he went. But Alexander fearlessly kept his seat, though the king and all his attendants were in an agony of fear, lest he should be thrown and dashed in pieces. Instead of attempting to check him in his course, Alexander only urged him on, till, at length, exhausted and weary, he ceased his efforts to throw off his rider, and quietly submitted to him as his master. From that time he was perfectly quiet and gentle with Alexander, but would not allow any one else to ride him.

On the death of Philip, Alexander was made king, and was called Alexander the Great, because he conquered the whole world—that is to say, as much of the world as was then known. In all the great battles he rode no horse but Bucephalus, who was as great a warrior as his master. At length the noble animal received a mortal wound from a spear. It was in the midst of battle and in the thickest of the fight. Wheeling suddenly round, in spite of every effort of the king, he rushed out from the host, bore his master to a place of safety, and there fell down and died. As a monument to his memory, Alexander built a city, and called it Bucephalus.

A monkey was once employed to

tame a wild horse, and did it so well that he ought to have been honored with the name of *Alexander the Less*. The horse was so unmanageable that nobody could ride him. One day, more in sport than otherwise, a monkey was placed on his back, with a switch in his hand. He immediately laid hold on the mane, and began to flourish the whip with great energy. The horse reared and kicked furiously, but could not get rid of his rider. He then laid down on the ground and rolled in the earth. But the monkey was so quick in his motions that the horse could not get him under. When the horse threw himself on one side the monkey was on the other. He then jumped up and ran off into the woods, evidently intending to brush his rider off among the branches of the trees. But pug was so quicksighted and active, that he dodged every tree, and bush, and limb, and kept his seat till the horse was quite tired out, and ran home to the stable for protection. When the monkey was removed, a boy was put in his place, and managed the horse with ease. The animal never after gave his master any trouble.

A gentleman, riding home through a wood on a dark night, struck his head against a branch of a tree, and fell stunned to the ground. The horse, finding his master unable to move, immediately returned to the house they had left. It was all closed up, and the family had gone to bed. The horse went directly up to the door, and knocked upon it with his fore foot, till some one

rose and came out. He then turned suddenly about and walked away. Wondering what it could mean, the man followed, and the faithful, intelligent animal led him to the place where his master had fallen, and where he still laid insensible.

A little girl, playing on the bank of a canal, fell into the water. There was no person near to help her, and she was in the greatest danger of drowning. A little pony, that had long been kept in the family, and was a great favorite with the child, was feeding in the field, near the place where she fell in. Hearing her scream he ran to the bank, plunged in, took her carefully by her clothes in his mouth, carried her out, and laid her on the grass, where she soon recovered.

An old horse, belonging to a carter, had been particularly familiar with the ways of children, for his master had a large family. One day, as he was dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane, he was stopped by a young child lying in the road, who would have been crushed under the wheels if the horse had gone on. The good-natured, sagacious old creature took him carefully up by his clothes, carried him a few yards to the side of the way, and placed him on a bank. He then moved slowly on, looking back as he went, as if to satisfy himself the little fellow was not hurt.

So careful are well trained horses not to tread upon a person, that, even in

the heat of battle, a whole troop of horses have been known to pass over a fallen soldier without any one of them stepping upon him. The writer of these pages was once witness to an act which induces him to believe it may be so. A man driving at a rapid rate, on horseback, down Broadway, was about turning into Fulton street. A lady crossing at the time was struck by the horse, and knocked down, the horse going over her whole length. As soon as she fell the horse straddled, or rather sprawled his legs outward, so as not to touch her person, or even her dress, though he took two or more steps to get over. On raising the lady up she was found to be entirely unhurt, except so far as the fright and the soiling of her dress might have hurt her feelings.

THE BUTCHER'S TROTTER.—There is a story told of a famous trotter belonging to a butcher, which attracted the admiration of a gentleman by its splendid action, and was bought by him at a very high price. But no long time

elapsed before the purchaser came to the conclusion that he had been taken in. The horse was decidedly a dull, lazy brute; it was all over with his fine trotting, and the butcher, who sold him, was no doubt aware that the animal labored under some unsoundness that destroyed his former high qualities. The gentleman took the horse to its former owner, and indignantly denounced the fraud that had been practised upon him. The butcher listened in silence, and then turning to one of his men who was leaving the shop with a tray of meat on his shoulder, he said to him: "Here, Dick, jump up just as you are, and see if the horse can't trot a bit." The man did so, and off trotted the horse in the very best style. The gentleman was amazed. "I can never make him go like that," he said. "That's a pity, sir," replied the butcher; "you see it is not his fault; but I'll tell you what it is; you just please to mount and let me put a tray of meat on the saddle before you, and then I warrant you he will go fast enough."

New Anecdotes of the Dog.

OF all domestic animals which man has subjected to his control, the dog alone has become his faithful companion and friend—whose services are ever at the command of his master, and whose fidelity no change of circumstance can estrange; nay, even when spurned and maltreated, it is his generous nature ever

to forgive; while his courage and constancy prompts him to brave every hazard of his own life, in defending the person or property of the individual to whom he is most attached.

"Training of dogs," says Buffon, "seems to have been the first art invented by man; and the fruit of that

art was the conquest and peaceable possession of the earth. By the assistance of the dog, man was enabled to hunt such other animals as were necessary to preserve his own existence, and to destroy those which were noxious and the greatest enemies of his race." By day, the dog is the attendant guardian of his flocks, the agent of his pleasures in the chase, and the willing slave of his necessity, in drawing burdens; while, at night, he is the incorruptible watchman, to whose care his master confides his safety, since to him no bribe of the nightly robber would prove an inducement to betray his trust.

All creatures of the dog kind have claws, but which they cannot sheathe or draw in, as animals of the cat kind.

The largest of the dog species is the Irish Greyhound, or Wolf-Dog, which has now become rare, even in Ireland. We have read a statement (quoted by Goldsmith) of a writer, who says that he was shown one, as a curiosity, which "was four feet high, or as tall as a calf of a year old." These noble creatures were formerly employed in clearing the country of wolves, by which it was once infested.

The Mastiff is chiefly a native of England; while the Bull-Dog is considered to be wholly so, and would lose his spirit anywhere else; even in France, Buffon says, it is difficult to preserve the breed entire. This dog is chiefly remarkable for his courage, and for his antipathy to the bull, which he will attack and pinion to the ground by the nose.

The Mastiff is a large, noble animal,

docile and intelligent; he is used chiefly as a watch-dog, and well knows, as he faithfully performs, the duties of the office assigned to him.

We must not omit to particularize the Newfoundland Dog, so well known in this country for his pleasing countenance, sagacity, and attachment to his master. He is a fine-looking, large creature, and is web-footed, which enables him to swim very expertly.

The life of a dog is about from ten to fifteen years. He becomes familiar with, and assumes the manners of those with whom he lives toward strangers. In the families of the great, or where he is not accustomed to associate with the humbler classes of society, he will fly at a beggar who may approach the door, and whom he appears to know by his dress, voice, and gestures.

ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES.

Strange as it may seem, dogs appear to be able to acquire a correct knowledge of time. There was a journeyman carpenter, of the name of Smith, whose residence was in Bishopsgate street, and whose mother was a widow dwelling in Hackney. He allowed her half-a-guinea per week, for which she regularly sent a trusty messenger, a faithful Newfoundland Dog, to whom her son used to give the half-guinea, which, for a length of time, the dog had safely conveyed; and such was the intelligence of this animal, that, on a Saturday afternoon, the time of his mistress bidding him to "Go and fetch it!"—if she chanced to be a little later than usual in giving her order, he

would become restless, look up in her face, jump about her, and whine, until she sent him on his weekly errand. It may here be mentioned that Smith, in a moment of incautiousness, named the carrier of this little sum; and, on the following Saturday night, an evil-disposed character who had heard of it, waylaid the dog, and striving to soothe him, attempted to get the money from his mouth; but, instead of doing so, he was forced to retire with his finger severely lacerated, and the honest confidant safely arrived at home with the half-guinea.

There is a Newfoundland Dog may be seen every day in Smith street, Chelsea, which lies quietly on the pavement until one or two o'clock, the usual time of making his rounds; when he leisurely walks from house to house, patiently waiting at areas for such donations as may be given to him, until he appears to think himself forgotten, when, by barking loudly, he reminds his friends below of his attendance upon their bounty.

A dog, of the same breed, was accustomed to attend the writer of this paragraph to school every morning at nine o'clock, and at twelve would as regularly come to the school-gate to escort him home. On the part of the dog, this attendance was voluntary, having neither been taught nor encouraged to do so; in an afternoon, however, he never troubled himself upon the subject.*

There is a dog, now living in Queen street, Chelsea, whose master is a baker,

and who has to rise at eleven o'clock every night to attend to the setting in of his bread. The dog has become so *accustomed to this act*, and to the *hour*, that about twenty minutes before the time for his master to rise, the dog begins to *scratch* and *bark*, for the purpose of awaking him, and so continues to do till his master rises to attend to his work. This is the case every night, as regularly as the clock, except Saturday; and, strange to tell, that on Saturday night *Rattler* remains perfectly quiet, and, with his master, enjoys a good night's rest.

We know of a dog whose mistress, residing in the New Road, is a Roman Catholic, and who avers that he will not eat *meat* on a Friday. To prove the truth of her assertion, she called him to her on a Friday, a few weeks since, and gave him a piece, which he certainly buried in the garden, as he was in the practice of doing upon other occasions; but whether or not he had previously satisfied his hunger we cannot say. We have known several dogs that would guard meat, which, however hungry, they would not touch until it was given to them; and one that would not take any food at all, save from the hand of his master alone, by whom he had been taught many curious tricks. When desired to "call the reckoning," he would pull the bell; and, at the word of command, would sit erect upon a table, where, on any question being proposed to him, he would nod his assent; or, shaking it, express his negative with a growl. When desired to buy a roll, he

* A similar case, with some very interesting accompaniments, is related by Mary Howitt in her delightful volume, "Tales in Prose."

would take the money offered, go to a baker's shop, lay down the coin, and point to what he wanted, which, when given to him, he would return with to his master and lay it at his feet. These and many other feats we have seen poor *Gander* perform in Dublin, repeatedly.

The assertion that dogs will sometimes indulge an inclination to prey on other animals, is correct. They will worry sheep, deer, etc.—a propensity

which neither kindness nor discipline can afterwards subdue. It is asserted by some writers, that one of the greatest terrors of a domestic dog is a naked man; an assertion, however, which we are inclined to doubt, since everybody knows that dogs are in the constant practice of attending their masters to bathe throughout the whole season, and that many lives have been thus saved by them.

Treasures.

BY AUGUSTUS MASON, M. D.

I MET within the crowded street
Two men, such as we often meet
Within the City's gate.
One's mind was wholly bent on gain,
And how by eager toil and pain
T' increase his vast estate.

He passed the poor unheeded by,
He heeded not the widow's cry,
Nor heard the orphan's moan;
He gave the poor no food, no care,
But ground him to the utmost core,
To add unto his own.

The other lent a ready ear
And gave his mite, his word, his tear,
To every tale of woe;
And thought, if God has given to me,
It only is that I may be
His almoner below.

But death unto these two men came!
The one still pressed his worldly aim,
His thoughts on wealth inclined;
But wealth could not prepare his way,
Nor could he take one jot away,
But left it all behind.

Nor gathered round his blazoned door
A crowd of weeping, mourning poor,
Whose hope in him was risen,
To bathe his couch with grateful tears;
Or lifted up a widow's prayers,
To bear his soul to heaven.

The other drawing near his end,
Saw with a smile his fate impend;
Resigned to Heaven's decree,
He knew his sands on earth were run,
"Father," he prayed, "Thy will be done,
Now take me home to thee."

And by his bed a good man came,
And said, "It was his daily aim
For this hour to prepare;
His life to deeds of good was given,
And knowing that his home was heaven,
He laid up treasures there."

Thus as we journey day by day,
And toil along life's busy way,
So shall our tale be told,
And our account in gain or loss,
Be either of earth's basest dross,
Or heaven's purest gold.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

ROCHESTER, July 11th, 1854.

PLEASE, MR. HATCHET:—I hope I am not too late to put in my word. If I am, be so good as to chop off a corner, to let me in. I want to ask if it is possible that "Mary" is right, in saying there is a word that is *always* pronounced wrong. I have always supposed that custom made the laws of pronunciation, and that, however a word may be spoken, if always spoken in the same way, it comes to be the right way, after a while. Is it not so?

CHARLES LOWELL.

Certainly, it is, Charlie. Yet Mary is right. Her word is always pronounced wrong. You were just too late for the August chat, and, to save the necessity of chopping off a corner, I give you the first chance here.

JACKSON, OHIO, July 15th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET:—I think "Mary's" word, that is always pronounced wrong, must be *schism*, which everybody pronounces *sism*, though the best authorities, and all analogy, say it ought to be *schism*.

EDMUND LE B.

You have hit a nail on the head, Edmund, but not the right one. There is neither analogy, law, rhyme, nor reason, to justify the prevailing pronunciation of that word. But this pronunciation is not universal. I know one sturdy old fellow who always says *schism*, and lays down the word, every time he speaks it, with a hard, determined emphasis, as if fully conscious it would make a *schism* in the ears of all who might hear him. He is right, and "all the world" is wrong; But that is not the wrong which the fair Mary would have righted.

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., July 17th, 1854.

DEAR MR. HATCHET:—Perhaps I act temerarily in daring to address you, but you say you are not very aged (edged), and I shall feel entirely safe on that account; besides I will give you leave to take some bows (boughs) as recompense for intruding upon your precious time.

It appears to me that you hew out humorous pieces enough to supply the deficiency of cuts in the Museum, but perhaps Mr. Merry would like something touched a little more with the *graver*.

Doubtless, Mr. Merry, with so *cutting* an assistant as you are, will make large clearings in the unexplored vasts of literature; and it is my sincerest wish that he may find some choice specimens for the Museum.

I think Mary's word is *wrong*. The answer to Willie M. Coleman's enigma is "Ethiopian Archipelago."

Yours, most respectfully,

E. A. BEECH.

There is a *beech*-nut for you, Mary. You can't crack it anywhere, but a pun drops out. He

says your word is *wrong*. It may be so, but I am sure it is right. Yes, and though always pronounced wrong, it is always pronounced right. We have several other answers to the same effect, and, as the vote appears to be against you, we will conclude that your word is wrong, though we will not give it up that *you* are always right.

E. HAWLEY, PA., Aug., 1854.

MR. HATCHET:—1028.40, in the Museum for August, means *I ought to wait for tea*. MARY ANN.

FLEETWOOD ACADEMY, Aug. 14th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET—*Dear Sir*:—I now send you a dollar to pay for the Museum this year, also the answers to some of the enigmas in the August number. The answer to S. C. Kellogg's enigma is "One." To the enigma with 12 letters is "Philadelphia." To Hatty's enigma is "Heroine."

The answers to the enigmas by Miss H. B. Forsyth, are "New York," "Night Shade," "Conundrum," and "Shakspeare." The answer to the puzzle on 243 is "*One ought to wait for tea*."

I now send you a riddle:—

A marble wall as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
There in a stream of crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
There is no door to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

Yours, respectfully,

A. FREDERICK FLEET.

Mary Ann is right, but Frederick is a little more so. We tried the virtue of this riddle a few days ago. We travelled, with all diligence, over 100 miles, after breakfast, and arrived just too late for dinner. Our appetite was as sharp as two hatchets, and a good razor. But we could not cut over our own rule. We found, much to our discomfort, that in all such cases 1028.40.

RICHMOND, IND., Aug. 10th, 1854.

MR. SHARP HATCHET—*Dear Sir*:—Though it is but a short time since I had the pleasure of an introduction to your majesty, I begin to feel very well acquainted. Sir, the people "out west," here think about as much of you as they do of Mr. Merry. And I for one shall tell Mr. Merry, when he returns, that if he had looked the United States over he could not have chosen a better person to fill his place, and I rather think all the "Merry family" will tell him so too.

Here is a puzzle for Latin hatchets, "*Pugna, pugnas, pugnat*."

Yours respectfully,

HOOSIER.

Hiram could not well be *flatter* than he is, but he feels decidedly flattered.

MARKVILLE, La., July 18th, 1854.

MR. HIRAM HATCHET.—Whew! how sharp that sounds, sure enough. Now don't be offended, but I imagine you tall, *sour* and sedate, you dislike the fun and frolic of the young, and you would rather remain alone all day than to be condescending enough to chat and joke with *us*. Mr. Merry was always good humored and lively, ready to comply with any of our little whims or wishes—you seen the reverse of this to me. But oh, how *saucy* I have been to a grown gentleman. I really beg pardon, Mr. Hatchet, presumptuous I know I've been, but indeed, indeed, I did not think of it until it was all said. But perhaps we shall be right good friends yet, for I *hope* I shall be disappointed in my opinion of you.

Yours respectfully,
NELLY S.

Now Hiram feels some flatter. He approves Nelly's frankness, and swallows all her compliments with the best grace possible. But, Nelly dear, you never was more mistaken. Hatchet sour! Why, how could you think so? Hatchet ill-tempered! Indeed, if the cutters, who use him may be allowed to judge, there is not a better-tempered piece of hardware out of the shop. Ask the little hatchets, ask the axes, and the broad-axes. Nay, ask the blocks (and the block-heads,) which he has been at work upon these (how many?) years, and they will tell you that—but they shall speak for themselves, when they get ready.

SPOTSWOOD, July 16th, 1854.

MR. MERRY HATCHET.—Dear Sir:—As I believe my subscription expires with this month, I thought I would write you a few lines to inform you that I do not wish to continue my subscription any longer. I am pleased with the Museum, and like to work out the puzzles very much, but this I do not like. I have written for my April number twice and have not received it yet. And I always think twice is enough for anything. I hope you will not be offended at what I have written, for it may not have been your fault. But I will always think of your illustrative and amusing Magazine with pleasure. Very respectfully yours.

Here is a riddle for you:—

A shining wit pronounced of late
That every acting Magistrate
Is water in a freezing state.

A. P. VALENTINE.

We have no objection to stopping any subscription, when the subscribers wish it. But, our subscribers should all bear in mind, that their letters to us may fail to reach us, and ours to them may fail to reach them, without any fault on their part or ours. Once for all, we never omit to send a missing number, when it is ordered, though it is so much loss to us, as all our back numbers are wanted for bound volumes.

MY DEAR MR. HATCHET:—The July number does not seem to have quite as many puzzles as usual, and for that reason is not quite so interesting as far as the "chat" goes. Thank you, Mr. Hatchet, for your "Editorial Daguerreotypes." Did not S. G. Goodrich write "The Adventures of Gilbert Go-ahead?" [Are you a Yankee, and do you expect me to "tell tales out of school?"] W. T. Frahoak's puzzle, which "looked so puzzling," is "The Merry's Museum is the best magazine published." Please to tell your "typographical spirit of evil," not to make a mistake next time in setting up a riddle, for he made me puzzle my brains not a little over that riddle to which R. E. Hoe sent such an ingenious answer. [Printer's d—, please take notice.] But it does seem to me that all kinds of instruments have got to work since a "Hatchet" took the chair. Here is a Spade-r, a Hoe, and a Saw-ery. I wonder if *sharp* names don't help the brain. I wish I had a sharp name. [Now, Mary, that is not fair. You are as sharp as a cambric needle—all point at one end, and all eye at the other.] I have puzzled over "Eugene's" Latin, and have got a *sort of a translation*. I know it is not right, but I have resolved to send it. "I could rather wish me to be assaulted by a hammer from the mast of a ship, or apples from an apple-tree, than by a greater evil wickedly made."

I am but a new beginner at Latin, so don't laugh at my first attempt to translate a sentence outside of Caesar's mysterious pages. I send you two or three puzzles.

Readers of the Museum, please show,
How you *nine stars* would so bestow,
Ten rows to form—in each row *three*—
Tell me, my friends, how this may be.

I have one something like W. T. F.'s, but it is, not solved *exactly* the same way.

Lmveg Lexglix, pier ew li wezw li mw, jmpppw xli
lhmxxvmp glemlv zinz zipp.

R M T C A R T D S T Y T
E B R Y E O N E Y F Y O H
M B Y R T I H A O H Y O H.

The best wishes of your young friend,

MARY.

PLRASANT RETREAT, 1854.

NEW IPSWICH, July 15th, 1854.

DEAR MR. HATCHET:—I send you the answer to "Eddie's" conundrum in the June number, which is, "Why is there no danger of starving in a desert?" The answer is, "Because of the sandwiches there!"—(sand which is there.)

I send you a riddle:—

"A man once launched a vessel large
And live stock, too, he took in charge;
He did not barter, buy, nor sell;
Whichever wind blew, pleased as well,
He sailed at random; was to no port bound,
His only wish was soon to get a-ground."

Also an algebraical puzzle:—

From my age should *sopen* subtracted be,
The remainder thereof divided by *three*,
That quotient, added to twenty-four,
Is thrice my age, and nothing more.

Yours, respectfully, S. ARTHUR BENT.

TRENTON, August 6th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET.—Dear Sir:—Please don't censure Susan for what she could not help, for, indeed, it was quite impossible to solve the puzzles as you had them. Between you and the printer, you have inserted the puzzles very incorrectly. I saw it at once, but as I had already written one or two letters about them, I thought I would let them go. But since you advise

me to "wait patiently," I think it best just to say I have given up expecting any solution. Instead of inserting the g in C, in Nos 1 and 2, you place them outside, thus spoiling the sense altogether, and the i, that should cross the g (thus), you left out entirely. Perhaps the printer found it difficult to insert one letter in another. But I have seen them in print. I send you the answer to some of the enigmas, but as I got the number to-day, I have not solved many of them. The outside of a horse has most hair on it. Only one was going to St. Ives, and that was the man himself; he met the others going the other way. When is a door not a door? When its "a-jar" (a jar.) Caleb Johnson's enigma is Philadelphia. Anagrams are, No. 2, Washington; No. 3, weariness; No. 4, Monroe. J. Aborn Harris's conundrums are: Because it makes you hold your jaw. Pul-tusk. To keep his head warm. To guess the most difficult thing in the world. Hatty's is Heroine. No. 1 of Kate Bury Forsyth's enigmas is New York; the other three I have not solved. I am not quite sure of my answer to S. S. T.'s enigma, so I will not send it. J. Aborn Harris's enigmas are, Hay, and letter E.

There it is—and we expected it. Our ears have tingled every time our eyes fell upon the fair Florence's French puzzles. We knew even her "patience" and good-nature could not be expected to hold out against such provocations. But what could we do? We have no types with one letter inside or across another, and we could not well have them made for the purpose. So we did the next best thing. We let the printer fix it his own way, trusting that those of our readers who understand French, would see how it ought to be, and give us the true solution. Will Florence please accept our apology, and try again?

THE INSTITUTE, WHITE PLAINS,
August 11th, 1854.

DEAR MR. HATCHET:—I send you two rebuses, which, though old, I think are worthy of repetition. The one:—

"Two-thirds of a color, three-fourths of a kiss,
Will name you a puzzle for master and miss."
The other:—

"My first does affliction denote,
Which my second is doomed to endure;
My whole a designed antidote,
That affliction to soften and cure."

Your friend, J. H. G.

THE INSTITUTE, WHITE PLAINS,
July 20th, 1854.

MR. MERRY.—Dear Sir:—The answer to Dr. Alcott's enigma is "*man*." Mary's word is "*vorong*." W. H. Coleman's enigma is the Ethiopian Archipelago.

I subjoin the following:—

Mus cucurrit plenum sed,
Contra mea magnum ad:

What is the oldest berry?

Yours respectfully, WM.

HARTFORD, August 9th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET.—Dear Sir:—It seems to me you have given us a large amount of puzzles, considering the hot weather. I have solved some of them, the answers to which I send you.

ENIGMAS.

Hiram Hatchet. Stephen Arnold Douglass. Australia. Cnelus Pompey and Julius Cesar. Grass. Letter E. Heroine. New York. Night Shade. Shakespeare.

I also send you a puzzle.

A NE PIT A PHO naw. O! MAN who's
O—LDear the N. Wa, E. E.

BENE

AT. HT. HISST. O. NELIES'KA,
TH'Arin, eg, Rayc, hang'd F,
RO! mabus—y LI, Feto Li feless c
Lay Bye aR—T. Hand, c lays, H,
Ego T. herp elf ANDNo WS he
"St, Urn'd Toe Art, hh Ers
Elfy ewe EpING. fri
E, N. d slet Me ad

VI

Seab, at Eyo U.R.G. RIE
FAndRy you Rey EsF, or
What? TaVail—sa,
Flo O? Dofn EarS

Whok Now S. BU, Tinar Un O: fyo
Arsi n, s oneta II PIT
Chero RB. ro A, dPansheinh ER sh,O
Pma yb eag—ain?

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

There! the printer will not allow another line for chat. So, with a lap full of letters unread and unanswered, with book notices, a 4th of July at Hartford, a visit to Marshfield and Plymouth, a full poetical answer to "Hatchet's enigma," with puzzles, conundrums, and riddles, not a few, and sundry sundries of a very entertaining character, all cut and dried, and ready to be served up, we are compelled to make our bow, and retire, handing all over to Mr. Merry, for the October number. Farewell! young friends. Long life and prosperity to you all. Hatchet must retire to the workshop, and the wood-house, and resume his old occupation, as a simple cutter.

If he should chance to knock off a chip, or slice off a shaving, at any time, which might fit into some corner of the Museum, or serve to veneer any of its rougher pages, you may rely upon hearing from him once in a while. [By the way, can any of you tell me how many ones there are in a while?] And if, in some of his travels (for even Hatchets do not always stay at home), he should meet with any of the Kates, the Nellys, the Florences, the Willies, the Arthurs, or others of the large family of Merry's correspondents, he will find them all out, and take their daguerreotypes for the Museum gallery.

N. B.—In answer to "J. R. B." The Museum can be sent to any place where there is a Post Office, and the place changed whenever the subscriber desires it.



THE HARVESTER. See page 309.



October.

HOW the months come round ! As soon as one Museum is finished, we must straight commence another. It is now October—the tenth month of the year.

This was anciently called *wyn monat*, or wine month, because it was the season of the vintage. We do not, in this country, raise so many grapes as to attach much importance to their harvesting, but we have other products to harvest, and October is the season when many of them are brought to perfection. Indian corn—one of the great staples of America—is now fully ripened, and its golden ears, shining through the opening husks, are a beautiful sight. The pota-

toe crop is also gathered in October, and winter apples are carefully picked from the trees. They must not be carelessly shaken off, for the bruises that they thus receive cause them early to decay.

Some of the apples on the remote branches cannot be reached from a ladder ; these may be knocked off with a pole, as you see in the cut, and if they are too much bruised to put in barrels, they will be nice for cooking. John has left his hat under another tree, so intent is he on bringing down the apples ; and Sarah will lose her sun-bonnet soon ; it already hangs on her back (quite in fashion). Charlie has filled his basket with apples, assisted by Mary, who ga-

thered them in her apron. There are already enough on the ground to fill Sarah's basket, and then they will be ready to go home.

October is a beautiful month. The heats of summer have passed away, and the air is cool and bracing. The early frosts have changed the leaves of the oak and the maple, and they present a beautiful variety of, brilliant hues. The mountains seem robed in a coat of many colors. The aspect of the forest is gay and brilliant, as if nature put on her most beautiful garments at the very moment when death and decay are approaching.

In this country, autumn comes not in "sober guise," or in "russet mantle clad," but as expressed in the beautiful language of another, like a triumphant emperor, arrayed in "gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes."

This is the season to enjoy the country.

"There the loaded fruit-trees bending,
Strew with mellow gold the land;
Here, on high, from vines impending
Purple clusters court the hand."

Most of our poets have sung the charms of this season of the year, all varying from each other, and all beautiful like the many tinted hues of the foliage of the groves.

A Fox's Revenge.

AN old and respectable man in the county of Montgomery, used frequently to relate an anecdote of a cir-

cumstance which he saw. In his youth he resided on the banks of the Hudson river.

One day he went to a bay on the river, in order to shoot wild ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore, and stand some time and observe the geese.

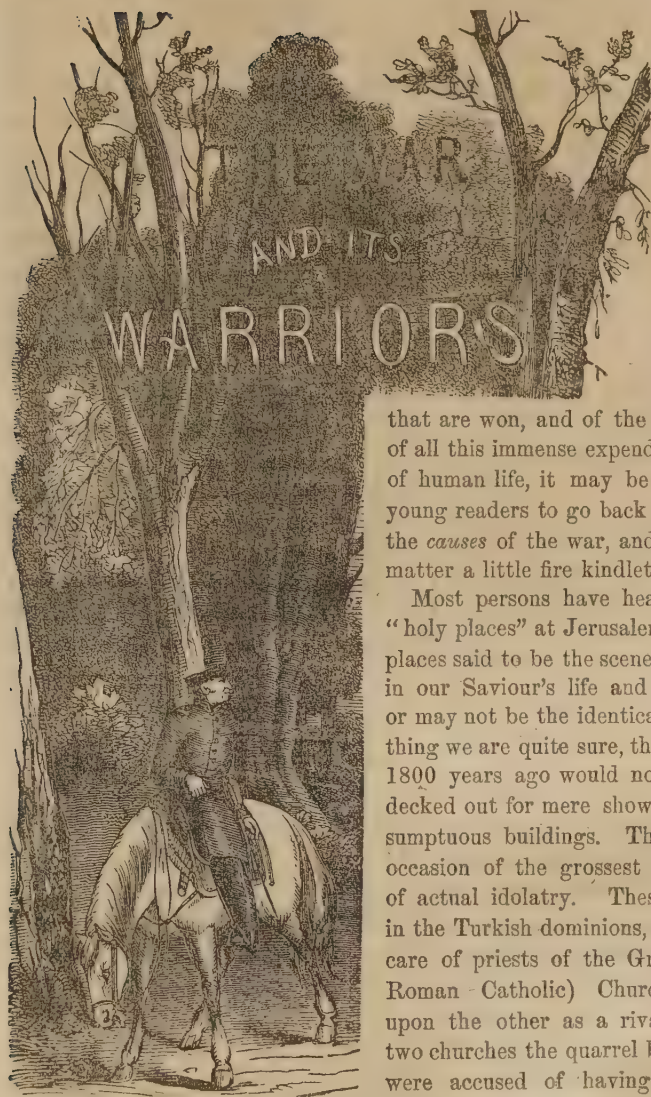
At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water, himself concealed, and floated among the geese.

Suddenly one of them was soon drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank, and found a hole made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed the goose in it, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it.

The fox then left; and while he was gone, the hunter unburied the goose, closed the hole, and resolved to await the issue.

In about half an hour the fox returned, with another in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend.

During the battle, he shot them both.



WHILE the whole civilized world is watching with intense interest the progress of the war now going on in Europe, and every body is talking of the battles that are fought and the victories

that are won, and of the conjectured results of all this immense expenditure of money and of human life, it may be interesting to our young readers to go back a little and look at the *causes* of the war, and see "how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Most persons have heard of the so-called "holy places" at Jerusalem and Bethlehem—places said to be the scene of certain passages in our Saviour's life and death. They may or may not be the identical places, but of one thing we are quite sure, those who knew them 1800 years ago would not know them now, decked out for mere show, and covered with sumptuous buildings. They are in fact the occasion of the grossest superstition, if not of actual idolatry. These places, although in the Turkish dominions, are confided to the care of priests of the Greek and Latin (or Roman Catholic) Churches, each looking upon the other as a rival. Between these two churches the quarrel began. The Greeks were accused of having usurped property which belongs of right to the Roman Catho-

lics, and of having purposely allowed the chapels, and particularly the monuments of Godefroi de Bouillon and of Guy de Lusignan, to go into decay. Other

points turned up by degrees—for instance, whether the Latins should have a key to the great door of the church at Bethlehem and whether they ought to be allowed to have a cupboard and a lamp in the tomb of the Virgin!

Such was the trumpety foundation of the quarrel. By-and-bye the Latin Church (represented in Turkey by the French Ambassador) obtained from the Sultan certain concessions regarding the "holy places." The Greek Church (represented by the Russian Ambassador) thought this an infringement on their rights, and thus a difference commenced between the Porte (the Turkish Power), France and Russia. The Porte was very willing to agree to anything respecting the "holy places," but in trying to please both parties it pleased neither. The Frenchman threatened to bring a fleet to the Dardanelles if *his* demands were not complied with, and the Russian menaced a rupture between the Czar and the Porte if *his* conditions were not granted.

So matters went on for nearly three years, France and Russia being the only Powers at issue with the Porte, England looking on intending to have nothing to do with the quarrel.

At this stage of affairs—a French fleet hovering about the Mediterranean, and Russian soldiers swarming towards the Turkish frontiers—the Czar sent to the Porte a special ambassador, Prince Menschikoff. There was nothing in his so doing to excite either alarm or suspicion, but it was soon evident that the Prince had come about something more

than the "holy places." What it was could not at first be made out, but the Porte speedily became convinced that double-dealing was intended—that there was something "behind the scenes." Even the British Cabinet grew uneasy, but still the quarrel was confined to France and Russia.

At length the purpose of the wily Russian, or rather of his Imperial master, began to ooze out, and the alarm of the Porte to increase. Still negotiations were carried on. At length, the question was reported to be *virtually adjusted*, and was admitted to be so by Russia herself. This had been brought about, we should say, by the temperate conduct of the French court, really desirous to end the dispute.

After everything had been thus set to rights, there was presented by Prince Menschikoff to the Turkish Government the famous note which has led to all the subsequent events.

This *Menschikoff Note* made it evident that the objects of the Czar's interference were no longer the Greek priests at Jerusalem, but the Greek Christian subjects of the Porte, numbering more than ten millions. Moreover, the matter was to be so dealt with as to give the Czar the right constantly to meddle in the concerns of half the Sultan's subjects. This note was of course rejected by Turkey, and France, England and Prussia agreed that she had done right in so rejecting it—Austria at length coming to the same conclusion. On Turkey's decision being given to Menschikoff he left Constantinople, and the

Czar declared he should occupy the Danubian Principalities, dependent on Turkey, until the Porte chose to accede to his demands.

On this, England and France determined to interfere, and—as one could not tell what might happen—their fleets presently anchored in Besika Bay. The Russians, true to the Czar's declaration, invaded the Principalities, the Turks made no resistance, and the European Powers—peace, not war, being their object—betook themselves to negotiation. Austria was selected as the mediator, and it was arranged that a meeting of the representatives of the great Powers should be held at Vienna, with a view to concoct some scheme that should satisfy all parties.

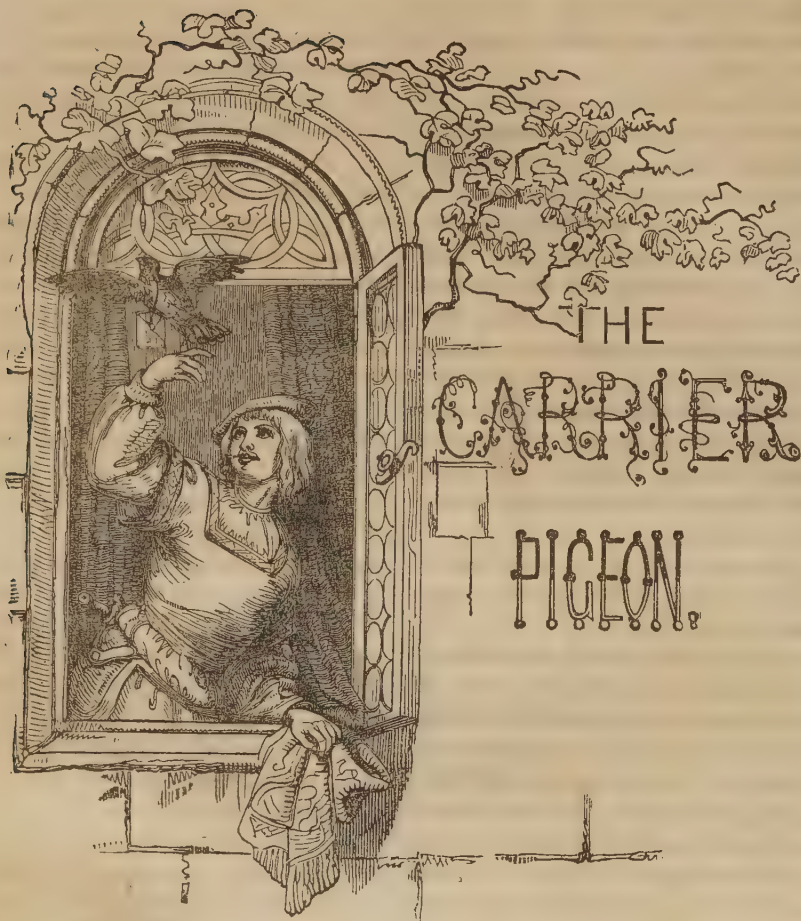
The result of the meeting was the *Vienna Note*, which it was thought ought to satisfy both Turkey and Russia. The Czar at once agreed to it, and all danger was supposed to be at an end, when the Porte astonished everybody by refusing it unless it were altered in certain points. Turkey was thought to be over nice in the matter, at least; but still, the altered note was strongly recommended by the four Powers to Russia. The Czar, however, at once rejected it—and more, gave his reasons for rejection. This opened men's eyes. It was seen that the Porte had been fully justified in altering the note, for the passages altered were the very ones that would have given Russia all she desired. It is curious that the four Powers, with the most honest intentions, should have manufactured such a note, but so it was; and

finding that Turkey was in the right, they backed her up in refusing it. A few days later, war was actually declared; hostilities to commence if the Russians did not leave the Principalities within fifteen days of a summons to do so. We need not enter into much further detail. The combined fleets of England and France entered the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and the Black Sea—not, however, before Russia had disgraced herself by the cowardly carnage at Sinope. On land the Turks have had what is called *the best of it*.

Efforts to stop the war, however, were still carried on by the other Powers, Russia professing, after all, to desire peace, and a *Collective Note*, got up by the representatives of Europe at Constantinople, was offered to the Porte. It was accepted, sent to Vienna, agreed to by the representatives of Europe there, and forwarded to the Czar. He rejected it, and thus became opposed to the whole of Europe. England has given him one more chance even since then—offering terms of peace. He has rejected these terms also.

“Blessed are the peacemakers.” We think the four great Powers deserving of the respect and goodwill of all those who hate war, for their endeavors to preserve peace. As this now seems hopeless, we pray that God may shorten and mitigate, to the greatest degree possible, the horrors of war.

PERSEVERANCE, with prayer for God's blessing, will do wonders.



PIGEONS have been put to the remarkable purpose of acting as carriers of letters or other light objects. They have great power of flight, and will go long distances and never fail to return home. A particular species, larger than the common pigeon, is trained for the purpose, and in some countries the rearing of them forms a lucrative employment. The instinct which has rendered the carrier-pigeon so serviceable, is the strong desire manifested by all pigeons to return to the place of their residence ; and man has adopted various measures to make their return on particular occasions more certain.

A male and female are usually kept together and treated well ; and one of them, when taken elsewhere, is supposed to have the greater inducement to come back.

It is obvious that the carrier-pigeon can only be employed in conformity with some previously contemplated plan, for which the proper preparations have been made. It must have been taken from a place to which it is desired to return, and be temporarily at the place from which the intelligence is to be conveyed.

It is usually taken to that place hoodwinked, or in a basket covered ; the instinct by which it finds its way back, must therefore be independent of all knowledge of the intermediate places.

When the moment for employing it has arrived, the person requiring its services writes a message on a thin piece of paper, which is placed lengthwise under the wing, and fastened by a pin to one of the feathers. On being released, the carrier ascends to a great height, takes one or two turns in the air, and then commences its career at the rate of forty miles an hour, or about a thousand a day.

It is not long since a pigeon was employed in this way to carry messages between Halifax and Boston. There are many pretty stories of the achievements of this bird in the affairs of love and romance, and it has often been the theme of poetry and of song.

NEVER judge one another, but attribute a good motive when you can.

Life and Death.

"WHAT is life, father?"—A battle, my child,

Where the strongest lance may fail—
Where the wariest eye may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail—
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight.

"What is death, father?"—The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er—
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more—
Who driveth away the demon bands,
Bids the din of the battle cease,
Takes the banner and spear from falling hands,
And proclaims an eternal peace.

"Let me die, father! I tremble and fear
To fall in that terrible strife!"—
The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
In the battle field of Life.
Courage! thy foes may be strong and tried,
But he loveth the weak and small;
The angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!

Brilliants.

THERE is dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee,
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me!

There are tears for the many,
And pleasures for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you!

There's care that will not leave us,
And pain that will not flee;
But in our hearts unaltered,
Sits Love, 'tween you and me!

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned, .
Yet good it is, and true;
It's half the world to me, love,
It's all the world to you!

Adventures of Gilbert Go-Ahead.

[Continued from page 276.]

IN my passage from Baiku to Farsabad, we had on board several odd-looking customers, among whom was a merchant of Teheran, but a native of Armenia; a rough, athletic Koord; a roving, piratical sort of a fellow, from Turcomania; two or three Tartars, a Greek priest, and several other persons whose country I could not designate. Our passage was a long one; and in order to pass the time, a great many stories were told. I may as well repeat two or three of them, as they seem to illustrate the manners and customs of these far-off regions. The first I shall give is that of the Armenian, and is as follows:—

“Armenia, as you must know, is one of the oldest countries in the world. Here is Mount Ararat, a mountain standing apart and by itself, yet rising to the height of 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was here that the Ark of Noah rested after the deluge, and in its neighborhood, no doubt, were formed some of the earliest states and kingdoms of the world. The upper part of the mountain is now covered with perpetual snow, and it is very difficult to reach its top. Whether it was so in Noah’s time, I cannot tell: perhaps the water of the deluge melted it off, or perhaps he landed with his ark below the line of snow.”

“But, however that might be, there once lived near the foot of the moun-

tain, a shepherd by the name of Luke Gozzo. He was very poor, having only seven sheep, and seven goats, with a miserable shed of wood for a house in the summer. He had also a hole in the ground for his winter’s residence, the climate being so severe that most of the people in this quarter are obliged thus to burrow in the earth for six months of the year. Poor Luke had also a little stony patch of land, upon which he raised a few onions, some cabbages, and two or three baskets of beans. This was his whole property; yet he had seven children, and what was very hard for poor Gozzo to comprehend, they were all boys. His wife was an honest creature, and a very thrifty housewife. She was content with her lot; and while her husband grumbled, and thought it very hard that Providence should send him nothing but boys, she took it all in good part, and did the best she could, so that by hook and by crook the family made out to live, in spite of their poverty.

“Now the country of Armenia is very mountainous, and in general the people are poor, so that it is common for the youths to quit the country and go to other places to seek their fortune. When they have got a little money, they often return, and live comfortably in their native mountains.

“When, therefore, the eldest of Luke Gozzo’s boys had reached the age of

fifteen years, it was thought necessary for him to leave the paternal roof, and go into some other country, and try to improve his circumstances. One sheep and one goat was accordingly sold to furnish his outfit. He was provided with two shirts, a pair of shoes, a jacket, and a pair of pantaloons, with fifty cents in money. This was his entire equipment, except a little bag with something carefully sewed up in it, given to him by his mother, with instructions not to open it till he found himself in trouble. This she called a *charm*, and although her husband laughed at her about it, she impressed it upon her son's mind that it was really a matter of importance. Thus provided, and having received the blessing of his parents, he set forth upon his adventures. The next year, another boy was fifteen, and he was provided and sent off in the same manner. The next year another went; and finally, at the end of seven years, all Luke's boys had departed in search of their fortunes. The seven sheep and the seven goats had also all been sold for their equipment.

"Luke and his wife were now left all alone, and they were so poor, that they could hardly get the means of living. Seven years had passed away, and they had heard nothing of their children. But now a change began to take place. One morning they were awakened by the noise of sheep and goats bleating around the house. When they got up, a stranger met them at the door, who said to them, 'Your eldest son is now a rich merchant at Constantinople. He has

sent you seven sheep and seven goats, and seven pieces of gold and seven pieces of silver, and he has sent me to deliver them, and here they are!' So the man delivered the sheep and the goats, and the gold and silver, and carrying the blessing of the father and mother to the son, he departed.

"A year now elapsed, when early one morning Luke and his wife were awakened by a noise without. When they arose, a stranger met them at the door, and said, 'Your second son is a rich merchant at Bagdad, and he has sent you seven sheep and seven goats, and seven pieces of silver and seven pieces of gold. He has sent me to deliver them, and here they are.' So the man delivered the sheep and the goats, and the silver and the gold; and carrying the blessing of the father and mother to the second son, he departed.

"At the end of another year, another stranger arrived with the same gifts, from the third son, who was now a rich merchant at Smyrna. At the end of another year, the same gifts came from the fourth son, who was now a rich merchant at St. Petersburg. At the end of another year, the same came from the fifth son, who was a rich merchant at London. At the end of another year, the same came from the sixth son, who was a rich merchant at Damascus; and at the end of another year, the same came from the seventh son, who was a rich merchant at Teheran.

"And now Luke Gozzo was rich, for he had large flocks of sheep and goats, and he had a big chest full of gold and

silver. He had also the satisfaction to know that his sons had all prospered in life. Thus he and his wife were very happy, and glided gently down the stream of life together. Only one thing was wanted to complete their satisfaction, and that was to see their children once more. At last, when they were stricken in years, their eldest son came; and while he tarried with them, the second came, and then the third; and finally all the seven sons were with them.

"And when they were together, they conversed about their several adventures, and how they had all prospered; and each one declared that his success was owing to the charm in the little bag, given to them by their mother at parting."

Here the Armenian paused, as if he had finished his story, but several persons at the same time asked him what was the charm in the little bag. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a small bag like a purse, but much worn, and holding it, he said, "Here is one of the charms."

"And are you one of the seven sons?" said I.

"I am," he replied, "and I am on my way back from the meeting of my brothers, to my home at Teheran."

"And you really attribute your success in life to this charm?"

"I do."

"It must be of the greatest value then?"

"Yes; would you like to buy one?"

I replied in the affirmative, and several other passengers also expressed a desire to purchase the art of getting rich. At last, however, the Armenian said, "Come, I will open the bag, and show you the charm!" Upon this, he opened the bag, and on a bit of sheepskin was written, in the Armenian language, as follows:—"DO THE BEST YOU CAN, AND PRAY GOD TO HELP YOU!"

We all agreed that it was a good story, and now the Koord was called upon to tell one. But the account of this must be deferred till my next.

S. G. G.

New Anecdotes of the Dog.

[Continued from page 285.]

THERE was lately a beggar well known on Holborn Hill, who was blind, and led by a small dog, which carried a tin cup in its mouth bound round the edge with leather—a stratagem which proved very effective; since, where charity might have failed, curiosity often urged the passengers to drop a half-penny into the

cup, that they might see the dog convey it to his master, which he invariably did.

There is an itinerant organ-player, well known in London, who carries a small dog upon his instrument; and when any pence are thrown to him, the creature immediately leaps down, picks

up the money, springs upon the organ again, and delivers it to his master.

An instance of the sagacity of this faithful creature was generally noticed in the London newspapers about eighteen months since. The circumstance to which we allude was thus narrated:—Two children were playing on board of the vessel lying in the Grosvenor Canal, Pimlico, when one of them fell into the water and sank. The elder of the two—about nine years of age—seeing what had occurred to his little brother, immediately plunged after him, and in a few minutes disappeared also. Fortunately, a person happened to be passing by with a Newfoundland Dog, which he directed to dive after the children. The animal instantly obeyed; and in a short time rose to the surface of the water, bearing one of them by its clothes; which was no sooner released from his careful grasp, than he again dived, and, to the great delight of all who saw it, reappeared with the second. The children were soon completely recovered from the effects of their perilous adventure, and are still living; but, like most other particularly interesting events, this has been by some much exaggerated, and its veracity, by others, totally denied. We have, however, made it our business to find out the master of the dog, who not only introduced us to Nero himself—we think *Hero* would be a more appropriate appellation—but assured us of the genuineness of the fact; and, in reference to it, pointed to the collar upon the neck of the dog, which had been presented in testimony of his services, and

upon which they are inscribed, with the date, etc., of his performing them. He belongs to Mr. Peel, a printer, residing in the New Cut, Lambeth; who, while exercising him in several little tricks, said he would “do anything almost that he bade him.” He possesses all the gentleness of disposition so remarkable to his species, and receives the caresses of strangers with much apparent satisfaction.

We have preferred adducing the proofs of our own knowledge, and of the present day, relative to the sagacity of the dog, to repeating the innumerable well-attested facts of former times, which have been so repeatedly quoted by others. We will, however, extract one or two instances which have not been so generally repeated as those we pass by. It is recorded that, in the year 1789, a ship was wrecked at Yarmouth, from which a Newfoundland Dog only escaped with life. He swam to the shore, bearing a pocket-book in his mouth, which several persons among the crowd assembled on the beach vainly attempted to take from him on his landing. One individual in the crowd, however, caught the eye of the dog, upon whom he immediately fawned, and to whom he gave up the pocket-book; it was the friend of his late master, the drowned captain of the vessel, whom the animal knew.

The services of the dog are varied according to the wishes or wants of his master. The Esquimaux Indians, who inhabit the coldest regions of North America, employ them to carry burdens, and draw the sledges in which they

themselves travel over the snow, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles in a day. In Newfoundland, some parts of France, Germany, etc., dogs are used for drawing loads.

There is a man who perambulates Pimlico and its neighborhood, who traffics in brooms, mats, etc. His *shop* is a neatly-built, commodious four-wheeled wagon, with a seat in front, which is drawn by four large dogs completely harnessed. He walks throughout the day crying his wares, his dogs attentive and obedient to his word; but, when about to return home in the evening, he "mounts the box," takes the reins, and, at a full trot, drives his four-in-hand with all the ease imaginable.

In Spain, dogs are employed upon the mountains to take care of the flocks; and on Mount St. Bernard, in Switzerland, they most ably assist the friendly monks of a convent there, in searching for travellers, who must, otherwise, perish in the snow.

These dogs, somewhat of the large spaniel breed, possess so acute a scent as to discover a human being though buried many feet deep in the snow, which is there seen in large masses, called avalanches, which sometimes overwhelm unsuspecting travellers. When the dogs discover where the bodies lie, they scratch away the snow with their paws, and howl and bark until the servants of the convent, or the monks, come to their assistance. The latter, with a true feeling of humanity, tie small flasks of brandy, and cloaks, about the neck of these sagacious dogs, which are so well trained to their

business as to know for what purpose they are placed there, when they find any distressed object benumbed with cold. In the year 1816, one of these faithful creatures perished, which had saved the lives of twenty-two people, and for which a medal was suspended to his neck. He was going with two guides, sent from the convent to conduct a courier of Piedmont to the village at the foot of the mountain, which is called St. Pierre, when an avalanche fell and buried the whole party. Another of these dogs, called *Barry*, once found a boy in a benumbed state in the hollow of the glacier, or field of ice, upon the Alps, whose mother had been buried in an avalanche as they were crossing the mountain. *Barry* was one of the most zealous and best-trained dogs of the convent, and actually saved forty individuals from death by his exertions. On finding the boy, he contrived to make him take the flask from his neck; and, after the lad was refreshed by the cordial, the dog got him on his back, and thus appeared at the convent gate. When this trusty animal became too old any longer to pursue his humane occupation, the prior of the convent sent him to pass the remainder of his days in ease at Berne; in the museum of which he is, at this day, to be seen stuffed, with the collar about his neck, and the flask which he carried in his lifetime.

On the coast of Guinea, the negroes prefer the flesh of dogs to any other food; and all over China there are dog butchers, and shambles appointed for selling their flesh.

The many tricks taught those called dancing-dogs, prove not only the capacity of the animal themselves, but also that many cruelties are practised upon them, which ought not to be encouraged. Dogs which are taught to act a kind of drama, carry each other in sedan chairs to a pretended ball, etc., must have been severely used, since they are taught in such cases only by working on their fears.

Although dogs cannot do without, nor ought they ever to be denied water, yet they have been known to exist for an astonishing length of time without food. Quoting "The Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences," Buffon cites an instance of one that had been left by accident in a country-house, which subsisted forty days without any other nourishment than that afforded by the wool of a mattress left in the room, which it had torn to pieces.

A gentleman who had a fine Newfoundland dog, seeing the animal rush into the street and seize a negro woman, immediately interfered, and calling him off, made him go with him into his office, where he caused him to remain. The dog continued to appear dissatisfied, to such a degree that his master was induced to think there must be something wrong, and recollected at the moment that a pair of cushions had been left in a sleigh opposite the door. On examining the sleigh, one of the cushions could not be found. The master immediately called to his dog—"Find it, Carlo!" and the animal flashed off up the street, followed by his owner. They had not gone far before three coloured women were seen, who soon separated,

two of them going one way, the third in an opposite direction. The gentleman followed the two, and, having overtaken them, demanded the cushion; they protested that they had stolen nothing, and offered to let him search them. Finding that they had nothing, he went in search of Carlo, and ascertained that he had caught the real thief (the woman who had turned in the opposite direction), and held the stolen cushion in his mouth.

After all these fine traits now related of dogs, there are thousands of the race entirely useless, especially in cities and large towns. The danger of their bite in madness is much to be dreaded; and we should prefer to have half the race killed off, rather than see one human being die of their bite. Hydrophobia, or a dread of water, is the name of the frightful disease which attends the bite of a mad dog.

Life.

We are born—we laugh—we weep—

We love—we droop—we die!

Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?

Why do we live, or die?

Who knows that secret deep?

Alas! not I.

Why doth the violet spring

Unseen by human eye?

Why doth the radiant seasons bring

Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?

Why do our fond hearts cling

To things that die?

We toil, through pain and wrong—

We fight—and fly;

We love—we lose—and then, ere long,

Cold and dead we lie!

O life! is *all* thy song

"Endure and—die!"

"Take Care of Number One."

CHAPTER V.

IT must not be supposed, by the unpleasant tales we are telling of Jacob Karl, that he had not good qualities. Before we get through with his history, we hope to show that he had a disposition, by nature, capable of exhibiting the highest virtues, under proper training and development; but it is our painful task, in the outset of his story, to display the degrading influence of that common but mistaken philosophy, that the way to "*take care of Number One*" is to be selfish and mean in our intercourse with the world. This view of life had been impressed upon our hero by the example and precept of his eccentric father, by the treatment he had received from the lawyer who had been selected as his guardian, and by a variety of little incidents in his early career. I believe, too, that the heart of man is naturally selfish; that, left to ourselves, with no softening and regenerating influences, we should all grow up habitually thinking and caring only for ourselves.

It is true that there is such a thing as good-nature, and in children we see many lovely displays of tenderness and affection. But these are apt to disappear as they advance in years, if they are not cherished and matured by kindly cultivation. The sweetest fruit turns sour at last, and the playful kitten becomes in a few months a greedy, selfish, pettish old cat. This, I fear, would be the tendency

of us all, were it not that we are placed where the light of heavenly truth shines upon us from a great variety of sources. We may not be aware of it, we may not acknowledge the fact, that it is rather owing to the good influences of society, than to any self-generated virtues of our own, that we are better than poor Jacob Karl. Yet it should be remembered that most of us have the advantage of going to good schools, reading good books, reading the Bible (the best of all books), going to church, mingling with good and virtuous people, listening to the advice of a wise father, and, above all, receiving the kind, tender, and effectual counsels of a Christian mother. Through these many avenues, the Spirit of God sheds its light upon a large portion of my youthful readers. If they are good, then it is more because of the mercy of their Father in heaven than of any native goodness of their own. Let those, therefore, who might be tempted to despise our hero, pity him rather, and remember that he was born and bred an outcast from the privileges they enjoy. If his feet were turned into the paths of evil, let those who have happily escaped such misfortunes prize their advantages and be thankful for them.

But we must proceed with our history. The affair of the walnuts, which we detailed in the last chapter, made as deep an impression upon Jacob's mind as did the rough edges and sharp points of the

nuts upon his flesh. But the issue of it all was, that the youth said to himself, "I must be more careful, I must cover up my tracks better next time." He had, as yet, no suspicion that his plan of life was wrong. It is true, he felt unhappy. The natural desire of sympathy, of communion of heart with heart, was alive in his breast; and a hundred times he was tempted to join those of his own age, to share in their sports during the day, and at evening to gather around the hearth, and pour out his feelings in the looks, words, and actions, befitting his age. But he was repelled by a consciousness that there was some strange difference between him and them, and by the signs of suspicion or disgust which they habitually displayed toward him. Thus even the better workings of his bosom drove him farther and farther from happiness, and sank him deeper and deeper in the mire of that bad system he had adopted. "I must be more cunning—more subtle," was the only lesson he had yet learned from the misadventures of his late career.

It will not be surprising to the reader, then, to learn that the youth was ere long subjected to a new disgrace. He had fixed his longing eyes upon the eggs in the farmer's barn, of which there was no lack. "The old man," says he to himself, "has more than he wants, and there can be no harm in my appropriating a few of them to myself." So he began, and, taking one or two at a time, he had collected some eight or ten, which he concealed in a hole in a stone wall. After a time, he put them in his hat, and

at evening went slyly to the village and sold them. This he repeated two or three times, until at last the sale of the eggs came to the farmer's knowledge. He, therefore, watched Jacob carefully, and soon discovered his depository. Cunning people are very apt to overdo their business; and Jacob, as is usual in such cases, by his over-caution, betrayed himself. When he was about mischief, he looked so very innocent, and stepped along so very softly, that one who had studied him well could readily say, "Now Jacob is at one of his tricks!"

Well, one day, Farmer Lane told the youth to go to the village upon some errand; and he then went into the house. It happened at the time that Jacob had about ten eggs in his store-room, and as he had seen his master go in, he fancied that he might safely run round, out of sight, put his eggs in his hat, and take them to the village; thus doing his own and the farmer's business at the same time. Accordingly, with a stealthy tread, he ran crouching along behind the fence, clapped the eggs into the top of his straw hat, and set out upon his errand. He had proceeded but a few steps, when he heard the loud voice of the farmer calling him. A consciousness of guilt, and a dread of coming shame, thrilled through the boy's heart at the very sound. He hesitated a moment whether to run or obey the summons. Considering it best to adopt the latter course, and hoping, after all, that he should not be detected, he turned about, and retraced his steps with a slow and measured pace. He soon came

to the house, and met the farmer standing upon the door-steps.

Jacob saw that something was coming, for several heads were thrust out of the window, and a group of children and workmen had gathered around, as if they expected to witness a spectacle. The pleasure which Jacob had taken in the whole course of his trade in eggs was a hundred times overbalanced by the agony of a single moment. "What is the matter with you?" said the farmer, sternly; "you walk as if you had a stiff neck. What ails you?"

"Nothing," said Jacob, in a low tone.

"Nothing? We will see!" was the reply; and the farmer, lifting a stick he had in his hand, struck it smartly upon the top of Jacob's straw hat. In an instant, the whole contents of the ten eggs gushed in a yellow stream down the neck, face, and body of the youth. He was, indeed, a sight to see—dripping from head to foot with the glutinous shower. His curly hair was clotted with the slimy mess, and his eyes, nose, and mouth, seemed absolutely closed over with a sticking-plaster.

Jacob realized, to the full extent, the ridicule of his situation, particularly when he heard a general shout of laughter and derision from twenty voices around. He stood a few minutes quite paralyzed; but, soon mustering his courage, he started, and ran with all his might. His course lay across the fields, but he went not alone. Several of the farmer's children pursued, with a shout and halloo, and for a time kept close upon the heels of the fugitive. But Jacob was swift of

foot, and speedily distanced his pursuers. He did not pause till he had reached a thick forest, at the distance of two miles. He then sat down, and began to consider what was to be done. His first idea was, never to return to the farmer's house. But what course should he adopt? He was destitute of money and clothes, and was, withal, in a sorry plight to undertake to seek his fortune among strangers. He pondered long and deeply, and the tears came thick and fast down his cheeks. The desolation of his feelings may be better imagined than described.

Night at length settled upon the scene, and still the question came to the poor boy's heart—"What shall I do?" At last, hardly having made up his mind, he arose, and took the course toward his home. It was late when he arrived, and all around was still. He touched the latch of the door, and found that it was not locked. He glided in and silently sought his humble bed. He did not sleep till near morning, when he had a long nap. At last he awoke, and went to his duties; but he soon found that he had acquired the title of *Sticky Jake*!

CHAPTER VI.

Jacob Karl had now passed his fifteenth birthday, and yet he could not read. He had never been to school; and we may as well say that the sagacious Lawyer Sponge had made an agreement with Farmer Lane that he should be kept upon the farm, and not permitted to learn the important and useful

arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Many of our young friends sometimes get tired of conning over their lessons, and would much rather go to play than go to school. Alas! what sad mistakes children would often make, if they had not parents to guide and direct their steps!

Our young hero had now reached a period when he began to look a little forward in life, and therefore he mused a good deal upon such questions as these: "What did that queer little man at Lawyer Sponge's house mean, when he gave me a paper, and told me it was my father's will? What is a 'will'?" He would then take out the paper—which was now greasy, and worn, and rendered nearly illegible—and, turning it over and over, would gaze at the half-effaced lines, as if he would, by force of gazing, learn their hidden and mysterious meaning. How anxiously did he then wish he could read! and how often did he desire that he had some friend to whom he dared confide his secret, and of whom he might ask counsel and advice!

But it was one of the evil consequences of poor Jacob's selfish system, that he had no friend. All the young people of his own age shunned him. They looked upon him with a suspicious eye; and he, in turn, regarded them with suspicion. None of those little acts of kindness, of mutual help and favor, so common among children, passed between him and his associates. All their intercourse was cold, shy, and reserved. Thomas Lane was of his own age, and he was a fine fellow, too—frank, hearty, and generous. How

natural might it seem that two boys, living together for years, and in constant intercourse, should form an intimacy and friendship! Yet these two youths had as little sympathy, as little community and fellowship of thought and feeling, as if they had not spoken the same language.

And there was little Mabel Lane—a blue-eyed, sunny-haired, laughing girl—she, too, was good, soft-hearted, and loving to all living things. And we must be permitted to say that she had a kindness for poor Jacob, as she had for everybody; and she was ever less eager than the rest to laugh and jeer at his foibles and follies. She would sometimes, even when others frowned, smile in his dark and brooding face, with such a smile, that the lad's look brightened a little, and a momentary ray of pleased emotion would glance across his sinister and sulky countenance.

Perhaps some of our readers are beginning to prick up their ears, and to fancy that they see through the whole plot of our little romance; that Mabel is to reform Jake; and that, after many trials, and ups and downs, and roundabouts, they are to be married, and live very happy, and all that! But don't be too much in a hurry with your guesses, my good masters and misses. Wait, and you shall hear the whole story, just as it happened, or ought to have happened.

Well, as we said, Jacob pondered often upon various matters and things, and especially upon the paper which he had been told was his father's will; and the more he thought of this subject, the more important it became in his view. But

what could he do? He had no friend to give him advice; he could not read; and there was no one to whom he could go to help him out of his difficulties. He had been thinking of all this one day, when Mabel Lane chanced to come toward him, with a hop-skip-and-jump—for that was her joyous way of getting over the ground when any thing pleased her. She had a book in her hand, and, as she approached Jacob, she held it out, exclaiming, "See here, Jacob! see what I have got."

"What is it?"

"It's a book full of pictures and stories; and it tells of 'Hi, diddle, diddle;' and 'Little Boy Blue;' and 'Dicky Dilver;' and 'The House that Jack built'—and every thing in the world!"

"Really, Mabel," said Jacob, "it must be a curious book if it tells of every thing in the world. Let me look into it."

The child handed him the book, and Jacob said, "You can read, Mabel; but poor Jacob Karl cannot read a word." "Can't you?" said she. "What! you so big, and can't read? O, I know all about it. You never went to school. Well, Jacob, I'll teach you to read. There," said she, sitting down on a stone, and making the youth kneel beside her: "there, that's A. Now, say after me."

Jacob did as he was instructed, and thus his first lesson was performed, and his first entrance into the temple of literature was achieved. He went through the alphabet; and such was his intense desire of learning, that he remembered nearly every letter. For several days

the lesson was repeated, Jacob taking care to meet his little schoolmistress in some place where he might escape observation. At the end of a week, the youth had made such progress that he could spell *baker* and *crucifix*; and Mabel declared that, if he went on at that rate, he would soon know as much as the schoolmaster—whom she considered the most awful heap of learning that ever was piled up.

While matters were thus going on, Farmer Lane happened to hear that Mabel was teaching Jacob to read, and positively forbade it. Thus the child was prevented from going any farther in her amiable career. But two good results were already secured. Jacob had made such progress that he could now, by dint of study and effort, teach himself to read; and a sort of pleasant understanding had been established between the light-hearted and pure-minded Mabel and himself.

A year now passed away, during which nothing occurred of such importance as to demand a particular notice in this narrative. It may be sufficient to say, that Jacob pursued that line of conduct which we have traced out; and as he grew older, his selfishness of character, together with a sly mode of attaining his ends, became more completely established. Many were the occasions on which he was made to suffer for the evil reputation he had acquired. Not only was he shunned by his companions, but, having a bad name, he was often suspected of evil which he really did not commit. Every little piece of mischief that was

done in the village was laid to him; and though he denied his participation in it ever so stoutly, the credit of it was set down to his account. If a weasel crept into a farmer's barn and stole his eggs, it was said, "Sticky Jake has been here;" and nobody thought any more about it. If a water-melon patch was robbed, "O ho!" said the people, "Jacob Karl has a sweet tooth in his head!" and, putting a finger on the side of the nose, and tipping a wink at each other, they considered the matter as settled. If a farmer's horse was found covered with lather in the morning, and stiff from over-driving, poor Jacob Karl was regarded as the only one who could give an explanation of the mystery.

Such things as these often happened; and, in nine cases out of ten, Jacob was really innocent of the tricks they imputed to him. But what could he do? It was in vain to deny any thing, for his word was not considered worthy of belief, and thus he fell into the habit of observing a sullen silence whenever these accusations came upon him. But at last a serious charge was made against him, and the results had a bearing upon his whole career.

"WHY did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see." "Yes, there was—I was there to see myself; and I don't ever mean to see myself do a mean thing!"

Song of the Harvesters.

BY S. D. HARRIS.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

We gather them in—the bright green leaves,
With our scythes and rakes to-day,
And the mow grows big as the pitcher heaves
His lifts in the sweltering bay.
O, ho! afield! for the mower's scythe
Hath a ring as of destiny,
Sweeping the earth of its burthen lithe,
As it sings in wrathful glee.

We gather them in—the nodding plumes
Of the yellow and bending grain,
And the flash of our sickles' light illumines
Our march o'er the vanquished plain.
Anon we come with the steed-drawn car—
The cunning of modern laws,
And the acres stoop to its clanging jar,
As it reeks its hungry jaws.

We gather them in—the mellow fruits
From the shrub, and vine, and tree,
With their russet, and golden, and purple sutis,
To garnish our treasury.
And each hath a juicy treasure stored
All aneath its tinted rind,
To cheer our guests at the social board,
When we leave our cares behind.

We gather it in—this goodly store,
But not with the miser's gust,
For the Great All-Father we adore
Hath but given it in trust.
And our work of death, is but for life,
In the wintry days to come,—
Then a blessing upon the Reaper's strife,
And a shout at his HARVEST HOME!

LIFE'S lesson should be,
Like the stars that are hung
O'er the limitless sea:
A guide to our path,
Bright links of the chain
To lead us and bind us
To Virtue again.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WELCOME home, friend Robert! Welcome once more to the easy-chair, and to the table, around which the young Merrys are gathered for the monthly chat, all eager to welcome their old friend back from his travels. You will have your hands full to satisfy all their inquiries. They are as talkative as blackbirds, and so full of fun withal, that it is quite a chase for an old man like me to keep up with them. I can scarcely ever find room enough for the "chat." Every month I have had to cut it off in the midst, and I begin to think, as Pat said of the rope he was hauling in at sea, that "somebody has cut off the end o't." There is one thing, however, to be said about it—it improves in quality as it grows. There is wonderful talent in the Merry family, and you have not drawn it all out yet. I have no doubt there are Miltons, Shakspeares, Fultons, Websters, and sundry other immortalities among them, and, by and by, they will be found climbing over our heads to the high places of the land. Well, as I said, I have to cut off the "chat" in the midst, and here is the budget that was left from the last sitting.

HATCHET.

Thank you, friend Hatchet, for that cordial welcome, and for all the kind things you are pleased to say about my young friends, with whom you have become so very cozy during my absence. You touch me in a tender spot when you speak of *them*. You are right, and one not half as sharp as you might see that they deserve all that you say. The appreciation is evidently mutual, and it is no wonder that you and they are on the best of terms.

I am delighted to see you all—to find you in such excellent spirits—to take you once more by the hand, and to sit down with you to this friendly chat. During my absence I have read the Museum with great interest and satisfaction. Peter Parley told me in Paris that he did not think it was quite up to the mark. But whenever he feels a twinge of rheumatism, he has to find fault with something, so he said there were not wood-cuts enough in it. I knew that before, and I went there on purpose to get

some new ones, and succeeded too, as you shall see hereafter. Peter could not say anything against the monthly chat, and being on the whole a candid man, I believe that if he had the rheumatism in every bone and joint, and musquitoes biting him all the night, he would be obliged to admit that the Museum, with all its faults, has not its equal.

But, friend Hiram, there is one little thing in the last number which I cannot approve. It is what you say about making your bow and retiring, as if you were going to leave us. Now I cannot consent to that, and I am sure all our young friends will be of the same opinion, so just consider yourself one of us. There is a peg for your hat, and here is a seat by the table, and you shall be a privileged member, and allowed to make as much fun as you please, provided that you do not make fun of us. So don't fail to be present every month.

Bless me! how cheerful and pleasant everything looks here, and how glad I am to get back again. I believe the best part of going away from home is the coming back. [Excuse the bull—I've been in Ireland.]

What I have seen while I have been absent I must tell you at a future time, for here is a huge bundle of letters which claim our first attention, and then we must go in earnest at the prize sentences, for I am afraid you are tired waiting for the decision.

MERRY.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Aug. 15th, 1854.

DEAR MR. HATCHET:—Before I wrote to you myself, I must confess I thought as E. C. Gordon did about your having all the chatting to do.

I send you some puzzles and a conundrum:

What English word indicates that a young lady had been taken captive?

Spell blind pig with two letters.

Why is a rich young lady's wedding like a set of harness?

MARY.

RIPLEY, Aug. 14th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET:—I am not a subscriber to your Museum, but my sister is. She commenced taking it when I was four years old. I am now ten, and she is twelve. I have found the answer to some puzzles and enigmas. I send two conundrums.

1st. What single word in the English language expresses swiftness?

2d. If you were going to tie an Indian what single word would you use?

From MARY ESTHER HEMPHILL.

ASHLAND, ASHLAND Co., OHIO, Aug. 15th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Father has been taking the Museum for two years for my sister, brothers, and myself. In the last number of your interesting Magazine I have solved nearly all of the enigmas. The answer to S. C. Kellogg's puzzle is *one*. I think he has selected rather than an old one. I send you my first enigma, which, if you think worthy, I should like to see it in your Museum next month.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, is the name of one of the patriarchs.

" 13, 11, 8, is to possess.

" 9, 10, 11, is not old.

" 3, 6, 12, is a troublesome little animal.

" 4, 3, 10, 14, 10, is a girl's name.

" 3, 6, 2, 5, is something very useful.

" 3, 7, 8, 3, 13, 14, is an animal.

" 1, 11, 10, 10, 12, is not sour.

My whole is the name of a distinguished philosopher.

From your friend, JENNY.

ALBION, Aug. 14th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY (HATCHET):—I have written to you before, but have not seen it in print. I send some conundrums:—

1. Why is London like the letter E?

2. Why is a nail fast in the wall like an old man?

Here is a puzzle:—

Two *n*'s, two *o*'s, an *l*, and a *d*. Make a word of these letters.

Publish this if you think it worthy. So good-bye. From your affectionate reader,

CHARLEY CLARK.

HARTFORD, July 15, 1854.

MR. HATCHET—*Dear Sir:*—How have you existed in New York during the recent hot weather? Why, even up here in old Connecticut, I was all but melted. Wasn't 4th of July a scorcher? I guess some folks thought so, as they trailed up and down the streets under a broiling sun to see the sights. By the way, we had quite a celebration here on the 4th. If you like, I will attempt to describe it. At sun-down Monday night, the proceedings commenced. Crackers and pistols were exploding in every direction, while in front of the State House a big bonfire of tar-barrels and other combustibles was burning very patriotically, lighting up the surrounding houses and casting a bright light upon the spectators standing round. The noise continued throughout the night till early morning, and when old Sol poked his hot nose above the horizon, he was saluted with a joyous peal from all the church-bells, which continued for an hour. Then there was a little quiet. People were either at breakfast, or preparing for the rest of the day, or resting from their night exertions. But it did not last long. Little by little the noise and bustle recommenced, the streets were alive with the honest country folks, who poured into the city in streams to see the sights; companies of firemen and the different societies were proceeding to the place of meeting at the State House; cavalry officers were galloping up and down the street, on business concerning everything in general and nothing in particular, and everybody was very happy and very hot, and in most cases the possessor of a palm-leaf fan. Between ten and eleven o'clock the procession was formed, and marched through the principal streets, and then back to the State House, where the Declaration of Independence was read, addresses delivered, and the procession was then dismissed. Under the trees in the Square, a picturesque scene was presented. Men were stretched around on the grass, firing off crackers at their leisure, smoking cigars, and "taking it easy." Soda-water was in great demand, ditto lemonade, ditto root, hop, spruce, and other beers, which popped

and fizzed with great vigor all day. About three o'clock streams of carriages and people might have been seen pouring down to the south end of the town, for there was a grand balloon ascension to take place at four o'clock. This was to come off in the South Meadow, a beautiful piece of land about four times as large as the Park in New York. A large embankment, two or three times wider than a common room, being built to protect the Meadow against the Connecticut River floods, was covered with seats rising gradually from the ground. From this point a beautiful view of the scene was obtained. All over the wide-extended field were crowds of folks, moving this way and that, in order to get a better sight of the balloons (for there were two going up), which were swaying backwards and forwards as the wind moved them, while filling with gas. The sun poured down its hottest rays, but was met by innumerable umbrellas, which were in the hands of nearly every other person. A curious scene was presented on the reserved seats; hardly anything could be seen but continued rows of "umbrells" rising above each other. Presently a shout was heard, and the first balloon shot rapidly up into the air. Down came the umbrellas, up jumped the spectators, the sun was forgotten, and every eye fixed on the ascending aeronaut. Another hurrah, and the other balloon rose gracefully from the earth, and shot after her competitor. Higher and higher they rose, sometimes on a level, sometimes one was far above and the other below, and vice versa, till at last they dwindled away to mere specks in the clear sky. They afterwards descended to terra firma in safety. In the evening a grand display of fire-works took place on the same ground. Thus, Mr. Hatchet, you see we had a pretty good time on the "glorious Fourth." Hoping that you had the same, I remain,

Yours truly, WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

BURLEIGH, July 30th, 1854.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir:*—Seeing that a great many of your little readers correspond with you, I take the liberty of writing to you myself. All my sisters and brothers like your Museum very much. My sister Sue wants to write to you, but she is too diffident to do so.

I think the story of Baptiste Lully exceedingly pretty; it really seems to be true. I know you have no time to read very long letters, so I will not trouble you with one.

I remain your friend and reader,

SOPHIA DABNEY.

Tell "Sister Sue" that we are all one family, and that she must not be diffident "at home." Besides (don't tell anybody of this, I don't want all the world to know it, lest I should be imposed upon by some of the brazen faces) I am diffident myself, and know just how it feels. Perhaps "Sue" will write next time—a confidential note, you know. I shall keep it very private, and only publish it in the Museum.

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 30th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Although I have been a subscriber to "Merry's Museum" for a long time, this is my first attempt at making enigmas. If this is worthy, I hope it will appear in print in some future number of the Museum.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 9, 6, 11, 4, is an indispensable attachment to a farm-house.

" 14, 13, 7, 5, 13, 14, is a place for curiosities.

" 2, 10, 7, 3, 5, is unfavorable to speed.

" 1, 5, 12, is a place to keep my 11, 10, 9, 9, 8, 8.
 " 8, 4, is a preposition.
 My whole has made a great deal of noise in the world.
 Respectfully yours, WILLIE.

MOUNT CLEMENS, MICH., August 6th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—My sister has taken your Museum, and I like it very much indeed. I see that most all of your little friends send you letters, so I think that I can write one, too. If you do not think it well enough to put in the Museum, please lay it one side. Here is an enigma, which I will send you, which I hope is worthy of publication. We will try to get you some more subscribers. Good-bye.

CARRY SMITH.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 28 letters.
 My 27, 6, 15, 18, 26, 11, 2, 19, 5, is a river in the United States.
 " 8, 27, 6, 16, 9, 26, 24, is the capital of one of the United States.
 " 8, 16, 4, 11, 18, 8, is a county in Pennsylvania.
 " 16, 8, 25, 18, is the name of a town in Pennsylvania.
 " 1, 2, 20, 11, 26, 27, 8, is a town in China.
 " 7, 2, 28, 11, 27, 6, 22, 16, 28, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.
 " 27, 6, 26, 22, 16, 8, 20, is a country in Africa.
 " 28, 27, 4, 2, 23, 1, 2, 7, is a city in South America.
 " 21, 2, 26, 18, 6, 15, 27, 28, is a strait in South America.
 " 10, 9, 18, 22, 23, 21, 27, is a lake in South America.
 " 17, 2, 4, 7, 16, 22, 6, 15, 18, 20, is a city in France.
 " 19, 2, 28, 1, 11, 16, 7, 10, 18, 4, is a town in England.
 My whole is the name and residence of one of your little readers.

CARRY.

EAST BROOKLYN, July 12th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I send you some conundrums and an enigma, which, if you think worthy, please publish in the monthly chat.

1. What part of a locomotive train requires the most careful attention?
2. Why is a hippopotamus like time?

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.
 My 5, 9, 15, is a mischievous animal.
 " 10, 11, 4, 7, 7, is part of a nut.
 " 8, 9, 15, 2, 5, is what we could not do without.
 " 1, 1, 6, 15, is a lively animal.
 " 11, 12, 17, is an intoxicating drink.
 " 14, 5, 6, 15, 4, is used in burning fuel.
 " 15, 16, 18, is a heavy weight.
 " 8, 9, 10, 11, is what most, if not all people do.
 " 8 is letter N.

My whole is the name of a general.

I also send you the following puzzle, which, if you think worthy, please publish in your next number.

Draw three perpendicular lines, and by adding only six more, make ten.

Your subscriber, NORMAN A. THOMAS.

EVERGREEN, August 26th, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—I hope you will excuse my writing, but so many of your subscribers have become correspondents, that I also take the liberty. I have been your subscriber for a long while, and was always desirous of writing to you, but I always failed until now. I am very much pleased with the puzzles and enigmas: it is what employs all my leisure hours.

I send you a few conundrums.

1. Why does a chicken go across the road?
2. Why do you go to bed?

Also a charade:—

I've seen you where you never were,
 And where you never will be,
 Yet often in that very place
 You will be seen by me.
 Your friend, T. C. R., of Louisiana.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., July 10th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—As I have taken a good deal of pains with it, I send you an enigma, which, if you think worthy, I wish you would publish.

My 18, 8, 4, 18, 17, 6, 5, 14, 19, 16, 13, 8, is a place in Indiana.

" 10, 19, 1, 2, is a place in Europe.
 " 1, 17, 4, 13, 8, 19, 6, is a place in Wisconsin.
 " 1, 13, 16, 19, 3, is a place in Italy.
 " 11, 19, 6, 11, 19, 10, 4, is a place in New Hampshire.
 " 18, 18, 10, 19, 3, 4, 15, is a river in France.

My whole is studded with islands.

I have subscribed for your magazine over four years, and intend to as long as it is published. So, good-bye, till another time. FLORENCE F.

WEST NEEDHAM, August 12th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET:—I have made out more answers than I ever did before in my life. Either the questions are easier, or my wits have been ground. The answer to Mary's question, in the July number, is *wrong*. The answer to the puzzle on the 248th page is, 1 0 2 5 40—One ought to eat fore tea. I send you an enigma and conundrum.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
 My 1, 2, 3, 1, is a Latin numeral.
 " 2, 4, 14, is a small animal.
 " 8, 3, 18, 5, 19, is a part of a barrel.
 " 15, 16, is a pronoun.
 " 11, 12, 13, 14, is what a squall of wind is sometimes called.
 " 8, 21, 22, is a useful article used in stopping leaks.
 " 20, 17, 9, 22, is what many soldiers have.
 " 6, 17, 19, is what everybody likes to have in summer.
 " 7, 8, is the same as my 15, 16; so also is my 10, 8.

My whole was the name of a Roman emperor.

The conundrum is—Why is a train of passenger-cars arrived at the terminus like Spain?

Yours,

S. G. W.

NEW ORLEANS, July 20th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am much obliged to you for the promptness and punctuality of the Museum, equaling, if not surpassing any thing of the kind in the country. I send you a conundrum and an enigma.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is a large fiddle like a bad bottle?

ENIGMA.

I am a word of 7 letters.

My 1, 2, 4, was one of Napoleon's marshals.
 " 2, 4, 2, is one of the organs.
 " 3, 2, 2, 7, is a division of time.
 " 4, 2, 3, is a handsome tree.
 " 5, 6, 2, is a mineral.
 " 6, 5, 3, is what boatmen do.
 " 7, 2, 1, is a Scotch word for know.
 My whole is a very large city.

Yours truly,

G. S. BLOOD.

TERRE HAUTE, August 18th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET:—I have written to Mr. Merry a few times, but never to you. I got the Museum a day or two ago, and have found out several of the enigmas. I have one that, if you think worthy, you can print. Here it is:—

I am composed of 14 letters.

We are 2, 8, 4, when we are unwell.

To 4, 5, 6, is wicked.

My 1, 7, 9, 10, 11, is all.

"12, 13, 14, is what Adam was.

"8, 9, 13, 10, is very useful.

"9, 2, 3, is a liquid.

"8, 9, 10, is an abbreviation of the title of an officer in the army.

"5, 8, 13, 14, conquers every thing.

"8, 9, 12, 11, is a verb.

"7, 9, 12, 11, is a place where I like to be.

My whole is the name of a very smart subscriber to the Museum.

Mary and Emily's were pretty hard, but I got them.
TOM.

No doubt, Tom; Mary and Emily are both "pretty." As to their being hard, I am not so easily convinced of that. Hard-hearted, I am sure they are not. Hard to be won, they may be, as the best sort always are. But you "got them," did you? Got them both? Oh! you rogue, don't talk about either of them being hard, when you acknowledge, in the same breath, that you have "got them" both.

ST. JOHNSBURY, August 21st, 1854.

MR. HATCHET—*Dear Sir*:—My father subscribed for your Magazine for one year, and as the subscription was out last July, I send, inclosed, one dollar for another year's subscription. Please direct to me hereafter, instead of my father. Here is my enigma:—

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 1, 6, 7, is a useful article.

"1, 2, 12, 30, 16, 15, is a boy's name.

"1, 23, 13, 29, is not short.

"1, 31, 24, is a number.

"1, 11, 9, 19, 26, 3, is a "character" in Ovid.

"1, 2, 34, 19, 22, 2, 31, is a weed.

"1, 9, 24, is metal.

"1, 11, 31, 30, 34, 19, 22, 12, 10, 13, 8, 15, is the name of a Grecian general.

"2, 23, 29, 21, is the name of a commander in the last war.

"2, 31, 17, is a fowl.

"2, 3, 14, 18, is a part of the body.

"2, 31, 7, 4, 24, 29, 3, 15, is a person found in mythology.

"2, 31, 13, 3, 8, 14, is a town in Arkansas.

"3, 31, 14, is a fish.

"4, 6, 22, 16, 13, 9, 17, 8, is a famous character in Cicero.

"4, 6, 7, is a vehicle.

"4, 11, 14, 7, 13, 31, 15, is a boy's name.

"12, 2, 15, 23, 19, 14, 8, 24, 6, is a song.

"13, 14, 7, 6, 2, is a girl's name.

"18, 16, 17, is a nickname.

"30, 31, 35, 9, 10, 9, 17, 31, is what apothecaries use.

"26, 25, 27, is not good.

"10, 6, 3, 15, 6, 7, is a celebrated Roman general.

"26, 12, 15, 1, 12, 24, is a city in the United States.

"27, 28, 25, 21, 9, 17, is a city in Ireland.

"17, 8, 35, is a nickname.

"33, 6, 30, 3, 15, is a former king of England.

"25, 26, is a Latin preposition.

"6, 30, 17, 9, 19, is the Latin for river.

"30, 12, 8, 15, is the Latin for mountain.

"13, 9, 5, 6, 9, 31, is a nickname.

"30, 31, 6, 4, 2, 14, 30, is a representative in Congress from Vermont.

"3, 2, is an interjection.

"16, 17, 18, is a conjunction.

My whole are making considerable stir at the present time.

Yours truly, E. D. REDINGTON.

ANSWER TO HATCHET'S ENIGMA IN THE AUGUST NO.

Your first is H, and the second is E.
The third is an A, and the fourth R must be.
The fifth of your elements ever will be T.
Repeat then the first, and H again see
And *heart* is the centre, the symbol of home;
Its point of attraction wherever we roam.
Steal away H and you show us the *earth*.
As large and as active as when at its birth.
When robbed of the R, your poetical wreath
Is a barren, a dreary, and desolate *heath*.
Your last H abstracted,—so wondrous this part—
You're the loving, the hating, the black, or white *heart*:
But from this take the T, and I'm ordered to *hear*;
Which I cannot, till losing the H I've an *ear*.
Take the R and the H, and you then glow with *heat*;
While your E A and T, show that most people *eat*:
Or A T and E show they have eaten.
I had to say that, or own myself beaten.
Your third, fourth and fifth, spell ART—*art*;
And prefixing the first, we've HART—*heart*:
Let the T step aside, and the E be placed there;
You escape in the race, a terrified *hare*.
Your first, third, and fifth, spell HAT—*hat*;
To these add the second, you *hate* this or that;
Again add the fourth, and the *hater* is seen;
The object will show if he's noble or mean.

Your RAT—*rat*, shows what good wives detest;
And your TE and A, what some good wives love best:
To these add the R, 'tis a *tear* that's so fair;
Sound the E, not the A, or your *tear* will be *tear* (tare),
Your fifth, third, and fourth, is *tar*, as you see;
And your fifth, sixth, and second, is the article *the*;
And if, with your third, I make out another,
I'll tell when I make it, if it is a brother.
Your second, fourth, third, an *era* will mark,
As creation—Christ's advent—the deluge, or ark;
Reverse—not invert—and they *are*, as you see,
Too many for one, and will serve two or three.
Your fourth, third, fifth, second, RATE—*rate*,
Is used by most people, but more by the State.
Number one of those worthlies was *Terah*, whose son
Was Abraham, the faithful, the God-honored one;
The second was *Heth*, whose children would give
A burial for Sarah, when she ceased to live:
Do you doubt it? for once then examine the book,
In which first of all volumes we ever must look.
I am glad you excuse me from many a name,
In Greece or Rome's story so well known to fame,
You can say *he* and *her*—my wit's above zero,
For *O* will serve to make *her* a *hero*.
Oh! *ah!* and *hear!* I will express admiration,
It may be sincere, but perhaps declamation.
Her is a singular verb of possession,
And *at* a convenient though short preposition.
I have made this piece short, that you might not
match it,

By cropping the ends with your famous hatchet.

G. D. SEWARD,

Wabash County, Indiana.

RIPLEY, August 16th, 1854.

DEAR MR. HATCHET:—As my letter to you and the "pig conundrum," have made me feel I am of some consequence, I feel bold to address you again.

There have been two correct answers to my enigma. In the last number of your magazine, Master H. D. Long penned those pigs, and one in a former number. The only way is to make three pens, with five in each pen, and then make a large one around them all. I did not, however, find this in my *arithmetical*.

I fear you will become weary of your young friends' chat, and be glad to leave the editorial chair, and see the "merry" face of our old friend return again. So, good-bye. Yours, respectfully,

SARAH BELL REYNOLDS.

"Weary?" Not in the least. It is just the right sort of fun. The young Merrys are such cheerful and well-behaved children, that there are never too many of them for me; and the more they chat, the better I like them.

INGLESIDE, Aug.

MY DEAR MR. HATCHET:—We like your name very much. Although we are little girls, our favorite plaything (especially in the winter) is a hatchet. We love, in recess, to run out to the wood-pile, which is near our school-house, and cart a basket of chips to make up the fire, which we think always burns brighter and is more comfortable when made with the chips we cut with our own little hatchet.

We love Mr. Merry's monthly chat dearly; but you have said so many funny things about your name, that we like your chat just as well as his.

We have not been learning to write very long, and as it is our vacation we do not much like to write in our copybooks; so mother said, if we tried to write a letter to you, we would be more interested in it, and take more pains with it.

This is the first letter we have ever written to a grown up person, except one to our dear teacher, who has gone home. We send you some riddles for your next Magazine. We did not make them ourselves, but mother says she hopes you won't care for that, as somebody did.

Your little friends,

LELIA & VIRGINIA.

- 1st. We are little hairy creatures,
All of different voice and features,
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
One of us is set in tin,
And the fifth a box is in;
If the last you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

- 2d. Why are twice eleven like twice ten?

There, now, you have all the fragments that were left from the last table—except (and I want all our young correspondents to take particular notice of these exceptions), 1st, nearly all the letters given above had in them answers to puzzles, enigmas, conundrums, &c.; but, when those answers have been published before, we cannot afford to repeat them. 2d. Quite a number of letters come in every month, containing nothing but answers which have been given before. We always publish (or mean to) the first answer that comes to hand. Our correspondence is large, and should we publish all of it, it would nearly fill up the entire Museum. Our young friends will understand that we publish it as much as we can of what they send us. Sometimes we leave the beginning of a letter, sometimes the middle, sometimes the end. Continue to write, all of you, and make it a rule to be as short as possible.

The Prize Sentence.

The decision of this *grave* question, and the distribution of the promised prizes, have been delayed much beyond our original intention, in consequence of our unpremeditated departure for Europe, and our withdrawal for four months from the supervision of the Museum. We do not regret this delay, and we trust that none of our subscribers will have occasion to regret it. It has been the means of bringing out a much larger number of sentences, and many better ones, than we should otherwise have had. It has given time for reflection and improvement, and for the remote and timid to bring in their contributions.

For the satisfaction of all the contributors, we propose to publish all the Sentences received up to the time of going to press with the October No., after which the budget is closed. We shall give them just as they come to us, word for word and letter for letter, so that every one may judge of the comparative merits of his own and others. It will be remembered that four conditions were required to bring the proposed sentence within the rules.

1. It was to contain all the letters of the alphabet.
2. It was to embrace all the nine parts of speech.
3. It was to be short.
4. It was to be elegant, or well expressed.

With these conditions in view, let each contributor scrutinize his own sentence, and judge for himself what may be his chances of success. It will be a very good rhetorical exercise to re-write these sentences, and reduce them as nearly as possible to the compass of the rules. We give them without names. Each one will readily recognize his own, and future reference to them can be made by their numbers.

1. Oh with what quick zeal and fervor men join in an action when they expect some gain by it!
2. Ah! can I, just, with my good pen, & skill, expect to acquire one of the valuable prizes?
3. Oh! joy exquisite, if I've but won a lock of prized gems.
4. Oh! I was quickly and joyously making exertion for the valuable prize.
5. Oh we are quite in an excitement just now thinking of those beautiful prizes and your very kind offer.
6. O. Can I who am ignorant and unqualified expect to obtain one of kind Mr. Merry's justly valuable prizes.
7. Oh! Benjamin, did you know that Xerxes and Zachary rode on an Elephant to see the queen in her fine palace, but the gates were closely shut, and they could not move them.

8. I have fixed my mind upon having the beautiful prize you promise; but alas! the lack of wisdom I fear will prevent me from quite getting it just now.

9. Oh, if I take the prize exceedingly unequivocal will be my joy.

10. Ah, but even our hazardous *journey* did not wholly exempt us from a feeling of calm, quiet delight, before unknown.

11. O! if I *ever excel* in just knowledge, the prize may quickly be won.

12. "Having just received my book behold I looked for the prize in question as I failed in the last I will try once more please excuse me if I fail."

13. Oh! Charles I just looked out of the window and saw Peter Bowman quite vexed, and trying to cut his throat with a dull Razor.

14. Friend Merry's quirk my jaded brain has vexed, But O! with such a prize, I'll gladly be perplexed.

15. By loving God much, we take of a prize, and O exquisite joy.

16. Oh! with joy I quickly determined, by exactness, to gain one of the beautiful and attractive prizes.

17. O! It would be very hazardous "to check, quell, or extinguish a fire by jumping on it."

18. O! we move, jog or flit quick by a dozy sphinx.

19. Joy! With zest, I quick vex and fright a blue imp.

20. 'Ty! go quick: nor vex my sad Jabez with a pill.'

21. Valor Zeal and Gallantry are important, nay, excellent traits of character, Kindness is a virtue equally as worthy, but alas! it is often unjustly appreciated.

22. Oh, I am quite sure of taking one of the prizes! will be the exclamation of many a juvenile.

23. Oh that I may be one of those conquerors who shall awake to receive with exultation and joy the heavenly prize even an unfading crown of glory.

24. O quickly give, the prize jewels and box for me.

25. O now the spice breezy morn quick and joyful exit gives to me.

26. O lazy Job and I quick gave the wax for maps.

27. Oh! I am expecting very bad, or low jokes, of a quiz.

28. Po! I vex, quiz, nor joke, by such a low, mad, gift.

29. Fie! He expects very low game and jokes, by a Quiz.

30. "And O! we moved quickly, except the freezing jibs."

31. Fy Bel! to pique and craze me so with a vexing joke.

32. Oh! the wicked gypsy jibes and squirms vexedly in her frenzy.

33. Jump quickly, lo! we strive for the sixth bridge and a prize.

34. Huzza! he jumps quickly, but down a foaming vortex.

35. Oh! quickly and with great joy, I strive for the prize, number six.

36. Oh George, said James, we will quickly strive for and expect a valuable prize.

37. O! how I can speak jug, quiz and vixen, by a small effort.

38. Oh! quiet your misgiving; work bravely for, and expect to enjoy a high prize.

39. O the azure sky presents quite a beautiful and attractive view to our anxious though youthful minds.

40. Enjoying a walk, a very beautiful flower attracted my attention; I gazed admiringly at the exquisite design in all its parts; and the exclamation arose oh! how great the wisdom of the Creator.

41. Oh! Virtue, thy pure smiles exceed the most zealous, ennobling flattering or just eulogies of this wicked—querulous world.

42. "O it is a beautiful thing to walk in the orchards that we may quietly & justly examine and prize its fruit."

43. O, my kind and excellent Mother if you love me so train me as to qualify me for winning the *great prize* before the JUDGE ETERNAL.

44. Alas! how frail and disquieting are all the things most justly prized by us except knowledge & virtue.

45. Oh! may I quickly gain the prize fixed upon by you as the just and equal reward of victory.

46. Oh! there is an efficacy in united prayer to Jehovah, of which mere politicians know nothing by experience, and of which many who in some respects are zealous in the church have but a very inadequate conception.

47. Oh! Gilbert will surely be celebrated for his zigzag and extraordinary journeys in quest of a fortune, by selling clocks.

48. Oh! the importance of your labors to secure the requisite improvement of the young, which with the blessing of God tends to exhalt, and join all mankind in love, and thus we realize again an Eden of bliss.

49. O, the soft breezes of joyous spring! how quickly do they animate animal and vegetable existence.

50. "O how amazingly beneficent, and just is He, the kind Ruler of this quiet Universe, and the Explorer, of every heart."

51. "O Quixote Jack has fully resolved if he can, with great study perseverance to obtain some of the prizes."

52. O Judges; for the beautiful prize, though vexing, I will most diligently strive.

53. O, if won by love, quick judge me a sixth prize.

54. Children are very anxious to obtain a prize of books, but frequently, alas! neglect joys which are more substantial.

55. Knowledge, joined with virtue, is an excellent acquirement, but O how few prize it sufficiently.

56. If brevity, accuracy, and elegance are essential qualities in making a Sentence, who, alas! can justly expect a prize.

57. Being quite anxious to take the first prize, I have written four sentences, but they may not alas! be approved by the jury.

58. O, Sir, my short song,
But void of a guise,
John knows is quite long,
To expect a prize.

59. O now by C H J K L Q U and X give me the first prize.

60. Fie Jane I bring the vexatious puzzle to me, and I will quickly solve it.

61. O just bring the next puzzle to me and I will quickly solve it.

62. O, may my expectations of having the long-coveted and rich reward adjudged to me, be quickly realized.

63. Oh Give me a subject quickly Composed of six or a dozen words.

64. O! vex me, and beg quickly of the Jewish prize.

65. O Jennie let us try with zeal and perhaps we may be exceedingly successful in winning even the queenlike prize.

66. O! man, execute thou with persevering zeal a good work—but judge very quickly of your neighbors failings.

67. O! come, June's mild and balmy zephyrs gently exhale the sweet odors from every quiet nook to us.

68. Ah! it would be a very queer joke if I should catch one of those most generous six prizes.

[ax in Websters.]

69. O! Jabez, quickly give up the new ax and farms to me.

70. *O quick by zeal, I win the gift or vex proud James.*

71. O! we have joyfully gazed on the remarkable and exquisite canopy.

72. Oh! let us avoid the example of the winebibber, who joins in a hazardous race and goes quickly to destruction.

73. Oh! James, run quickly or the cunning fox, lurking about the vineyard, will seize his prey.

74. Oh! quench not the unknown cravings of my mind, for the justly beautiful and expected prize.

75. Your freedom, quiet, and happiness, Oh! brazen Americans greatly excited the zeal and joy of the known world.

76. Oh! I expect and shall be very glad to receive a prize of quite as many books as may be justly awarded me.

77. Joyful! The exceedingly neat volumes of Mr. Merry is the beautiful prize which I ask and require.

78. Oh! I am expecting very bad jokes, of a low Quiz.

79. Oh! I expect a quick joy, if, by zeal, I am serving God well.

80. O! we vex the zeal and joy, of a good man, by too quick praise.

81. Oh! joyous eve if I but frame
A sentence, that would quickly claim
One prize among the six you name.

82. Oh what shall I do! Dear Mr. Merry pray tell
I want those pretty books—I love them so well,
I have thought, and examined and quickened
my brain,

Most zealously striving that I might obtain,
Though not wanting to be jealous, I yet must
confess

I will be happier in mine than another's success
An honest confession; for the truth I will write,
Though I lose those nice books that afford such
delight.

83. O my mind was quickly given to the jurys beautiful and excellent prize.

84. Oh! how I strove to win the great prize upon which my thoughts were quickly and joyfully fixed; yet I fear that I shall be disappointed.

85. O! with joy and zeal I quickly give a brief example.

86. O! we quickly love the good examples of Job and Ezra.

87. O! we quickly gave a farm and sharp ax* to Jabez.

88. I, a fairhaired boy, joyously labored to win the prize, and quickly exclaimed, O I have gained it!

89. O! with what unexampled zeal and eloquence did the apostles of our savior joyfully publish the gospel of salvation among the kingdoms.

90. Oh! joyfully should we apply ourselves to this exercise, by which we may show, equally, our desire to win the prize, and our grateful appreciation of Mr. Merry's kindness.

91. O, ye black frights! jump down,
Why quiz and vex the town?

92. If quick wit taxed bad verse employs,
O not to it adjudge the prize.

93. O may zeal wax strong and so we be quick to prove the way of the just.

94. O I try for the prize and quickly gain
Just—what?—if no more, a vexed brain.

95. If God be just, O will he not requite the Czar for arms employed to vex the Turk?

96. Alas! how many people in their anxious zeal to acquire wealth, seek and gain it by violating the law of justice.

97. O! I quickly fix my words, and beg for the juvenile prize.

98. Alas! I am quite sure, if you would excel in knowledge, and justly gain a valuable prize, you must study and think.

99. Oh! that we might have been judiciously equalized with the experimental Franklin.

100. Though, alas! extremely unjustifiable, we quickly apologized for the evil.

101. Fie! James, you go quickly, with Alexis, and drive the pet zebra.

102. O, I love to gaze on the exquisitely superb and, majestic works of God.

103. Alas, how vain for me to expect the prize to gain

A boy quite destitute of judgment; knowledge
sense and brain.

104. O just tell me quick, in what way may I expect to win the very good and beautiful prize.

105. O, I wish just to get a prize book, but do not expect to acquire it for I am a very little boy.

106. It's a very pleasant exercise for me, to try to win the prize just offered, & O, if I do not, one thing will be acquired, knowledge.

107. I am willing to call all the powers I have into requisition just for the sake of *one* of your invaluable prizes. *Exactly*, I think I hear you say, But O how easy to be mistaken.

108. O I think it would be quite visionary for me, to expect the joy of meriting or gaining a prize.

109. O, just men quickly prized fun, but I'm vex'd with a hag.

110. O, how vain, for John or George to expect to win the best prize, unless it is by quiet application of their minds to the task.

111. O, would the extra prizes be given to me, if I jump quickly.

112. O, how quickly if justly, an extra prize would be given to me.

113. O, the exquisite jackanapes who vainly brags of mazes and me.

114. O, let me explore fully this view of the subject, with equal knowledge and zeal.

115. O quickly strive for that excellent prize, and the judges may bestow it upon thee.

116. O! I quite puzzle and vex myself with regard to the knotty Subject.

117. O how eagerly we exercise our minds, in striving to excel our juvenile friends, and acquire the prize book.

118. Bleak winter has left us, and with joyful hearts we welcome thee! O lovely spring! while with anxious expectation, we hope to acquire a prize.

119. O Excellent Margueretta just keep quiet and your humble friend will strive for a prize.

120. Pshaw! does the quick zeal of big Jim vex you or not?

121. O! we expect very many thanks by joining for a query and a zeal.

122. O! we joy for a quiz, and expel by very much thanks.

123. O my juvenile eye was quickly fixed on the great and noble prize.

124. O what joy if luck does but give an exquisite prize to me.

125. O! the exquisitely beautiful and kind prize would give much joy to me.

126. Fy! jump quick, nor vex us with a glad buzz.

127. O Jack! why vex me and quiz me by so pitiful a rigor.

128. O Captive Exile of Zion, Jesus the Lord will quickly come and bring you home.

129. Alas! I greatly fear that the desirable prize will be vainly contested by my unpretending exculpation of the different kinds of questions that you have just proposed.

130. O did you ever play the exquisite Mazurka by W. and J. G. Craft?

131. O how I love the exquisite and joy-inspiring musk! (*Walker) which floats on the evening breeze.

132. O think you, how very exquisite the fragrance of bright May and June zephyrs.

133. O how I love to climb the dizzy peaks of quiet Jura and Grand Cotopaxi!

134. O, when Zim, & I explored for young Ivy we crost a brook.

135. O did you ever expect to see a knowing Zebra and quiet Lama fight?

136. O! we verily adjudge Mr. Merry the prize, And our thanks, for bestowing this quaint exercise.

137. O! how I have been racking and perplexing my juvenile brain in quest of the prize.

138. Nevertheless, before the judicial examination, we, alas! quickly apologized.

139. O, we joyfully hazard life, to bequeath to mankind a privilege, safe and excellent.

140. O, a gay juvenile wished much for your exquisite book or prize.

141. O! what a very god-like example of quiet or patience is Job of Uz.

142. Ah! the injury that proceeds from zeal void of knowledge, and is frequently exhibited.

143. O! my lazy ox justly deserves a whip, and frequently gets a lick from boys.

144. O! what mimicking a queer and jovial zany oft exhibits to people.

145. Lo! quietly goes the ox in his yoke, but wild zebras jump over fences.

146. Only "forty letters," alack! Mt. Vernon will not do it I question—N. York may be will have to; I judge; and win the prize at the next decision, presume.

147. Alas! though I may not expect to win, yet do I join the rank of those in quest of the valuable prize.

148. O! the truly exquisite pleasure enjoyed by those who can with zeal and vigor perform their many known duties.

149. O! how exquisitely beautiful was the azure sky under which I passed my ever glad and joyous childhood.

150. Ah! Mr. Merry, now we know, that you require your juvenile friends, to be exact, to gain the prize.

151. "Oh! quicken and guide me anxious to win a prize of joy above!"

152. "Thy type O! gentle mercy! is a dove! but zeal with joy quick lifts his axe."

153. In quest of joy, still anxious youth in vain Asks reason, why this world of cares and pain. Dear children hark! with zest the truth behold, Faith's magic stone can turn the whole to gold.

154. O, we must strive quickly and joyfully if we expect to get the beautiful prize!

155. O how exquisitely happy I shall be, if the judges acknowledge me worthy of receiving the prize.

156. Oh! may I not justly win a prize, that I may have the pleasure of exhibiting it to my kind friends, and acquaintances.

157. *Oh, when shall the young with quiet zeal exclaim,
I ever rejoice and praise before God my King.*

158. O we may equally and earnestly strive to excel in order to obtain & enjoy the prize our kind friend so generously offers.

159. O! with best joy I'd vex my brain,
If I a prize can quickly gain.

160. O! the azure sky presented quite a beautiful and attractive view to our justly anxious, though youthful minds.

161. O! I quickly fix my words and beg for the juvenile prize.

162. Lo! on the prize, I fix my eager eye,
And quickly joy with boys, to vie.

163. O! how great anxiety do many of us have justly and quickly to obtain the prize.

164. "O! Jack, it is a quiz, and how vexing for simple boys!"

165. O, but I once knew a boy, James; fond of quizzing every one except his uncle.

166. O, never say, my just and prudent zeal for the right will be quickly extinct.

167. O! I have composed with care, a brief and exquisite sentence, so that I can justly take a high prize.

168. "Oh! quickly may I win your valuable prize, and still secure that one more excellent, the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

169. Oh Youth! very bright are thy morning visions; and when thy gaze is fixed beyond the scenes of time, who shall question thy right to the peaceful kingdom of Jesus?

170. O Mr. Merry, it would be quite a joke if I should fail of the expected prize to be given.

171. O for the quick return of winter! when the Vermont boys can enjoy and zealously pursue their exciting sports of sliding and skating.

172. "O how exceedingly fast the quick but vicious Zebra ran, when I jumped on his back."

173. Oh! it truly requires both knowledge and judgment for an excellent instructive puzzle.

174. O how quickly, and with what delight, James, viewed the exquisite and beautiful prize.

175. The boy who wishes to excel in wisdom and virtue, must spend his time in acquiring useful knowledge: but alas, how few of us justly realize the importance of these things.

176. "Ah!" quoth I, "if, with all my exertions, I win the beautiful prize, I will just take advantage of every opportunity to obtain Mr. Merry subscribers."

177. Ah! in the solving of your difficult puzzle, knowledge and judgment become quite perplexed.

178. Oh! I know many will endeavor to gain one of the prizes, but six will justly conquer.

179. O youth! seize thou upon an example. Be not dejected. Know that courage, energy, and perseverance are requisites for the prize.

180. Oh! that Willie, a youth of eight, who is anxiously awaiting the prize, could obtain it, from one so very queer, kind, and just, as Mr. Merry!

181. Oh, what a very queer and laughable joke for me to expect prizes!

182. Oh, my dear Mr. Merry! I am delighted with your plan to enable us all to win a prize; and, as I know you are quite in earnest, I inclose this effort for the *first prize*.

183. Oh! my mind was quickly fixed on the valuable prize, and it would afford me great joy to receive it.

184. Ah! joke now, and excel me by striving for the unique prize.

185. Oh, to me 'tis a glorious sight,

When gentle zephyrs play in flowery June;

The bright day king and pale queen of night,

Expelling evil fancies, my soul attune.

186. California is a large tract of country, watered by the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, whose golden sands draw there vast numbers, full of zeal, expecting to make a fortune; but, alas! how many find "all is not gold that glitters."

187. Oh! I am quite anxious to subjoin a correct reply to that puzzle, but fear I have too little knowledge.

188. "Ah! awake and quietly exhibit a juvenile claim for those variegated prizes."

189. Hurrah! I, Jack, can nearly get out of my whimsical head, by this puzzle, a book or two, if they give it to me quick, except I miss.

190. Oh, if I thought those books, as a prize, would be rewarded to me, I should be very anxious, and quite rejoiced to construct the sentence.

191. Why! Have you not heard, that Ezekiel Crabapple, and James his brother, were found making axes and quack pills before the flood?

192. Having read your liberal proposal, I am quite anxious for the prize; but ah! I fear rejection alone will reward my undertaking.

193. Oh! I will fervently pray that men may quickly join, and in a zealous way extricate human bondage.

194. Oh! how exquisitely lovely looks the summer-cloud, as it gently, peacefully, and joyfully floats on the bosom of the azure sky.

195. Heaven's blest and dazzling high domain,
Becks, the weary spirit home;
O, quick, expectant fly, to joys its own.

196. O, when I read about the good and beautiful prizes, I joyfully took my pen and very quietly exercised it.

197. O, joyfully exhilarated were the breezes, when Pompey and I walked to lovely Quincy.

198. O, think, how very delightful the exquisite fragrance which is wafted on the zephyrs of bright May and June.

199. O, I love the exquisitely enchanting music which floats on the evening breeze, waking responsive echoes with its thrilling melody, and inspiring emotions of joy.

200. Alas! I mourn that joyous expectations should be wrecked, and we obliged to relinquish the hope of viewing earthly prizes.

201. O, were my whole heart engaged in serving God with a zeal like that exhibited by Paul, I should be quite filled with joy and peace.

202. O, who could question my motives for endeavouring to obtain one of the six prizes offered in the well-known juvenile monthly, entitled Merry's Museum and Parley's Magazine.

203. O, is it vain to hope that you will give me joy, by sending quickly, and by express, the generous prize you offer!

204. Ah! In the solving of your difficult puzzle knowledge and judgment becomes quite perplexed.

205. Ah! quite a difficult task you've given to me,
To combine letters and words together;
But if you will just excuse mistakes,
I'll win the prize and be your friend forever.

206. Pshaw, lazy vixen! go quick and buy a jet for me.

207. "Though all equally wish for the kindly offered and valuable prizes, alas! only six can justly win them."

208. O the exalted view we acquire of the *work, majesty, and power* of God, while beholding the zenith.

209. Lo! for your valued prize, I quite expectant write, and may be, kind Sir, this just secures the gift.

210. Alas! the beautiful sun has just performed his quiet course and is now majestically making his exit in the western sky.

211. Oh! who does not jump for this beautiful prize, although we have to fix our knowledge in such a queer way to win it.

212. Oh! how exquisitely rejoiced it would make me feel, if I should win the valuable prize of Merry's Museum and Parley's Magazine.

213. Quick, O judges, waver not, but fix my hold on a prize.

214. Be quick, O judges, waver not, but fix my hold on a prize.

215. Ah! By a just and exciting puzzle I know I am not conquered.

216. Jack, boy, do help me, for I never can get out this quiz. O, what a fix.

217. O! I know that to win the prize justly from Mr. Merry would require excessive labor.

218. O! for that zeal, judgment, knowledge and expansive affection, which qualify us devotedly to advance the best interests of man.

219. O! with what unequalled love, pure joy, zeal and excited admiration, did I recently kneel at the tomb of Washington.

220. O, my soul is suddenly overwhelmed with quiet joy in beholding the excellent gift of the great and kind God, which we should prize.

221. Ah! now Mr. Merry, pray grant me one Prize,
Those "neatly bound volumes" I'm anxious to scan;

I'll keep them quite jealously hid from all eyes,
But those who'll pronounce you a dear, kind,
old man.

222. Oh! no, I am not a genius! I may not join the circle of the gifted; but if, with zeal and true ambition of soul, I seek quietly to perform *well* my part in exist-

ence, time, in his onward course, will cause to glitter upon my brow priceless gems of advancing glory.

223. Quixotic? Hush! black eyes, and judge of the volume prize, when mine.

224. Fie! The prize gives to me joy, I acknowledge, quite unexpected.

225. Hark! because we puzzled vexatiously from the jack-pudding question.

226. O go betwixt us quick and move the joyful prize.

227. O! quickly I strove for the beautiful prize, but I could not fix my words just right.

228. Great would be my joy, dear Mag, could I enter into competition with you for the inestimable prize, spoken of in your last letter, with any hope of success; but alas! I cannot, for verily my head is quite too full of—beaux.

229. Oh! if I *should* win a prize, my joy could only be equalled by my love for the kindness of heart which prompted this generous offer, but I dare not expect success.

230. Ah! how very joyful it would make me if I could be quite sure of getting one of the six prizes.

231. Ah, Jane, let us six go to the Zoological Gardens, and will you pray be very quick.

232. But in mercy, O Jews, quick forgive the expert Zadock.

233. If I serve God now, by a quiet zeal, oh! I may expect joy.

234. Po! I vex, joke, nor quiz, by such a low, mad gift.

235. O! I can quiz fast, or vex much, by playing a wild joke.

236. O judges, be expert, and quickly favor me with a prize!

237. O lazy Jew! vex me not, but step quick for the gold.

238. O, step quickly in the waltz, for bad jigs vex me.

239. O lazy Jo, be very quick and get a fish pie for me next week.

240. Oh Mr. Merry, I will strive joyfully to excel others and acquire the very fine books you have so generously offered as a prize.

241. Oh! the trouble is, Felix and James, think that crazy urchin, whose name is Quartus, provoking beyond endurance.

242. O if I unluckily do not get the beautiful prize I shall exert myself to quell all jealousy of the person who does receive it.

243. Oh, quickly obey the just commands of God with zeal, and you may expect his favor.

244. Quickly apply yourself with just zeal, dear boy. Oh! this is not a great and vain exatement.

245. Alas! how little do we reflect on the sufferings of humanity, while surrounded by wealth, dazzling and perverting, with its exquisit rays, alike, our better judgment, and Christian philanthropy.

246. Oh! but you know the great prize has formed quite an excitement among juveniles.

247. O! I have not quite knowledge enough to form a sentence justly worthy of the unexceptionable prize.

248. Fy! Jack and I were so vexed by a phlegmatic quiz.

249. O! why vex a pet girl like me in quest of b, c, and j, z?

250. O wag! don't vex or quiz me by such a pitiful joke.

251. Oh, Venus! thou art alternately the Genesis and Exodus of day, heralding the jubilant morn, and at even quietly bathing in the pale zodiacal light of the western sky.

252. "Zounds! the Jews quickly cooked the huge bear by placing it over the hot and vigorous fire."

253. O, how exceeding strange it is,
That they who strive the palm to bear,
Seek *solely* for the proffered prize,
And judge the main requital there.

254. Behold! the tree waves majestically, and its leaves faintly quake, exagitated by the gentle zephyr.

255. Alas! my Zopher, five or six years of age, joined quickly in the brawl.

256. Oh! how exquisite and amazing are the works of our just yet incomprehensible God.

257. Oh! that by wit or knowledge I might without question be justly entitled to the favor of your excellent prize.

258. O, bright and quick juveniles! six of us may now win a prize.

259. Oh, in a just or vexing puzzle my knowledge acts quite baffled.

260. O! joyous eve, if I but frame
A sentence, which shall quickly claim
One prize among the six you name.

261. It was quite a *merry* thought, ha! ha! for you to rack and vex your brain, just to puzzle little folks.

262. O! just tell me, exactly what to do, to strive, and get the beautiful prize quickly.

263. King Xerxes, of whom the brave Xanthippos and all Greece were unquestionably jealous, is your memory loved?

264. Oh! I for one will earnestly endeavor to solve this perplexing question, and try to take the prize, by combining the letters of the alphabet, joined with the different parts of speech.

265. O Jane! I have a very elegant and beautiful specimen of syllography; which is the work of our quaint Zadok.

266. O Joza, I wish the vice, Intemperance, quickly and generally exterminated, from our beautiful country.

267. Oh with what zeal should we devote our lives to making the small return Christ justly requires who died to free us from guilt and death by expiation.

268. Oh but I am vexed to work so long and yet cannot quite get the joyful prize.

269. O! How pleasant for children to dwell together in love and joy, zealous and quietly seeking to follow the example of our blessed Saviour.

270. Oh, Mr. Merry, please examine this sentence, and if it is correct, I should so much enjoy one of the beautiful prizes.

271. Oh! balmy Zepher, sweetly fan the cheek of joyless age and lull his vexed soul to quietness.

272. O, see that most beautiful Gazel, how very expert it is; and look, quick, it will soon disappear over the hill.

273. John vexed himself with the knotty puzzle but ah! quickly forgot it.

274. Oh why! Dear Merry, Quiz your very kind friend and readers by creating a jealous rivalry to extract from your purse?

275. O may the zephyrs of heaven, kindly, quietly, gently fan thy faded, care-worn, and anxious brow.

276. Mr. Merry's efforts to cultivate the young mind, make quite inexcusable those who prize not, but alas! wilfully reject them.

277. O be not dazzled with an earthly joy, for even the wisest king himself was not exempt from, or unacquainted with sorrow.

278. Oh! lazy wicked being justly spurned, who if quite the reverse may be exalted.

279. Lo! If equal justice extends to all, verily I am thinking a prize will be mine.

280. Lo! I justly win a prize by complying with every requisite fixed and asked for.

281. But in my strife quickly to excel & justly win the good prize I fear, alas! in vain.

282. O! wealth is not my object, but I seek for knowledge to gain the very exquisite prize.

283. O! ignorance justly prevents me from quickly winning the excellent and beautiful prize.

284. O, who quickly gave the rich plum and box of jazebs?

285. O, go ye quickly and view the box of prime jazebs.

286. O Parley's Magazine is exquisite, yielding from its rich and ably written leaves the keenest enjoyment.

287. Oh! may we fix and seize quick upon objects best for a living.

288. Ah! I must quicken judgment and dexterity when striving for a beautiful prize.

289. O! that I might now quickly fix a just claim to the valuable prize offered.

290. Oh! let me read, with a becoming zeal, the quick wit, and very pleasant humor, written and extracted for juvenile readers.

291. O Julia, I exclaimed, come quickly to the piazzas and view the beautiful and gorgeous sunset.

292. Oh! that through attention I may receive instruction, should I be so happy as to win. If I fail this time I can try again.

293. But I, Artaxerxes the king, require young, and old, O people of the Jews, to greatly revere Ezra, whom I commission.

294. O how strange it was that some of the boys in Connecticut did not Xyster up knowledge enough to solve your Queer old puzzles, and obtain a bound volume of your Museum and Gazette for January.

295. O vex the puzzled brains, if doing it quickly, will add to my joy.

296. O! how the last Museum quickened and excited my desire to join the list of competitors for the valuable prize so generously offered.

297. O! but my juvenile wishes are quickly excited, for the great prize.

298. Lo! my subject was, vie quick, and fix on a high prize.

299. O, I go for a prize; would like to win: hard tax, quite, you must judge, but cannot be vain to try.

300. Oh, most kind but exact judges, quickly strive we for the prize.

301. O exquisite joy! I have won a prize and gladly come for the book.

302. O, how kind and just you are, to give us an equal chance for the bound prize-volume of your excellent magazine.

303. I am delighted with your beautiful prize, I will be very quiet until the Jury are chosen and ready to decide.

304. But oh! my joyful mind was quickly fixed on the given prize.

305. Oh! Mr. Merry, you know not how much you have overrated my abilities and powers in expecting me to work out the very puzzling question you have just given me.

306. Oh! I expect, and know, you get quite a number of juvenile subscribers, by offering the prize.

307. Oh! may we quickly and joyfully work, expecting to receive the rich prize of books.

308. O could I excel: how quickly should judgment be given that I be owner of a valuable prize.

309. When I reflect upon the noisy zeal displayed in defending Woman's Rights, I inquire sadly: "Ah woman! why injure your own cause! You should employ the knowledge or ability you possess in elevating instead of degrading your sex."

310. O! joy exquisite, if I have but won a lock of prized gems!

311. If brevity wins a prize, O! quick judge me by this example.

312. Zeal, tempered by wisdom, and exerted in a good cause, is a quality which we value, but, alas! it is too often joined with recklessness.

313. Oh! I am quite determined to strive with justice, and with all my skill, in obtaining the most excellent of prizes.

314. Ah! just then the powder magazine exploded, and the Ocean Queen lay before us a vast wreck.

315. Oh! nothing ever exceeds in splendor, to my mind, a cloudless sky, when the golden orb of day is sinking quietly and majestically below the horizon.

316. O, I'm not quite sure of having the excellent prize, but would just like to try.

317. O, if we sought as anxiously for Jesus' forgiveness, as we do for Mr. Merry's beautiful prize, how quickly we should obtain "the robe of righteousness."

318. O! how excellent a place is the humble abode of contentment, where peace and quiet dwell, where mutual kindness gives zest to their joy.

319. Oh, my anxiety is so great to receive the beautiful and excellent work, that I should enjoy the prize with unequalled pleasure.

320. And O, may my faint expectations of having the reward adjudged to me, be quickly realized!

321. O, quickly move and fix with us a prize jet bag.

322. O, I was frequently thinking of the object and value of the excellent prize.

323. O! a fine prize I expect, and quickly must begin the jury's vote to win.

324. Oh! I was quickly and joyously making exertion for the valuable prize.

325. Oh! how amazing and unquenchable was the love of Jesus Christ, in taking upon himself the form of man, and expiring upon Cavalry for the sins of the world.

326. But, pshaw! I acknowledge it to be extremely vain and injudicious in one unacquainted with the art of composing to contend for a prize.

327. O, I was frequently thinking of the object and value of the most excellent prize.

328. My sentence thus, O, many with me are thinking of the equitable and most excellent juvenile prize.

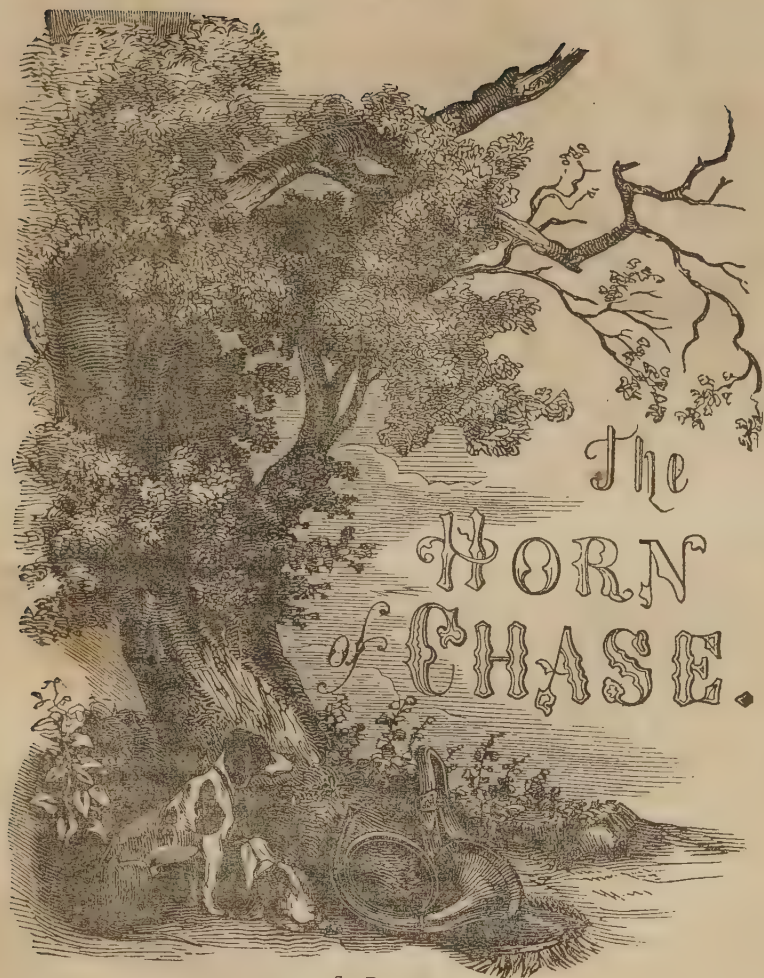
329. I keep rejoicing quietly in view of the handsome prize; but, alas! I fear I shall not excel in winning.

330. O! he gave quite a task, but we enjoyed exertion for a prize claim.

331. Quickly, oh! Judge, if wise,
Box even to me a prize.

If any of your sentences are lost, and thus omitted, send them, and they shall come before the Jury. You will hear from the Jury next month.





See Page 333.



OUR Saxon ancestors often had very significant names for things ; they called October *wyn monat*, or wine month, and they called November, *wint monat*, or wind month.

The frost has faded the leaves, and they are falling from the trees and flying like snow-flakes through the air, or being whirled in eddies on the ground. The chestnut burs are opened, and the nuts are ready to be gathered. No matter if you do not gather them all, for what you leave the squirrels and rabbits will take, and it is far more important that they should have their share than that you should have yours ; for to you the nuts are merely a luxury, which you can easily dispense with, while to them they are all their living.

Sad indeed must be their burrowed home, so snugly lined with leaves, if, when winter comes, no nuts are stowed away for their use.

You wish you could gather all, do you ? So you hunt among the leaves till you are weary, and lacerate your hands with sharp burrs till they bleed.

For my part, I think it is best to live and let live. I would rather see the old squirrels hopping from branch to branch, with their mouths crammed with nuts till their cheeks hang down, or the young squirrels playfully eating their supper, than to eat the nuts myself. If I put the matter to vote, I think nine out of ten will agree with me, and I will venture, that if any are not of the same opinion, they are the same who love to

throw stones at cows and rob birds' nests. Beasts and birds are a part of God's creation. They have their little world of sorrows and enjoyments, which are as real to them as ours are to us.

But leaving the squirrels to gather their nuts and prepare for winter, let us look about and see what is going on. The birds have all gone off to their winter quarters. The Indian summer, with its warm, dreamy days, is just passed; and Thanksgiving, too, that great annual festival of New England, (and now honored in all the States,) is over, and on Monday following it, the winter schools commence.

Here we have (in the cut) a picture of a New England school-house. Perhaps some of our readers have never seen one, and we will describe it. It is usually built of wood, though sometimes of brick or stone. It is one story high, and varies in size and elegance according to the size and ability of the district. Some school-houses are very tastefully built and are architecturally beautiful.

The interior arrangement is made with a view to convenience and comfort. The desks for pupils are ranged in rows, so that all will face the teacher, who occupies a desk at one end on a raised platform. The house is neatly painted, and the walls are hung with maps and charts, and plentifully supplied with large black-boards.

The house which we see in the cut, stands amid a clump of trees, which afford a grateful shade in summer, and a protection from the wind in winter.

But see! The November winds which

come roaring down from the hills, are driving all before them, but they do not frighten the boys and girls that are assembling at school on the first day of the term. Every member, from the remotest part of the district, is there, with books and slates ready for action.

Take care, Nathan, there goes your cap! You will have a long chase before you catch it; but you are young and spry, and if you can run faster than the wind you will get it after a while. Perhaps some friendly fence will detain it for you, and perhaps it will fly away into the water beyond your reach.

George is holding on to his cap, at the same time he is helping his sister along. He feels a manly pride in protecting her, and as soon as there is snow on the ground he will get out his sled and draw her to school.

Let us go into the school and witness the opening. Mr. C—— is to be the teacher. He is from W—— college, and is defraying the expense of his education by his own exertions. There he comes! All voices are hushed as he enters the room, and all eyes are turned on him in eager curiosity. A thousand inquiries are starting up in every mind. Will he be good-natured and kind? Will he join in our plays out of school? Shall I be afraid of him, or shall I love him? He has not been in the room five minutes before all these questions are satisfactorily answered. There is an open expression in his face which has won the confidence of all hearts, and there is a certain roguish twinkle in his eye, which says that a little fun, in

the right time and place, will do no harm.

He takes his station at the desk—the larger scholars go to the seats furthest back, while the smaller ones sit nearer. With a few kind words he introduces himself to them—tells them that he has not come to be their master, but their teacher and friend, to help them to pursue their education and to qualify themselves for usefulness and success in life. He tells them that it will be necessary to have order, and he doubts not that their own sense of propriety will lead them to help to maintain it. He throws them upon their honor. Their hearts respond to such an appeal, and there is not one in the room who does not inwardly resolve that he will do all he can to help such a teacher.

The remainder of the morning is spent in arranging the classes and establishing the order of the school. It is an auspicious opening. Every thing promises well, and we will now leave them to their winter's work. Happy hours they will enjoy, and happy may they all ever be. Let the November winds blow and the December snows drive, and all the world without be bleak and dreary, their young hearts are cheerful in the buoyancy of youthful feeling, and in the consciousness of being engaged in noble pursuits. How sweet is the satisfaction of having conquered difficulties and recited a good lesson! How pleasant the approving smile of the teacher! And when the toils of the day are closed, the pleasures of home are doubly sweet.

The Stone in the Pond.

THERE goes the stone, splash in the pond! Look at the circles round the place where it went in!—They grow larger and larger, till they fill the whole pond!

Our heart is like the pond. Every thought, every word we utter, every action, is a stone thrown into it. It may seem a small matter to say that little word, or to think that little thought, or to do that little action; but we must not despise little things; for there is nothing so trifling but it may be very serious.

A boy once slyly took a marble from his playmate, while he was playing with him; but, as he did not notice his loss, it was not known. Soon after, the same boy took some cake from his mother's cupboard; but she did not find it out. Next he stole some money from his father; but he did not miss it. He then robbed his master; and at last it was found out, and he was taken to prison, and sent far away to a strange land, and he never saw his father and mother again. Perhaps, if he had not cheated his playmate of the marble, he would never have robbed his master, and come to so bad an end. He did not think that the little stone would produce first a small circle, then a larger one, and at last ruin his good name.

Watch over the first steps; think no sins little; be afraid of evil in the bud; and good books, good advice, and, above all, God's good Spirit, will be stones thrown into the pool of your heart, to bless and save you.



WHEN through life unblessed we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes we used to love
 In days of boyhood meet our ear,
 Oh, how welcome breathes the strain,
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
 Beds of Oriental flowers,
 Is the grateful breath of song,
 That once was heard in happier hours ;
 Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, O how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell !
 Why should feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are ev'n more false than they ;
 Oh, 'tis only music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

MOORE.

SHORT DIALOGUE.—A. Pray will you
 have the kindness to take my greatcoat
 in your carriage to town ? B. With
 pleasure, but how will you get it again ?
 A. Oh, very easily ; I shall remain in it.

Balloon Travels.

[Continued from page 264.]

Merry. So here we are in Constantinople! Do you see how different the streets are from those of any other city we have entered?

James. Yes, indeed! There seem to be no windows to the houses.

Merry. Such is the custom of the Turks in all countries. The interiors of their houses are matters of strict privacy. A Turk keeps his women shut up at home, and lets no one see them except himself and their nearest relations. If any other man than a relative looks on the face of a Turk's wife, he thinks it an insult or an injury. If a wife shows her face to a stranger, she is likely to get some punishment for it from her husband. The privacy and seclusion of women is one of the most rigid points of Turkish manners, and hence it is that the houses are without windows looking into the streets. The only entrance to the houses is a small door, always kept locked, except at the moment of entrance. The houses are built in squares, with a court in the centre, where there are fountains and trees. This court often leads to beautiful gardens; but such is the arrangement, that every house is a prison, of which the master keeps the keys, so that no one enters or departs without his knowledge and consent. This is the system not only in Constantinople, but throughout all the Turkish dominions, as well in Asia as in Europe.

James. But what a jealous, suspicious,

selfish, unsocial system it is, to make every house a prison, to make the members of the families prisoners, and the husband and father, a jailor. I should think the women would hate him and try to deceive him.

Merry. Such may be the case sometimes, but those who are brought up to it, probably do not find it disagreeable. At least, not knowing of any other system, they are not likely to be discontented with this.

James. But look here—you see ladies riding in that queer-looking wagon, or cart, drawn by buffaloes?

Merry. Yes, but do you not see that their faces are veiled?

James. It is so, but there are little holes for their eyes, and they are looking at us, as if they had the usual curiosity of women.

Ellen. Do you think women have more curiosity than men, James?

James. Such is the common opinion.

Merry. Curiosity is not a vice, James; on the contrary, it is a virtue. Curiosity—the desire of knowledge—is one of the chief things that distinguishes man from the brutes. He who has no curiosity, is deficient in the great principle which leads to the expansion of the intellect. He who has no curiosity, will always remain a dunce.

James. Why then is it so often spoken of with rebuke?

Merry. It is idle or impertinent curi-

osity that is rebuked. This is vicious. To be curious about trifles ; to be curious and inquisitive about the affairs of others ; to be curious so far as to try to pry into the secrets of others—these are all little, mean, vicious, and show a little, mean, and vicious mind. Now if you intend to impute this kind of curiosity to the other sex, I think it wrong. If you will reflect a moment, I think you will perceive that it is ungenerous, especially when it comes as a sort of standing gibe on the part of men against women. Even in our state of society, we have something of the Turk about us. We deem it best for women to live in a domestic way at home. We consider it improper, indelicate, for women to mix freely in the out-door affairs of life. Seclusion, to a certain extent, is the system in respect to the sex among us. Now we men go abroad freely ; we see all that is going on ; we mix in the business of the streets, in the business of the great thoroughfares of trade ; in the halls of legislation ; in political assemblies ; in public amusements ; in all the great affairs of life. These things pass under our eyes, they are our business, in them are involved the interests of our lives, our children, our families. And now, consider : when the day's work is done, we go home from their stirring, active, exciting scenes, and meet our wives and sisters, our female friends, where, according to our somewhat Turkish views of society, we have kept them all day imprisoned. How natural it is for them to ask questions ! And does it not savor of Turkish despotism to call such reasonable and na-

tural, and I may add laudable curiosity, a vicious love of gossip, peculiar to the sex ?

James. Certainly nothing can be more absurd, unreasonable, ungenerous than this. But do you not think, Mr. Merry, that women are more addicted to gossiping about trifles, and the affairs of others, than men ?

Merry. Not at all. As I have said, they are kept a great part of the time in seclusion ; they must think of something, they must talk of something. They think and talk of such things as we permit them to see and hear. Men do the same. If a strict record could be kept, I believe it would be found that men gossip quite as much, and quite as mischievously as the women. Indeed, if every idle use of the tongue inflicted a sore on the offending member, I believe the men would be silenced first.

Ellen. I think our sex ought to be much obliged to you, Mr. Merry, for your defence of them ; but see, here are women in the streets who are not veiled !

Merry. Yes, women of the lower classes ; those who are compelled to go abroad and to work in the open air, by necessity, are exempt from the rule which operates on the more wealthy classes. It is said, you know, that necessity knows no law.

James. And here are houses, too, which have windows toward the streets !

Merry. These, as you will observe, are little more than wooden boxes for the habitations of the poor. The windows are not glazed, they are mere holes for the light and air. Being for the use of

those who cannot afford to have houses built in quadrangles, and who do not, because they cannot, keep their women in seclusion, they are not shut and closed towards the streets, like the houses of those whose circumstances enable them to consult their tastes. But see—here is a bazaar !

Jane. Oh, I have often heard of the bazaars of Constantinople !

Ellen. But it is only a large row of booths, like those set up for a fair.

Merry. Yes, that is the general character of the bazaars, which are numerous in Constantinople.

James. What a tawdry, pasteboard, bandbox look it has.

Jane. But what a variety of things for sale ; yet you see, each shop or division is exclusively devoted to one article.

James. And every window is a counter, out of which the goods are shown.

Merry. Look yonder—do you see those tall minarets ?

Ellen. I see them. What building is that ?

Merry. It is the celebrated mosque of Saint Sophia.

James. Oh, let us go there !

Laura. What a strange building it is. It looks like several buildings, each with a dome, and all crushed and packed together so as to form one.

Merry. It has, indeed, somewhat such an appearance, and its history will explain the circumstance. It was built by the Emperor Justinian between the years 531 and 537 A. D., and was then a Christian church. It is said to have 170 co-

lunns of marble, many of them of very costly kinds, and several brought from the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, and from other celebrated buildings of antiquity. So long as Constantinople continued to be the capital of the Greek Empire, St. Sophia was the principal church of the Greek religion. But in the year 1457, this city was taken by the Turks, and has since belonged to them. They converted the church of St. Sophia into a mosque, and such it has remained for four hundred years. From time to time changes have been made to take away what gave it the appearance or character of a church, and to render it as completely as possible a mosque, fitted to the worship of Mahomet. But come, let us enter it.

Ellen. It has, within, a grand appearance.

James. The dome is very fine. Pray, how high is it ?

Merry. It is said to be 180 feet in height ; that is, a little more than the dome of St. Paul's in London, but considerably less than the dome of St. Peter's at Rome.

James. Oh ! this interior does not compare with Saint Peter's.

Merry. No ! the building, taken all together, is even less than St. Paul's. And, besides, do you see how the beautiful floor of variegated marbles is covered with all sorts of mats and carpets ? And do you observe the thousands of little cords suspended from the ceiling, and coming down almost to the floor, each cord being decorated at the end with a horse tail, an ostrich egg, a lamp,

a vase, or globe of crystal, or some other bauble ?

Ellen. Yes. Pray, what is the meaning of all these gewgaws ?

Merry. They are intended for ornament.

Ellen. Really ! what an absurd, paltry taste these people must have, to conceive that such cheap, useless, and unmeaning things, beautify the place. To my eye they are offensive ; they injure the general effect of the otherwise noble interior of the mosque, and seem to throw over it an aspect of childish frivolity.

Merry. Your criticism is quite just. After all, though the Turks are refined in some things, they are on the whole barbarians. Let us now continue our walk.

James. I suppose there are other mosques in Constantinople ?

Merry. Yes, I have already told you that there are several hundreds, and some are esteemed finer than this. Nearly all of them have open spaces around them, planted with trees, and embellished by fountains, as we see is the case here.

Ellen. I observe a great many fountains as we pass along.

Merry. Yes, almost every street has its fountain. You see they are all of a square form, with lead roofs and a spout on each side. The aqueducts, which supply these fountains with water, are on an immense scale, and furnish 15 millions of gallons every twenty-four hours. Some of them were built by the Greek Emperor, more than a thousand years ago ; others have been built by the Mahometan rulers. One of the ancient

aqueducts was 3900 feet long, and 74 feet high, but a part of it has fallen in ruins, and it is now only 1800 feet long. All the water comes from the village of Belgrade, at the north-east of the city. Beside the fountains, there are public baths in abundance, bathing being esteemed not merely a luxury, but a necessity among the Turks. A good bath may be had for two cents. All the houses of the rich are also furnished with baths.

* * * * *

Mr. Merry and his friends continued their walks and talks about Constantinople for two or three days. They visited the Seraglio, but they found that only a portion of it was to be seen. They wanted to take a peep at the harem of the Sultan, which consists of nearly a hundred women, but they did not ask permission, as no stranger is allowed to visit them. They one day saw two of them carried along in a palanquin. These were very gaily dressed, and carried fans, with which they pretended to cover their faces, though in fact they put their fans aside frequently and showed their black eyes through their veils. Our travellers had a good opportunity to see the Sultan, as he rode out to review some troops. He was dressed in a blue frock coat, pantaloons, and a *fez* or red cap, with a large tassel. They all thought him a very mild-looking person, and I believe he is, in point of fact, very amiable. He has despotic power over his people, however, and this is very likely to be abused, whoever may use it.

The travellers visited the beautiful harbor, called the Golden Horn, the

suburbs of Galata, Pera, &c. The former is on the shore opposite the Seraglio, which is at the east end of the city. It is very extensive, being four miles in circuit. It has a wall, entered by twelve gates. Here are a great many Europeans, principally merchants, who seem to enjoy something of the liberty of Christian countries. Tanners are permitted here on the European plan. Pera is on a hill to the north-east, its situation being very beautiful. Here are the residences of most of the foreign ambassadors.

As our little party went about Constantinople, they were struck with the silence of the city. There is none of that rumbling of carts, wagons, and carriages, which is heard in other great towns. They are indeed not used; the only wheeled vehicles they have are carts, gaudily painted, and drawn by buffaloes, in which ladies were drawn about. They also saw troops of wild dogs, which it seems are tolerated in the city. These are the property of no particular person, but each troop belongs to a certain quarter, and will permit no other dogs to come within their precincts. Vultures are also seen about the streets. These and the dogs devour the offal that is thrown into the streets, and thus they act as scavengers, no doubt saving the people from the pestilence which such offensive substances would produce. After all, the city is found in many parts to be hideously filthy.

The adventurers are constantly remarking upon the strangeness of everything in Constantinople. The gravity

of the men, with big turbans and long beards, and pantaloons like petticoats; the languid ease with which everybody seemed to let time slide, as if they had little or nothing to do; the great numbers of persons sitting in the coffee-rooms, lazily sipping Sherbet or smoking their long chibouques; the women about the streets with dresses which made them resemble men; the children dressed in the same garments as older persons, with turbans, robes, and petticoat-pantaloons, making them appear like little old people. These, and many other things, afforded topics of constant interest and observation to the party.

One day our voyagers crossed the strait to the western side, and visited the suburbs of Scutari. This is a large place, containing 60,000 inhabitants. It stands on the declivity of several hills, and when seen from Constantinople, its appearance is charming. Here is a palace of the Sultan, with extensive gardens. Here, also, is the burying-ground for Constantinople. It is seven miles long, planted close with cypress trees, and crowded with graves. In some places they saw the skeletons of bodies that had been dug up and devoured by the dogs.

They also visited one of the greatest curiosities of Scutari, the college of the dancing dervishes. These are a very curious set of persons. It must be understood that the Mahometan religion has its monks as well as the Greek and Roman Catholic religion. They are called dervishes, and there are as many as thirty orders of them. They have

convents in all Mahometan countries, which serve those who wander about from place to place, as inns. The different orders have each their peculiar rites and ceremonies. The order of *Maulavis* have a humble demeanor, wear coarse cloth, and whirl round with great velocity at the sound of a pipe, and stop instantly as the music ceases. Hence these are called *dancing dervishes*. Our party of travellers witnessed an exhibition of this kind at their college. The superstitious Mahometans think these people inspired, but it is very certain they are a set of cheats and jugglers. Some of them amuse the people with tricks of sleight-of-hand, and others pretend to practice sorcery and conjurations. They sell various articles or amulets, to which they pretend they have given divine power. And, finally, they are notorious for their love of opium and intoxicating liquors.

The dervishes of the order called *Rufais*, like the fakirs of India, and like some of the ancient anchorites, subject themselves to severe bodily inflictions. In their weekly assemblies they get wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, and gash their bodies with sharp instruments, or hold red-hot iron between their teeth till it gets cool. The *Calendars*, another order of dervishes, dress in a strange fashion. Sometimes they wear cloth made of fragments of many colors; sometimes they wear the skins of tigers or of sheep; sometimes they go half naked, with their skin painted black or red. They wear turbans of odd shapes, and feathers stuck into their ears. They

generally carry a stick, or a hatchet, or a drawn sword. They have also a plate which they hold out for charity.

There are other peculiarities in the other orders of dervishes. In general they are a set of low knaves, who take advantage of their religious character to get money, which enables them to live an idle and voluptuous life. The ignorant mass of the Turks are deceived and cheated by them; but the well informed regard them as they are, mere hypocrites and swindlers.

Our friends having seen the curiosities of Scutari, took a walk out into the country. It seemed to them very beautiful. They saw abundance of peach trees, grape vines, walnut, almond, lemon, orange, and many other trees, on every side. In rambling over the grounds, they also saw a great many vermin, such as toads, frogs, snakes, lizards, tortoises, &c. The storks, which are large lean birds, with long legs, were walking about the fields, like flocks of geese. They let people come within two or three yards, of them, and then they fly a little way and pitch down again. They are fond of sitting on the tops of houses and often build their nests there. They also saw plenty of turkey buzzards. For the first time they saw and heard nightingales, which were very abundant. They found them to be very small for such celebrated creatures, being but little longer than our blue bird. Their song is very vigorous, and at the same time very sweet. At night, when all around is silent, it fills the woods with a soft delicious melody. It has not the variety of our mocking-

bird, nor even its volume of tone ; but it is more plaintive, tender, and affecting.

After a walk of some seven or eight miles into the country, our adventurers felt quite hungry, Seth was ravenous ; so they went into a Turkish farm house, where they had, for the whole party, poached eggs, coffee, bread, Sherbet, apples, and a chibouque, just by way of experiment, for about fifty cents. After spending a very pleasant day, they returned to Constantinople.

They had now been a week at this place, and having satisfied their curiosity, they mounted their balloon and took their departure. Yet, such was the impression made upon the minds of the children, by this remarkable city, that they continued to talk of it, while they were rapidly drifting along to the eastward, over Asia Minor. Their conversation must be reserved, however, for another chapter.

S. G. G.

[To be continued.]

The Chase.

[See Frontispiece.]

CONDUCTED on principles of moderation, humanity, and fair play, the sports of the field are exhilarating and healthful. By such pursuits the tribes of men make wild animals subservient to their sustenance and their enjoyment. Taking amusement from such sports is eminently the peculiarity of the true English gentleman ; at the same time it is held in great estimation in America.

Deer hunting, in the Western States, offers too strong attractions to be resisted, and many who seldom join in other sports of the field, celebrate the close of harvest labors, with this exciting pastime. How animating the sound of the signal horn ringing over hill and valley on a clear autumnal morning ! One of our own poets has beautifully described the hunter's sports in the following carol :

A merry life does the hunter lead !

He wakes with the dawn of day ;

He whistles his dog—he mounts his steed,

And scuds to the wood away !

The lightsome tramp of the deer he'll mark,

As they troop in herds along,

And his rifle startles the cheerful lark

As he carols his morning song !

The hunter's life is the life for me !

That is the life for a man !—

Let others sing of a home on the sea,

But match me the wood if you can !

Then give me a gun—I've an eye to mark

The deer as they bound along !

My steed, dog, and gun, and the cheerful lark

To carol my morning song.

Riddle.

Don't think what I say can be at all wrong,
For I speak, though I have not a bit of a
tongue.

Yet oftimes I'm quiet for want of my breath,
And then I am perfectly silent as death.

And when I am heard, I am always admired,
And often the breast with devotion have fired ;
The ear I can charm, and the senses delight,
Whether heard in the morning, at noon, or at
night.

AN ORGAN.

"Take Care of Number One."

CHAPTER VII.

NEAR the house of farmer Lane was a forest, containing a good many chestnut and walnut trees. In that part of the country, people were generally allowed to pick up walnuts and chestnuts where they could find them; but the particular trees of which we speak belonged to a queer old man, who went by the name of Granther Baldwin. Now, this man was very stingy, and he did not like to have people pick up his nuts. Whenever he saw any body gathering them, he used to sally forth and drive them away.

This conduct did not serve to protect old Granther's nuts, for all the boys of the village seemed to take a particular delight in robbing his woods of what he prized so highly. It chanced that, at the period to which our story now refers, the old man's trees were well stored with fruit, and many a boy had fixed his keen and longing eyes upon them. Among these was Jacob Karl, who was only waiting till the frost should open the shells and tumble the nuts to the ground.

Well, the golden opportunity at length arrived. Some sharp frosts, in October, were followed by a heavy wind in the beginning of November, and down came chestnuts and walnuts, rattling like hailstones, upon the earth. Before the storm was quite over, Jacob was on the ground, and, as the coast seemed clear, he went heartily to work. In the course of a couple of hours, he had picked up

a bushel of walnuts and almost half as many chestnuts. These he carried in his hat to a spot concealed by bushes, intending to take them away as leisure and opportunity should allow.

Jacob did not go away until it was quite dark, so intent was he upon his work. As he left the place, his heart beat with excitement, to think what a rich harvest he had secured. But cunning is often baffled, and fraud is seldom crowned with success. All the time that Jacob was thus cherishing the idea that no one saw him, two persons were carefully watching his operations. There was Granther Baldwin himself on one side, and Dick Grater on the other. When Jacob departed, these departed also, each flattering himself that he knew where to get a good heap of nuts, without the trouble of gathering them.

The next morning, the old proprietor of the woods went to the bushes, with a bag, intending to take Jacob's collection home to himself. But what was his amazement, to find them gone! As he knew nothing of Dick Grater's observations while Jacob was at his work, he naturally supposed that the latter had come in the night and carried them away. He accordingly made complaint to farmer Lane, telling him what he had seen, and very naturally charging Jacob with carrying away the nuts. Jacob admitted that he picked up the nuts and laid them in the bushes, but denied that

he had seen them since. This denial, however, did the poor boy no good ; nay, it rather increased the indignation of Mr. Baldwin, as well as of his employer, for they both very justly supposed that he was adding falsehood to theft.

Nothing could save Jacob from being condemned as guilty of a double crime. In vain did he protest his innocence, at least of the main part of the accusation. In vain did he bring forward what had now come to light,—the fact that Dick Grater had just sold a bushel of walnuts and half a bushel of chestnuts to Mr. Measureman, a merchant in the village, and urge the probability that this boy was the real thief. Nothing could clear him ; his own character was against him. He had a bad name, and this insured his conviction, because his judges rather tried to think him guilty than to think him innocent. If he had enjoyed a good reputation, the opposite process would have been adopted, and every body would have tried to think him innocent and not guilty. A bad name is, indeed, the greatest of misfortunes.

The punishment of Jacob was severe. Mr. Lane was, on the whole, a mild-tempered man, and hitherto he had never inflicted bodily chastisement upon him. Perhaps it had been better for the boy if he had done so. But now his spirit was thoroughly roused, and, taking a cowhide whip, he laid it over the youth's bare back, till the blood flowed in streams. Jacob said not a word, nor did he utter a cry. He clinched his hands and gnashed his teeth in agony,

but he was dumb. After laying on the lash till he was tired, the farmer asked Jacob if he would confess his crime. Jacob resolutely refused to reply. Again the blows fell, and again the question was put ; but not a word could be extorted from the sufferer. Weary, at length, and almost frightened at the extremity to which he had gone, the farmer desisted, and Jacob was allowed to go to his room.

The next morning the boy did not appear, as usual, at his wonted tasks, and Mr. Lane accordingly sent for him. The messenger returned, saying that Jacob was not to be found. On searching his room it was discovered that his clothes were gone ; and the inference was necessarily drawn that he had fled. Search was made for him during the day but without success.

The next night the village of R—— was alarmed by the cry of fire ! Such an event was of rare occurrence in this quiet and secluded place ; and when the appalling sounds of "fire ! fire !" rang over hill and valley—and this, too, amid the deep watches of the night—they awoke a peculiar terror in every bosom. The little boys and girls of Boston, New York, and other large cities, who are accustomed to such scenes, and who look upon a conflagration as a frolic for the engines and the boys, can hardly understand the horror with which the people, and especially the children, of R—— heard the piercing scream of "fire !" on the occasion to which we allude.

Grather Baldwin's premises were on

a hill, and, while his house was small and mean, his barn was of ample dimensions. It was, at the time of which we speak, well stocked with hay, flax, and unthreshed grain; and this was the building that was now on fire. When first discovered, the flames were bursting through the roof, and streaming, like a blazing banner, toward the sky.

The scattered inhabitants, included in the circuit of a mile around, were soon assembled at the spot. The men did not come alone, but wives and children flocked to the scene of action. Many of them came half-clad, for there was a mingled terror and curiosity, which deprived them of their ordinary habits of caution, at the same time drawing them to the place by a strange and awful fascination.

In that remote village there were no fire engines, and no special means for subduing the raging element. All that could be hoped was to save the house, leaving the barn to its fate. In such a state of excitement strange things came to pass. Granther Baldwin, who was near eighty, seemed as nimble as a boy of fifteen; and his fat old wife, who had been bedridden for seven years, got upon her feet and toddled about like a great overgrown baby. He had a considerable quantity of gold and silver laid up carefully in a bag. In the bewilderment of his mind, he cut the string, and tumbled the whole into the well, which was seventy feet deep. She, in her frenzy, set her cap on fire with a candle, and burned her old powdered frizzette close down to her head. She

scrambled up stairs, and, seeming to think it necessary to do something, seized upon a mirror in the best room, and pitched it headlong out of the window, shivering it into a thousand atoms.

While these and other mad pranks were going on within, a scene of great bustle was displayed without. Some shouted; some screamed; some ran this way and then that; some wrung their hands; and some looked gazingly on. A few clear heads and steady hands were engaged in drawing water, and wetting the sides and roof of the house, as a protection from the flames and sparks that were swept in that direction. Around them was a belt of women and children, looking, with an indescribable sense of awe, upon the awful conflagration.

Of all the ~~four~~ elements—earth, air, water and fire—the latter is the most terrific, when it has gained the mastery and asserts its power. The ground rent with an earthquake—the air roused into a whirlwind—the waves lashed by a tempest—all present sublime and awful images; but none affect the imagination like the spectacle of a conflagration, especially when it occurs in the stillness and darkness of night, and in some place where such events are few and far between. On the present occasion, the scene was, indeed, in the highest degree grand and awful. The barn, with its entire contents, was in flames, which now seemed like a raging sea of liquid fire. Far upward ran the ruddy sheet, (at one time appearing to leap) in one

vast volume, toward the sky, and then to fall backward and spring forth again, like the divided tongues of serpents. The whole frame of the building was soon levelled with the general mass, and nothing but one roaring, blazing heap could be distinguished. The mighty power of the element—its destructive energy—its aspect of impatient anger—strongly impressed the beholders who were gazing around.

Nor was there something of the mysterious wanting to give added interest to the scene. A great number of birds were noticed, like red specks, high in the air, turning and wheeling in the unwonted light; and in one instance, a wild goose circled two or three times around the flames, and at last, with a sudden plunge, disappeared in the midst of the blaze. On the morrow, large numbers of wild ducks were found dead upon the ground around.

The scene was at last over, and the villagers returned to their several homes. A few sought their beds, but none found repose in sleep. On the morrow the subject was keenly discussed, and Jacob Karl was generally regarded as the author of the conflagration!

[To be continued.]

WHEN an Irish girl was asked a few days ago, where her mistress was, who had gone to a water-cure establishment, she replied that her ladyship had 'gone to soak.'

VOL. XXVII.—22

Shower.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT, A. M.

In a valley that I know,—

Happy scene!

There are meadows sloping low,
Where the fairest flowers blow,
And the brightest waters flow

All serene;

But the sweetest thing to see
If you ask the dripping tree,
Or the harvest-hoping swain,
Is the rain.

Ah, the dwellers of the town,

How they sigh,

How ungratefully they frown
When the cloud-king shakes his crown,
And the pearls come pouring down

From the sky!

They descry no charm at all
Where the sparkling jewels fall,
And each moment of the shower
Seems an hour.

Yet there's something very sweet

"In the sight,

When the crystal currents meet,
In the dry and dusty street,
And they wrestle with the heat,
In their might!

While they seem to hold a talk
With the stones along the walk,
And remind them of the rule,
To "keep cool!"

But in that quiet dell,

Ever fair,

Still the Lord doth all things well,
When his clouds with blessing swell,
And they break a brimming shell
On the air;

There the shower hath its charms,
Sweet and welcome to the farms,
As they listen to its voice,
And rejoice!

WHY is the letter D like a squalling child?—Because it makes Ma Mad.

Spado and Peeping Tom.

THE annals of Kilkenny Theatre might reveal the fact that these personages, in their day, afforded plenty of amusement to the lovers of fun, and we have no doubt that they possessed many commendable qualities. It must be conceded that Spado, though



"NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD,"

had a degree of self respect, and conscious elevation of soul, which are truly admirable. Take, for instance, the following:—

"Though born, to be little's my fate,
Yet so was the Great Alexander;
And, when I walk under a gate,
I've no need to stoop like a gander.
I'm no lanky, long hoddy doddy,
Whose paper kite sails in the sky:
Though wanting two feet in my body,
In soul, I am thirty feet high."

He had evidently imbibed that very rational doctrine—

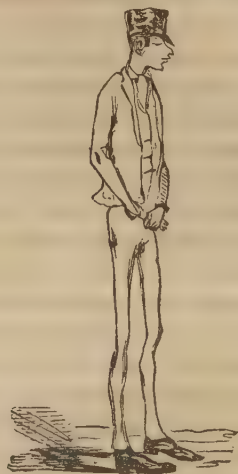
"The mind's the measure of the man."

His companion, Thomas Short, or "Peeping Tom," as he was familiarly called, seems to have been a very different character. He possessed but little

elevation of soul, and uncommon elevation of stature.

It might be too severe a remark, to say that he was the converse of Spado, so that for each extra "two feet of his body," he lacked in his soul full "thirty."

He was often rallied on his stature, and unwittingly made a subject of merriment. Take the following



"BRIEF EXAMPLE."

He had some talent at ballad singing, and being in company one day, he was called on for a song. He professed his willingness to indulge the request, but could think of nothing appropriate to the occasion. A little four-year-old wag of a Miss immediately said, "Pray, sir, sing,

'Long, long ago.'"

(Gossip says he got his nickname "Peeping Tom," from his habit of strolling about and looking into upper story windows, but perhaps it is a slander.)

Adventures of Gilbert Go-Ahead.

[Continued from page 300.]

I MAY as well say that the country of the Koords, called *Koordistan*, borders Armenia on the south, and forms at present a part of the Turkish empire. The northern part is mountains, and here the people live in rude castles, built upon cliffs and rocks. The persons who inhabit these are chiefs, who are almost independent of all government. Some of them live quietly by agriculture, but most of them are robbers. In the southern part, the country is more level, and the people are more civilized, and more devoted to agriculture.

Beside these persons who live in fixed habitations, there are large numbers of wandering Koords, who dwell in huts, and remove with their horses, dromedaries, sheep, and goats, from place to place, as their needs may require. Their huts are low and hastily put together upon piles; the covering is of coarse black cloth, there being a division inside, one part for the man, and one for the woman. Around an encampment consisting of several huts, and inclosing the flocks, is a fire made of hurdles of reeds, that is, reeds woven together. Horses, ready saddled, are tethered outside the inclosure.

The people are great horsemen; and like the Persians and Tartars, have fine breeds of horses. They employ the lance as a military weapon, and in the use of it they are very skilful. They

are strict Mahometans, and dress somewhat like Turks, though they wear a red conical bonnet, instead of a turban, and shave or pluck out the beard. A cloak of black goat-skin is in common use for an outer garment. Our travelling companion was thus attired, and therefore he had a very wild appearance. I may add that these wandering Koords are very much devoted to robbery, and often make extensive excursions either on swift dromedaries or on horseback, for the purpose of plunder. The whole country as far as Damascus and Aleppo, with others at a distance of one, two, and even three hundred miles off, is often ravaged by parties of these bold and hardy freebooters. It is, however, a curious fact, that these people do not seem to be greedy of money, and often perform very liberal acts. If a stranger comes among them, they are very hospitable; and when he goes away, they will sometimes make him rich presents. It is necessary to add that the greater part of the wandering Koords, who are professed robbers, live within the territories of Persia, the country called *Koordistan* extending into that kingdom. After this preface, the reader will appreciate the story of the Koord, which was as follows:—

“To the south of Armenia, and west of *Koordistan*, lies the district of *Diarbekir*, the capital being a city of the same name. Its ancient name was

Anieda, and being surrounded with a lofty wall of black stone, it is called by the natives *Black-Anied*. It is situated on the Tigris, and indeed is nearly encircled by that river. Its houses are built of stone, and it is altogether the most splendid city in that part of the country.

"Now, many years ago, there lived in this city a rich merchant by the name of Zamoun. In early life, he had traded in various countries: he had traded to China, and Hindostan, and Persia, and Bagdad, and Damascus; he had sent caravans loaded with precious stones, jewels in silver and gold, shawls, and other goods, from one place to another, even from China to Astrakan, and from Astrakan to China; and thus he had amassed his great wealth.

"Rich as he was, however, Zamoun was a hard man. Whoever owed him money, must pay, or go to prison. Among others that became his victims was a chief of Koordistan, by the name of Boroz. He borrowed a large sum of money of Zamoun, promising to pay it at a given time. Not being able to do this, the hard-hearted merchant threw him into prison, took possession of his castle in Koordistan, and turned his family out of doors. When some one remonstrated with him for this severity, he replied that these Koords are great rascals, that they never kept their engagements, and it was rather a merit than a crime to shut them up in prison whenever a chance was offered.

"But although Zamoun was thus hard-hearted, and seemed to be above

every thing else, there was in fact one thing which he loved still better, and that was his daughter Peria. She was a beautiful girl of sixteen years of age, and all that remained to him of his family. But at last she was taken ill, and gradually pined away, so that she could hardly stand. Her father was greatly distressed, and sent for all the most celebrated physicians of Diarbekir and the vicinity. They shook their heads, and said that the disease was very mysterious, and therefore they could hardly make any prediction as to its result. On the whole, however, they had little reason to hope for her recovery.

"While things were in this desperate state, Zamoun heard of a young stranger who had just arrived in Diarbekir, and who, it was said, was a famous physician. He sent to him, and besought him to come and see his daughter. The stranger came, and having examined the patient, he remarked, 'You love this child, Zamoun?'

"'Yes, above all things.'

"'Above your wealth?'

"'Yes, I would cheerfully give all I possess to insure her recovery.'

"'Well, her disease is severe but not hopeless. If you desire it, I will undertake her treatment. If I fail, I will accept no fee; if I succeed, you shall give me all your possessions—lands, houses, merchandise, and money. What say you to my proposition?'

"'It is most unreasonable: you would not ask me to accede to it. Do not take advantage of my agony. If you

have skill, I beseech you to use it for the restoration of my child.'

" 'I will make you another proposition,' said the physician. 'If I save your daughter, I will take either your fortune or her as my reward, but it shall be at my option.'

" 'Oh, have pity on me,' said the agonized father. 'While we are chaffering as to the fee, my child is dying. I accede to your proposition. Only save her, and it is all I ask.'

" 'But the contract must be in writing.'

" 'Well, write it, and I will sign it.'

"The contract was accordingly written, and duly executed. The physician then sat down by the patient, and after a careful examination, he prescribed certain remedies. For two days no change was perceived, but at last she fell into a profound sleep, and after a time, awoke much refreshed. The crisis was past, the danger was over. In two weeks the young girl was completely restored.

"The physician was now absent for a few days, but at last he returned and went to the house of Zamoun. The merchant trembled when he saw him, for he supposed he had come to demand the fulfilment of the contract. He would have kept him out of the house, had he dared to do so. He thought it best, however, to greet him civilly. Accordingly, after some hesitation, he went forward and gave the usual salutations. He then said, 'I suppose you have come for your fee: there is a thousand crowns of silver, which you will confess is a generous reward. I owe you much, and you see I pay accordingly.'

" 'You seem to forget the contract between us.'

" 'No, I remember it, but that of course is a farce: you cannot think of enforcing so absurd an agreement.'

" 'Do you mean to deny its validity?'

" 'Of course, I do.'

" 'Well, we will see how it is.'

"The physician departed, and proceeded to the pacha of the district. The case was stated to him, and the decision was that the contract was valid. Zamoun was therefore commanded immediately to fulfil it. Officers went with the physician to return this answer and to enforce the contract.

"The merchant saw there was no escape, and therefore he prepared to obey. He called upon the physician to decide which he should claim, his fortune or his child.

" 'Your child!' was the reply.

"The old man fell upon his knees and begged the physician rather to take his fortune. The heart of the young man was touched: he took the contract in his hands, tore it in pieces, and gave them to Zamoun. With a mingled look of delight and amazement, he took the fragments, and then asked—

" 'Is this a sudden act of madness, or is it your deliberate intention?'

" 'It is my deliberate intention.'

" 'And you thus release me from my engagement?'

" 'I do.'

" 'And you leave me my fortune and my child?'

" 'I do.'

" 'This is a miracle. Who are you?'

" 'I belong to a people you despise.'

" 'What do you mean ?'

" 'I am a Koord.'

" 'You have redeemed the race in my opinion; such an act as you have just performed could hardly have been achieved even by a citizen of Diarbekir.'

" 'But you have not heard all.'

" 'What more have you to say ?'

" 'I am the son of Boroz !'

" 'The old man staggered : this was too much, and a sudden paralysis seized him. The shock, however, was slight, and soon passed away. He now confessed that the physician had conquered him. He caused Boroz to be immediately liberated from prison, and offered to restore his castle ; he also pressed the physician to receive a large sum of money for his services. Both the father and son, however, refused to accept anything, and soon departed to their own country.

" Here they took possession of a small estate belonging to them, but they had been there only two months when a message came from Zamoun, saying that his daughter was again at the point of death, and begging the young physician immediately to come to Diarbekir, and prescribe for her. With this request, he complied. On examining the patient, he was greatly puzzled, for though she had symptoms of fever, he could discover no cause for it. In a short time she was quite restored, but just as the physician was about to depart, she had a relapse.

" Zamoun was a shrewd man, and he now readily divined the cause of his

daughter's illness. Taking the young physician aside, he said :

" 'Have you discovered the seat of my daughter's disease ?'

" 'It is in the region of the heart; but I have not discovered the cause.'

" 'And have you divined the cure ?'

" 'I am afraid not. My medicines have given temporary relief, but, as you see, the symptoms have returned.'

" 'Will you allow me to prescribe for her ?'

" 'You can do what you will with your own child.'

" 'Then I prescribe you as her husband.'

" The physician did not object. As soon as Peria was informed of the arrangement she had a terrible spasm, but she got over it, and in a week was so perfectly recovered as to go through the ceremony of marriage."

S. G. G.

[To be continued.]

Riddle.

TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

From pearls her lofty bridge she weaves,
A gray sea arching proudly over ;
A moment's toil the work achieves,
And on the height behold her hover !
Beneath that arch securely go
The tallest barks that ride the seas,
No burthen e'er the bridge may know,
And as thou seek'st to near—it flees !
First with the flood it came, to fade
As rolled the waters from the land ;
Say where that wondrous arch is made,
And whose the Artist's mighty hand ?



SINGLE HANDED ALPHABET.

Deaf and Dumb Alphabet.

THE number of deaf and dumb people is very great, amounting to many thousands, in the United States. We well know that they can, without instruction, communicate by signs with their friends, and make their wants known, but it is no easy thing for them to read and write, and to converse intelligibly with each other; this was not attempted till within the last hundred years.

Such progress has been made in the

art of instructing them, that now they can learn and do almost every thing that other scholars do.

They converse with each other and with their teachers, by signs made with their hands. They spell out the letters and communicate as rapidly as you can by speech. There are two ways of making the letters with the fingers; in one both hands are used; in the other and more common method, only one

hand is used. The cut shows you how the letters are made with one hand. The alphabet, as here represented, is the one used in all the deaf and dumb institutions in the United States and in Europe, except Great Britain, and is undoubtedly the most convenient and best for general use.

Did you ever visit a deaf and dumb institution? If so, you must have observed how very expressive the signs of the pupils are, and how much they say by pantomime.

It is pleasant to think that in all Christian countries such liberal provisions are made for them.



The Ass and the Lamb.

"How hard is my fate!

What sorrows await,"

Said the ass to the sheep, "my deplorable state!

"Cold, naked, ill-fed,

I sleep in a shed,

Where the snow, wind and rain come in over my head.

"All this day did I pass,

In a yard without grass—

What a pity that I was created an ass!

"As for master—he sat

By the fire with the cat;

And they both look as you do, contented and fat.

"Your nice coat of wool,

So elastic and full,

Makes you much to be envied—ay, more than the bull."

"How can you pretend,"

Said her poor bleating friend,

"To complain? Let me silence to you recommend.

"My sorrows are deep,"

Continued the sheep,

And her eyes looked as if she were ready to weep.

"I expect—'tis no fable—

To be dragged from the stable,

And to-morrow, perhaps, cut up for the table.

"Now you, with docility,

Strength and civility,

Will live some years longer, in all probability.

"So, no envy, I beg,

For I'll bet you an egg

You will carry the spinach to eat with my leg."

MORAL.

The situation of those we envy is often much worse than our own.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

MARKSVILLE, August 17th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET:—I wrote to you a short time since, but I do not think you have had time to receive my letter. When you do get it, if you think that short piece I sent with it, and those enigmas I send now, worthy a place in the Museum, I would be much pleased to see them inserted. I think I have the answer to your long poetical enigma—it is health, is it not? If I had the time to write, I would send you a poetical answer. The answer to the first, on page 258, is Hiram Hatchet.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 8, 2, 8, 12, 13, 8, is what every one desires.
"10, 9, 12, 13, an article used on the table.
"14, 4, 15, a place which a weary traveller longs to see.

"6, 10, a neuter verb.
"1, 3, 5, 16, a lady's name.
"7, 11, 12, a kind of fish.
My whole, the name of my beloved teacher.

I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 14, 6, 7, 2, name of something used by gamblers.
"9, 11, 8, name of an insect.
"1, 12, 13, 5, a characteristic of the man.
"1, 4, 9, 10, 5, something worn by men.
"3, 2, 4, 14, 13, 2, something which has but one eye.
My whole the name of a man who has been much censured.

P. S. I ask E. C. Gordon to solve my first enigma, particularly, and to let us know if she recognizes the name.

NELLY.

BOSTON, August, 1854.

MR. MERRY—Dear Sir—I send you the answer to some of the enigmas, etc., which I find in our last Museum. Samuel C. Kellogg, conundrum—"When it is a-jar." Puzzle—"Only one (I) was going to St. Ives." Mary and Emile—No. 1, "Hiram Hatchet;" No. 2, "Stephen Arnold Douglass." (They don't give their whole of No. 3.) Caleb Johnson—"Philadelphia." Mary A. Littell—"Australia." George H. Rountree—"General Taylor and the battle of Buena Vista." Hat-tie—"Heroine." Carrie—probably "George Washington." (Did not give her 4, 6, 7, or 15.) J. F.—"John French, Franklin, Vermont." Kate Bruyn Forsyth—No. 1, "New York;" No. 2, "Nightshade;" No. 3, "Conundrum;" No. 4, "Shakespeare." Kate—"General Anthony Wayne." I also send you a conundrum: If Satan should lose his tail, where would he get another?

Yours truly,

JOEL SNOW.

MARSH P. O., August 26th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET—Dear Sir—Good morning, Mr. Hatchet. Although I never have spoken to you, I feel very well acquainted with you. I had been sitting very quietly in one corner listening to the "chat," when who should I spy but cousin Willie Law, with his long enigma about Eneus Pompey and Julius Caesar. So I thought I would just let him know that I was here by answering his, and giving him one of the New England laws to puzzle over.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 1, 18, 5, is a kind of wedge.
"2, 3, 8, 18, 4, is often in use by dandies and chair-makers.
"3, 4, is an article.

"4, 7, 1, is an animal.
"5, 13, 4, is a boy's nickname.
"6, 10, 3, 8, 9, 10, 11, belongs to a bird.
"7, 9, a word denoting dislike.
"8, 10, 3, is a stimulant.
"9, 7, 14, is a kind of berry.
"10, 2, 11, is what all are liable to.
"11, 13, 4, is what children often do.
"12, 3, is an interjection.
"13, 1, 10, 5, persons to whom respect is due.
"14, 9, 3, 8, is a pronoun.

My whole is one of the New England laws.
From your friend and subscriber,

BLACK-EYED MARY.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., August 28d.

DEAR MR. HATCHET:—I received your interesting Museum with pleasure, and as I have solved a few conundrums and enigmas, I thought I would write and send the answers to them, with a few for your readers to solve.

CHARADE.

I am composed of four syllables.
My 1st is put on and under the table;
My 2d is put in broad;
My 3d and 4th make people happy and unhappy;
And my whole is one of the United States.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is an old man with the rheumatism like a window-sash.
2. Why is a thief in the garret like an honest man?
3. Why is a short black man like a white man?
4. In days of yore, as Scripture oft record,
There lived one who never did offend the Lord;
He spoke the truth, did never a sin commit,
But in Christ's kingdom he shall never sit.
5. Why is a diamond like a Jew that is sick?

RIDDLE.

Two persons met one morning; one said, "Good morning, my son;" the other replied, "Although you are not my father, yet I am your son;" what relation were they to each other?

The answer to those by E. V. R. is The outside, and Because it has a comb in. The solution to the puzzle by Master Kellogg is, One person was going to St. Ives. The answer to the conundrum is, It is ajar. The enigma by Emily and Mary is Mr. Hatchet. The enigma by S. S. T. is A serpent, and the one by Phillis M. is The heart. The one by G. F. Rysdyk is, Because it is not current. Please insert these, Mr. Hatchet, if you like them, and oblige your friend and subscriber,

JULIA.

COLUMBUS, O., August 26th, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—This is the first time I have written. I felt a delicacy in addressing you; but, as I was perusing your interesting magazine for August, I noticed a Latin enigma, signed Ego Ipsa, and I thought that I would try to solve it. I think I have succeeded. Here is the answer. *Sui cuique mores fiunt, fortunam.* It is a pretty difficult one to solve, owing to the defective words that he has used. I noticed that your printer made a typographical error. He has it: 9, 26, 3, 13, 1, is what many look for in the grave. It ought to be 7, 26, 3, 13, 1, &c., quiet, rest. I worked several English enigmas, but they were all very simple.

From

PHILOS.

OLDTOWN, August 30th, 1854.

FRIEND HATCHET:—Please excuse my first attempt at writing; but as I am a constant reader of your excellent magazine, and hail its arrival with pleasure, I write this to say I have solved nearly all the enigmas, charades, conundrums, puzzles, and anagrams, although there are mistakes in some, I think. I send you the answers as follows:

[Some twenty answers, all right.]

FRIEND HATCHET—I am sorry I have not time to solve them all; but I am afraid you will not get this in season for the September number. Yours, respectfully,
HATTY.

Oldtown! is it? and "Hatty?" Let me see. Don't I know this Hatty? I was born in Maine, and have been in Oldtown; and if the three initials of your name would not make one almost happy, I will not guess again. When you write again, please tell us what is the condition of the remnant of Penobscot Indians, whom I used to see on and about the island. HATCHET.

TEMPLETON, TENNESSEE, Sept. 14th, 1854.

MR. MERRY—Dear Sir:—Please to send me the August number of the Museum, as I have not received it.

I send you the answers to some of the puzzles in the September number. The answer to the third one, by Mary, is "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The first one, by S. Arthur Bent, is "Noah," and the answer to his algebraical question is 8 years, 1 month, 15 days. Your friend and subscriber,
NAT. ALLEN.

NEW IPSWICH, Sept. 9th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I wish to correct a mistake in my algebraical Enigma. Instead of *thrice*, in the last line, it should be *twice*. I send some answers: S. S. T.'s enigma is "bedfellow." Florence's fourth French puzzle is "un caupir vient souvent d'un souvenir;" a sigh often comes from a remembrance. A. F. Fleet's riddle is "Egg." Hoosier's Latin puzzle is "He fights battles with his fist." A. P. Valentine's riddle is "Officer;" first rebus, "Rebus;" second, "Woman." William's Latin puzzle, "A mouse ran full butt against my great toe." Conundrum, "Elderberry." I send you an anagram: When Pilate asked Christ, "What is truth?" (quid est veritas?) the answer was contained in the question. Both are in Latin. Yours truly,
S. ARTHUR BENT.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS, Sept. 14th, 1854.

DEAR MR. HATCHET—Your monthly "chat" interests me very much. The answers to Mary's puzzles are—To place nine stars in ten rows, and have three in each row. You do it thus:—



The next is, "Hiram Hatchet, mean as he says he is, fills the editorial chair very well." The other is "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The answer to S. Arthur Bent's riddle is "Noah;" answer to the puzzle is "13 years old."

I send you a puzzle: it is not like any of the others you have had.

PUZZLE.

Zelrw hozwt, yvhrwvh rg'h wwnlzoramt grm-wvmxb, g'h wrtflhtgrmh gl gsv vzt lu veib twmtryov rnmwrwvzo.

Please insert this, and oblige yours, etc.,

WILLIAM T. FROHOEK.

S. T. ALLEN & Co.:—Inclosed please find \$1, and send the Museum to James Tompkins, Mount Carroll, Illinois, and oblige yours, etc.,

W. T. F.

COVINGTON, Sept. 5th, 1854.

DEAR MR. HATCHET:—I have been taking the Museum one year. I like it very much. The answer to A. Frederick Fleet's riddle, I think is an "Egg." The last puzzle of your friend Mary is "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Dear Mr. Hatchet, I am anxiously awaiting the return of Mr. Merry, for I want to know who will get the prize. If this riddle and puzzle are right I should like to see it published in the next number.

Yours, respectfully, G. T. CRANFORD.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18th, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—Thinking the letters published in your Magazine were fictitious, I thought that the best way of ascertaining was by writing to you myself. I received your Magazine on Saturday, and was much pleased with it, especially on account of the number of enigmas, puzzles &c., contained in the Chat. Here are the answers to some of them.

"Hiram Hatchet," "Philadelphia," "On the other side of Jordan," "Australasia," "Heroine," "New York," "Night-Shade," "Shakespeare," "General Anthony Wayne," "John French, Franklin, Vermont."

Below please find an enigma, which, should you deem worthy of a place in Merry's, please insert. I am composed of 80 letters.

My 1, 23, 20, is a metal.

"12, 8, 14, 9, 16, is what a person is when pleased."

"23, 10, 15, 17, 25, is an animal."

"2, 19, 20, 27, 9, is what many duels are fought for."

"30, 8, 7, 28, 4, 11, is a name that should be revered."

"5, 29, 20, 20, 13, 9, is a meal."

"21, 6, 14, 22, is a young person."

"11, 18, 29, 20, 26, is very hard."

My whole is a toast which the readers of Merry's will drink standing.

Your humble servant,
MANHATTAN.

MARLOW, Sept. 25th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET—Dear Sir:—I send you the answer to A. Frederick Fleet's riddle.

The shell of an egg is as white as milk,
Within has a skin as soft as silk,
The white is a stream of crystal clear,
The yolk like gold it doth appear,
To us no door it will unfold,
Then break the shell and steal the gold.

The answer to S. Arthur Bent's riddle is "Noah's Ark;" the boy's age is eight years and one-eighth of a year.
HUBBARD E. JORDAN.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 26th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have received your Magazine for October. I like it very much, only I wish Gilbert Go-Ahead would write longer letters.

I send you the following enigma, which, if you think worthy, please publish.

I am a word of ten letters.

My 1, 2, 3, is not old.

" 4, 5, 7, is a mineral.

" 6, 7, 8, 9, is what most race horses are.

" 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, was a noted French Duke.

Yours truly, J. LEAVITT, Jr.

HARTFORD, Oct. 2d, 1854.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND MR. MERRY:—I have been for a long time a reader of your Museum, and some two or three years ago I dropped you a line or two, which you were condescending enough to notice, since which time I have "kept mum," thinking that as you always seemed to be well supplied with material for your "Monthly Chat," I would not trouble you too often. But if you can now find a spare corner for me, I should be very much gratified—if not, I shall not complain.

I see by the October number, which is just received, that you have returned from your ramble in the Old World to the "Chair Editorial," and I can respond most heartily to the generous welcome which Mr. Hatchet has given you. However, I hope he has concluded to accept your invitation to "hang his hat on the peg," and that he will let it *stay there*, and continue to be one of us. During your absence he has entertained us very pleasantly, and is so sharp, withal, that I think his name should have been *Razor*, (but don't tell him I said so.) [Certainly not.]

I have not yet had time to read the present number—with the exception of the "Chat," which, although the last half, always comes first. "Take Care of Number One," I have read already in a book of yours. Gilbert Go-Ahead and the rest will be attended to in due time. But to the aforesaid "Chat."

Willie H. Coleman has given you quite a description of the manner in which the 4th was observed in our city—for the entire correctness of which (both as to the *HEAT* and the *entertainment*) I can vouch, as I was *thar*. I have been picking at some of the enigmas in this number, of which you have a pretty good supply. Jenny gives us Sir Isaac Newton; Willie, Phineas T. Barnum; Carry (wait till I get to the spot, and I will tell you); N. A. Thomas, General Washington; S. G. W., Octavius Augustus Caesar; G. S. Blood, New York; Tom pays quite a compliment to my friend (I don't know him, but we are all *friends* here). Willie H. Coleman, and E. D. Redington, spells out the Czar Nicholas and Sultan Abdul Medjid; and then—whow! what a string of prize sentences! I cannot claim the honor of being one among them, but am ready to rejoice, as I am sure *all* will be, with the *fortunate six*.

But really, Mr. Merry, I am spinning a longer yarn than I intended when I began—too long, I fear—and will only add that, being a *printer*, I have often thought what a pleasant job it must be to "set up" the articles for the Museum. Wishing you success in your pleasant employment, I remain, respectfully and truly yours, SHEEPSFOOT.

NORTH ANSON, Sept. 9th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET:—I have not solved many of the questions, but what I have solved I now send to you. The answer to the riddle by A. Frederick Fleet, is "Egg." The answer to the riddle by A. T. Valentine, is "Justice." The answer to the riddle by S. Arthur Bent, is "Ark." The answer to the puzzle by Mary, I think, is "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The answer to the rebus No. 1, by J. H. G., is "Rebuss." The answer to the question which is the oldest berry, is the "Elder Berry." The answer to the puzzle by Willie H. Coleman, is this:—

AN EPITAPH ON A WOMAN WHO SOLD EARTHENWARE.

Beneath this stone lies Catharine Gray,
Changed from a busy life to lifeless clay.
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your tears and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows, but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher or broad pan,
She may be in her shop again.

I subjoin the following:—

No. 1. If a tough beef-steak would speak, what English poet would it name?

No. 2. Name me and you break me.

CAROLINE STEWARD.

MR. MERRY:—Many congratulations do I give you on your safe return from Europe, and hope that the fruit of your travels may be spread on many pages of our interesting Magazine hereafter. I received the October number yesterday, and having solved many of the enigmas, send you the result. [Answers all correct, but already printed.]

I am a child of the Old Dominion, and should you in your travels (balloon or railroad) ever light in this State, you will always find a hearty welcome at Ingie Side. I remain your friend,

E. RANDOLPH BRAXTON, *Uncover, Va.*

Nothing would give us more pleasure than to visit the Old Dominion, and when we do, we shall have some merry times, I fancy.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—So I see that the "Hatchet" which has been so busily employed during your absence, has struck its last blow for the Museum at present and is to be returned to the workshop again. Now I think this ought not to be. Let Mr. Hatchet and you keep on in company, cracking jokes and telling stories, and then let's see the Magazine that can beat you. We have just got attached to Mr. Hatchet, and it's too bad to lose him so soon. Please keep him, Mr. Merry, and the meaning of the puzzle I send you will be verified. (If the Museum readers wish to know what it means, they must find it out.)

2-21-14-23-2-25-14 21-3-24 7-25-12-12-19 14-2-25 22-25-13-14 23-9-5-24-15-23-14-9-12-13 9-26 21-23-2-3-6-24-12-25-3-13 10-21-10-25-12 3-8 14-2-25 17-9-12-6-24.

Yours truly, WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

Just so, friend Willie. You see, by what we said in the last number, that we have thought of the same thing. But, you know, if we keep a hatchet, it will sometimes want grinding. Somebody must turn the grindstone; and there must be water in the trough. And then, perhaps, there are little hatchets, that will need to be looked after, when their *appetites* are sharp. —Do you take, Willie? Who will turn the crank? If each one of our present subscribers should give it one good hearty turn, by sending in a new subscriber, it would enable us to keep our hatchet sharp the whole year through.

HOPKINS HALL.

MR. MERRY:—Although I suspect that your Mu-

seum is intended mostly for the entertainment of "little boys and girls." I doubt not that wise old heads are sometimes sorely puzzled over your enigmas, anagrams, &c. I have seen bright smiles break like sunbeams over the dignified countenance of some grave specimen of sobriety, at the sharp sayings of your comical Mr. Hatchet, and believe that they enjoyed the fun of guessing your conundrums, as much as the gayest of us. Now, Mr. Merry, I wish to be a little confidential with you. During one of my rambles in the country this summer, I became acquainted with a very promising, intelligent boy "way back in the woods," and his exemplary conduct while his father's guest, induced me to take the Museum for him. You will please send all the back numbers of the present volume, directed to E. E. J. Enclosed is one dollar for the year.

LILLIAN LOYLE.

There—that is one good turn at the grindstone. Who will follow suit? If "the old folks at home" get their hands in at our enigmas, puzzles, and jokes, it is no more than fair that they should help at the crank. We don't mean to be crank on this subject, but the times are very crank, just now, and, with the "high prices," it is somewhat hard to turn.

MUSKEGAN, Sept. 1st, 1854.

DEAR MR. HATCHET:—I have derived much benefit as well as pleasure from reading the Museum, and I have written to you once before, but as I did not see it in print, I suppose you thought it unworthy a place. I hope I may be more successful this time.

I enclose an enigma for the next number, if it meets your approbation. From your friend,

EMMA R.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 5, 16, 14, 9, 5, 3, 4, is a town in Connecticut.

"2, 10, 11, 6, is a county in Kentucky.

"3, 7, 9, 15, 13, is a town in Michigan.

"4, 2, 3, is a river in England.

"5, 3, 6, is a cape on the coast of New England.

"6, 7, 14, 1, is a river in Scotland.

"7, 16, 10, 7, 8, is a county in Georgia.

"8, 5, 13, 14, 11, 16, is an island in Polynesia.

"9, 15, 10, 7, 13, is a river in Oregon.

"10, 5, 16, 16, 8, 3, is a town in Maine.

"11, 6, 13, is a river in Germany.

"12, 7, 12, 12, is a county in Georgia.

"13, 5, 6, 14, 2, 13, is a town in Brazil.

"14, 7, 13, 1, 8, 11, 14, is a town in Africa.

"15, 12, 16, 2, is a river in Spain.

"16, 1, 15, 5, is a county in Tennessee.

My whole was an eminent statesman.

WEST ELY, Mo., Aug. 21st, 1854.

I am spending the vacations at a cousin's, and it was here that I first saw the Museum, only a week or two ago. When our session commences I will try my very best and procure you some subscribers, and I am pretty sure I can succeed. I do not think that any body that can afford to pay the price of subscription, should be without it. I send the following enigma to which I hope you will give a little space in your monthly "Chat."

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 9, 19, 23, is a fowl.

"13, 15, 3, 17, is an article used in cooking.

"14, 15, 3, 7, is a large room.

"6, 5, 13, is a river in Germany.

My 14, 15, 16, 17, is a wild animal.

"21, 19, 23, is a number.

"5, 4, 16, 21, 9, is one of the cardinal points.

"18, 22, 5, 5, is a town in Prussia.

"16, 12, 17, is a very destroying animal.

"14, 2, 16, 5, 13, belong to the head of some animals.

"1, 4, 12, 3, is a very useful mineral.

"18, 6, 24, is a nickname.

"1, 4, 16, 5, is a kind of grain.

"21, 10, is a preposition.

"8, 6, 11, is a river in England.

My whole is the name of a person who is creating quite a sensation at the present time.

Very respectfully,

LEON H. LANE.

WATERBURY, CONN., Jan. 9th, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—Papa, who for three years has taken your charming Museum for my little sister and me, told me to-night when he brought in a new number, for which I asked him every day last week, that he guessed I must try and earn the next volume of it myself, by solving the puzzle. I am going to try, but I don't believe you will want to give me a book, for I think it would be paying too much for the first literary production of so little a girl. I'm sure if I can't get the Museum in any other way, after this year, I shall learn to write for it, and perhaps you will let me have it so. I am now only seven years old, and I shall want your Museum a good many years. I think as much of it as Papa does of his daily, and I hope you will keep it along a great while yet.

Your little friend,

JULIA.

There now is a girl after our own heart, with true American spirit, learning to rely upon herself. Persevere in writing, Julia. You are sure to succeed.

SANDY HILL, N. Y., Oct. 1st, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—The October number has just come, and the first thing I looked for was the prize sentences. I read them all over and over to see if I had any chance for a prize. My heart went *thump, thump* all the time.

Yours, &c.,

EDWARD.

(Enigmas already answered.)

Answers to Conundrums.—London is like the letter E, because it is the "Capital" of England.

A nail in the wall is like an old man, because it is "in-firm."

A chicken goes across the road because it can't go around it.

You go to bed because the bed won't come to you.

Answer to Charade.—In the looking-glass.

Answers to Riddles by "Lelia" and "Virginia."

No. 1. The vowels, a, e, i, o, u.

No. 2. Twice eleven is like twice ten, because twice ten is twenty, and twice eleven is twenty—*two* (two.)

Here is a riddle for some smart little reader. My cousin told it to me.

A person met a boy in the street, and said to him—"You are my son, but I am not your father." What relation were they to each other?

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 6, 9, 26, 28, belongs to a ship.

"3, 5, 23, 12, are made at the Capital of each State.

"18, 30, 3, 17, 6, 13, is a nation.

"6, 2, 10, 14, 12, can be found at saw-mills.

"25, 7, 5, 4, 10, is used at the dinner table.

"13, 15, 14, is a measure.

My 12, 8, 20, 21, is what boys want in winter.

"27, 16, 20, 9, is an animal.

"21, 19, 24, 8, 15, is a part of a soldier's duty.

"28, 22, 27, 20, 13, 80, is found in the school room.

In my whole you will find the five names of my brothers and sisters.

Here is a riddle for some of your readers to solve. It is an old one, but will bear repeating.

"Will you please tell me why
A hypocrite's eye
Can best descry
On how many toes
A pussy cat goes?"

EDWARD B. NORTHPUP.

The "sentence" accompanying this came too late, and the "answers" have appeared before.

SAG HARBOR, August 25th, 1854.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir*:—Our young ideas, (trained from our earliest childhood by the perusal of your excellent Magazine,) have expanded in the following enigmas, which we venture to send, in the hope that they may find a corner in your "Monthly Chat."

THREE COUSINS.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 25, 21, 30, 11, 20, are seldom without my 4, 13, 16, 10, 18, 20.

"15, 26, 20, 11, is the characteristic of three ancient mariners.

"29, 11, 2, 12, 5, destroys all except my 20, 21, 17, 8.

"25, 27, 20, 4, is found in heaven.

"11, 4, 27, 10, 23, 9, 8, is an attribute of Deity.

"24, 16, 21, 19, is necessary to existence.

"10, 17, 8, 18, 20, are highly esteemed by travellers.

The want of my 25, 2, 26, 28, often produces great misery.

My 7, 20, 14, 1, 17, 8, is what all may be.

"6, 2, 26, 4, 5, 24, 17, 8, is the commendation won by,

My whole is one of the wisest sayings of the wise man.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 2, 6, 15, 10, 18, is one of Christ's disciples.

"23, 21, 11, 21, 20, is one of the prophets.

"2, 11, 29, 21, 16, 17, is a governor of Judea.

"26, 24, 8, 7, 27, 22, is a brother of Joseph.

"3, 29, 11, 12, 21, 13, 6, 19, 20, is Aaron's daughter.

"82, 9, 5, 30, 4, is a city in Judea.

"25, 21, 4, 21, is a city in Galilee.

"28, 11, 15, 8, 12, is one of the books of the Bible.

"1, 29, 11, 31, 32, 23, is a mountain in Palestine.

My whole is a verse in Proverbs.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 14, 16, 4, 9, 20, is a useful animal.

"2, 17, 20, 12, 18, 5, is an important trait of character.

"3, 7, 5, is a part of the year.

"8, 23, 18, 15 is a domestic animal.

"19, 23, 20, is an enemy.

"10, 2, is a personal pronoun.

"1, 2, 7, 8, is a part of the body.

"8, 16, 16, 17, is a part of the day.

"6, 20, 7, 21, 13, 14, is what many seek.

"15, 11, 12, 8, is a title of nobility.

"24, 7, 22, 21, 9, were a great defence in ancient times.

My whole is a modern poet.

A man being asked how many children he had.

Ans.—Twice six, twice seven, twice ten, and once eleven; his number did not exceed 13. Make it out if you can.

From your friend,

C. J.

MR. MERRY—*Sir*:—I am a little girl of seven years old, and was afraid to write to you, fearing that you could not read it, but I like your Museum so well I can hardly wait for the next to come, when it comes I read with joy.

JOSEPHINE, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Josephine, it would make my old eyes young again to read, every day, such pretty letters as yours. Here is another letter from your sister Ellen. Let us see what she says:

MR. MERRY:—I live a long way from you, but am glad that I can have your Museum to read. I find it interesting. My parents are willing that I should pay for it, and give me the money when I want it. Our school commences soon, and then I am going with my two little sisters. We have two school houses in this district, and over two hundred scholars. When I am older perhaps I will write again.

ELLEN.

MR. MERRY:—I have composed an enigma, please insert it in your next.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 6, 4, 7, 8, is a kind of fruit.

"5, 11, 2, is a kind of grain.

"10, 11, 4, is a part of the face.

"1, 7, 6, 2, 5, is what painters use.

"10, 4, 9, is a kind of fish.

"10, 7, 3, is what all living do.

My whole is the name of a distinguished author.

CARRIE B., Peterboro.

NEWPORT, Sept. 12th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—You are welcome home again, for after your travels I suppose you will have so many funny adventures to relate that you will make all your subscribers as merry as yourself. Your friend Hatchet filled your place well, only he was so very sharp that we were afraid to try for the prize offered in your February number, lest our sentences should be cut in pieces. As he has now cut our acquaintance I will venture to try for a prize, but I beg that you will not be *Merry* at the expense of your friend.

MARY.

I begin to think, Mary, that some other folks are sharp besides Mr. Hatchet. Such a flourish of puns! why I never saw the like. If things go on at this rate I myself shall have to cut and run. You are mistaken in one thing; Hiram Hatchet has not cut our acquaintance, he is a famous cutter, but when he is in good company you may be sure he will not cut.

GAINESVILLE, ALA., Aug. 29th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am very much obliged to you for inserting the enigma I sent, will you be pleased to accept the following?

My 7, 5, 6, 2, 8, is what some people dwell in.

"1, 12, 11, is one of the great things that were created.

"6, 3, 2, 1, is what some children are fond of.

"4, 5, 14, 14, 10, is a girl's nickname.

"9, 13, 4, 11, 5, 1, 8, is a foolish passion.

My whole is the name of a book.

Yours truly, R. A. WHITFIELD.

STOWE, March 19th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I send you an enigma, which if you think proper please publish.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 24, 9, 10, 22, 8, 19, is one of the four seasons.

"14, 6, is a useful animal.

"16, 26, 21, 12, 23, 27, is a place that attracts a great deal of attention.

"15, 14, 6, is a cunning animal.

"7, 5, 6, 1, is what ministers preach from.

"11, 25, 8, is a boy's nickname.

"2, 17, 4, 18, 20, is a boy's name.

"18, 13, 11, 11, 5, 19, is a dangerous man.

My whole is what little boys and girls long to see.

ADDIE F. MELROW.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—My brothers and I have taken your Museum four years, but it never loses its interest to me. I am always glad when it comes, and always look at the "Monthly Chat" first, which is I think the most interesting part. I am not sure that my letter will pass muster, but I hope so. I think the answer to T. Eaton's riddle is "a pair of shoes." That of Joseph A. Bent is "Merry's Museum. I have tried my hand at some enigmas. They are names of towns in Ohio, enigmatically expressed.

1. A boy's name and a descendant.

2. A tin vessel and a weight.

3. A harbor and the opposite of youth.

4. A forest and a piece of ground.

5. A conjunction and a word signifying above.

6. To devour and a preposition.

From your Brooklyn friend,

ANNA E....

Why is a favorite public singer like Sampson?

What genteel animal is a good vegetable?

What pudding do lawyers like best?

What pudding do boys like best on the 4th of July?

ALGEBRAIC PARADOX.

1. Let $a = \alpha$, then,

2. multiplying by α , ($= a$), $a\alpha = \alpha^2$,

3. adding $-a^2$, $a\alpha - a^2 = \alpha^2 - a^2$,

4. factoring, $a(\alpha - a) = (\alpha + a)(\alpha - a)$,

5. dividing by $\alpha - a$, $a = \alpha + a$,

6. substituting α for a , $a = a + a = 2a$, and

7. dividing by a , $1 = 2$.

Who will show the defect in the above demonstration?

QUESTIONS.

1. (To be read properly).

You 0 a 0 but I 0 you.

O 0 no 0 but O 0 me,

Let not my 0 a 0 go,

Give 0 0 I 0 thee so.

2. What was the title of the first book printed by Caxton? and when was it finished?

3. How many churches and houses were burnt down in the Great Fire of London?

4. Why does ginger beer fly about in froth, when the string of the cork is cut?

5. What robe did the Persian monarchs wear on their coronation days, and why?

6. A part of an animal and an attendant on rain, united, will make a commercial part of England.

7. Who invented thimbles?

8. Why is the letter C like a person who clothes a boy.

9. I'm good for nothing, save when kept,

As many a friend can tell,

And should exist conceal'd, except

'Gainst honor I rebel.

The happiness of many a heart

Will oft depend on me;

Its ease, alas! I will oft depart,

When'er I cease to be.

10. My first is truly in the middle—

Placed, as 'twere, 'twixt two extremes;

While my second ever gaily

Glides both over seas and streams;

Lord and master of creation

Is my third, I must aver;

And my whole is of my second

Perhaps the junior officer.

11. What letter in the alphabet would be of more service to a deaf woman than a patent ear trumpet?

12. My first is a reptile, my second a part of my first, and my whole is a plant.

13. A fisherman caught three mackerel, and when he got home found he had four fish. How was that?

14. When is a window like a star?

15. When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?

16. Why are ladies like arrows?

17. Why is Otto of Roses like a letter from China.

18. What is that which flies high in March, lies low in winter, has no feet, but wears shoes?

19. Strong and decisive I am; but when my brother comes, who is of equal strength, we two are but half as strong as I was before.

20. Two little orbs which shine in the day and cease to shine at night.

Meeting of the Jurors on the Prize Sentence.

Let us now adjourn the chat and attend the meeting of the jurors. It is open to all, so remain if you choose, but no sly winking or coaxing with those dignitaries. No doubt they would like to give a prize to every pretty girl and bright-eyed boy, but they must be impartial.

You will recollect that the number of jurors was to be twelve. Here are their names:—

WALTER WARY,	Mass.,	Merchant.
TIMOTHY TRUE,	Ill.,	Clergyman.
BARNABAS BRIEF,	Ga.,	Planter.
STEPHEN STEARNE,	N. Y.,	Bookseller.
SIMEON SHARPE,	Ky.,	Lawyer.
CALEB KEANE,	Va.,	Doctor.
CALVIN CANDID,	Pa.,	Author.
WILLIAM WILEY,	Vt.,	Schoolmaster.
BREWSTER BROADAXE,	Maine,	Shipbuilder.
TREADWELL TRUEAXE,	Ohio,	Farmer.
HIRAM HATCHET.		
ROBERT MERRY.		

Calvin Candid is chosen moderator, and Wm. Wiley, scribe.

Moderator:—Gentlemen,—It is a difficult and delicate question that we are called to decide. Our friend Merry has set all the young folks to

puzzling their brains—studying all day and laying awake nights to see who could write the shortest and best sentence with all the letters of the alphabet and parts of speech in it. It was a happy thought. Old grammar books have been hunted up, rules of punctuation reviewed, and dictionaries studied. I believe it has been better than six months' schooling to many whom I know. There are very many who ought to have a prize, but we are not allowed to award but six. You will observe that a large number of sentences have great merit. They are concise and well expressed, and it is no easy matter to say which is best. We must adhere closely to the conditions of the offer, and give due weight both to brevity and elegance. Inaccurate sentences, and those not containing all the parts of speech or all the letters, must be set aside; so also must those that are longer than the average. If the sentence that is absolutely shortest were to take the precedence of one that is a few letters longer but better expressed, the matter could easily be determined, but our rules seem to require that both qualities be considered. This fact renders our task no easy one, but let us approach it candidly, and hope for a satisfactory result.

Mr. Wary:—I am from Massachusetts, and I accidentally discovered that many sentences have been directed to Mr. Merry, at Boston, and have consequently laid in the office there several months. I have brought them, and I move that they be received by the jury.

Mr. Merry:—I am in favor of that. All who take pains to write should have a hearing. I have just learned that letters intended for the Chat have been accumulating at Boston more than a year. I suppose the authors have been wondering why they were not noticed, and have very likely been offended, and perhaps gone off in a huff. I am very sorry. I thought all my friends knew that letters for me should be sent to New York.

Secretary:—Here are the sentences from Boston:—

332. Vex not, but pity poor Zadok, a quiet Jew, lo! God cares for him.

333. O! look at the beautiful and dazzling firmament, the heaven's wide expanse, the sea's quiet bosom, and can you then doubt that God is infinite and just?

331. To acquire the great prize, O! how joyfully and eagerly have I sought, but little thinking of the tax on my mind.

335. Oh! I received my Museum with joy, and went quite earnestly to work to gain one of those beautiful and excellent prizes.

336. Six prizes: quickly I go and vie for one, O, be mine the joy to win.

337. Oh! how weak to puzzle and excite the mind about foolish questions that can give us no real joy.

338. But in my strife quickly to excel, and justly win the good prize, I fear, alas! is vain.

339. O, I cannot find a, v, z, y, q, u, b, j, k, in a short word that's pleasing to me.

340. Mr. Merry kindly offers most valuable prizes. O! I cannot find language adequate justly to express the pleasure and satisfaction it would afford me to win one of them.

341. Ah me! my vacation is over, and my kind preceptress will expect me on Wednesday, but I shall be quite happy to give my attentions to study, for it is only by industry and perseverance I can justly hope to win the prize.

342. Oh! Mr. Merry, I would like the excellent prize which you offer to your juvenile readers, but fear I shall not quite gain it.

343. The acquisition of knowledge is an object which the young should zealously pursue; but alas! how many grow up exposed to all the disadvantages of ignorance.

344. O! I rejoice that you have kindly offered to us a most beautiful prize, and I, though quite young, will try, but can scarcely expect to win it.

345. O, I quickly, but joyfully resolved to excel him, and win a high prize.

346. O! if I expect a goodly prize,
I must with joy be quick and very wise.

347. O! I expect a very good prize may quickly and with joy be fished.

348. Quickly must I write for a high prize, but O, Job, do not vex me!

349. Pshaw! Jack is a very great quiz, and I will box him for it.

Merry:—I wish to add a few that were received here before the budget was closed.

350. "O, throw mud quick on Jabez, if he vex a sly pig."

351. O! how I was charmed with the unspeakable elegance of Eliza; very justly and without question the glory of her sex.

352. Oh! that I had the gift and wand of a kind Queen Fairy, just to waft the "prize sentence" to the very bland and excellent Mr. Merry.

353. Oh! Julia, you know not how beautifully expressive and sweet seems to me the quiet buzzing of our common bee.

354. Ah! James, you know not the blessing that the great God hath given unto you, and bestowed upon you and kept you from danger while you might have been quite crazy or something happened to you exceedingly bad.

355. O, Job, gaze quickly in the dry swamp if I vex.

The following typographical errors should be corrected:—

Sentence number 232 should read, "But in mercy, O Jews, I quickly forgive the expert Zadok."

In number 35 the word *zeal* should read *zeal*.

Mr. Broadaxe.—I am very glad, Mr. Chairman, that my friend from Massachusetts was wary enough to look after his neglected constituents. Pity we hadn't a few such men in Congress. But that is not what I intended to say. I am a plain blunt man, and want to cut this matter short as soon as possible. You see I am more apt at hewing timber than sitting on a jury. But, as I am here, I must make sharp work of it. I move that as the law of the contest required, first, that the prize sentences should be short, we proceed to consider that point first.

Mr. Brief.—I second that motion. I have examined the whole list, with that end in view, and I don't care how short brother Broadaxe may cut, provided he cuts right. I find one sentence of 32 letters, five of 34, three of 35, five of 36, six of 37, eight of 38, four of 39, eight of 40, four of 41, three of 42, five of 43, four of 44, and seven of 45; making sixty-three sentences that come within 45 letters each. I move that forty-five be the limit, beyond which no prize can be given.

Mr. Hatchet.—I agree with my grandfather Broadaxe in all that relates to cutting, but as to his being blunt, that is only a sly way he has of saying "Try my edge if you dare." With Planter Brief, I hold that "brevity is the soul of wit," but then it is not the sole thing to be looked at in this case. Elegance and correctness are both essential to secure the prize, and I appeal to the gentleman, whether there may not be danger, with a Broadaxe at one end, a Hatchet at the other, a Trueaxe in the middle, with Brief, Stearne, Sharpe and Keane all looking on, of chipping so near to the vitals as to let all the wit out. I suggest 50 as the limit.

Mr. Sharp.—I see how it is, Hatchet wants a longer stick to chop, because it makes more chips. I move for 37.

Mr. Merry.—My rules, in proposing the prize, suggested *brevity*, the first and most important condition. I also stated that it could be done in from 35 to 40 letters. I would now give a little more margin, and say 45.

Mr. True.—Stick to the text, Mr. Chairman. I go for 40, and call for the question.

Mr. Keane.—I suggest 48.

Mr. Trueaxe.—I move for 39.

Mr. Stearne.—And I for 42.

Question, question, question.

Chairman.—Are you ready for the question, gentlemen? As several different numbers have been proposed, I will commence, according to custom, with the highest, which is 50. Shall the limit be 50, gentlemen?

Aye, 1. Noes, 11. Lost.

Shall the limit be 48?

Ayes, 3. Noes, 9. Lost.

Shall the limit be 45?

Ayes, 9. Noes, 3. Carried.

Mr. Hatchet.—I am quite content, Mr. Chairman, with this decision, and so, I have do doubt, will all the competitors be. But, as my friend Sharpe has touched me on a weak point, by his allusion to *long sticks*, I ask leave to say that there are some long sticks in this wood-pile, that any hatchet, axe, or broadaxe, in this universal Yankee nation might be proud to have the chopping of. Nay, more, sir, there are some so true and beautiful, that no decent hatchet would be willing to try his edge on them, and no broadaxe, however keen, could find a place to chip off the smallest shaving. Allow me, sir, to point you to 260, 43, 56, and 253. The author of this last evidently values good thought, well expressed, more than the prize. There are many other good ones, which would not come within my limit of 50 letters, but look, sir, at 9, 141, 300, and 301, all of which have fifty letters, and are too good to be lost. Besides these, there are some of less than fifty, that are quite as good. But, as the jury has excluded them, I submit.

Mr. Wiley.—This point being now decided, I take leave to say, that among the sixty-three sentences which come within the rule, there are some that we must reject, as not possessing the other requisites of correctness and elegance.

Mr. Keane.—I have been dissecting some of our subjects, with this very view, and I propose at once to amputate the list of at least two-thirds its length. This will leave us twenty-one sentences from which to make up our judgment. These twenty-one, according to my views, are as follows.

Mr. Sharpe.—Excuse the interruption, sir, but the bell rings for dinner, and I move we adjourn, as we cannot proceed on empty stomachs to such important business.





DECEMBER

WE have come at length to the last month of the calendar, and December, with its crisp frost and snows, its short days and long nights, its cheerful evenings by the family fireside, and its happy associations with Christmas and the holidays, is at hand.

Our labors with the current volume of Merry's Museum will soon close, and you will have read its last pages. We have endeavored from month to month to make each number attractive and worthy of your approval. We count it the greatest privilege we could enjoy to be brought into so intimate and agreeable association with the great company of our youthful readers; to feel that they have sympathy with us and we with them; that they derive pleasure from the perusal of our pages, and are

here gathering up thoughts and principles that will mingle with and influence all their future.

We cherish the fond hope that most of you will continue with us another year. We are not loth to make new friends, but we love our old ones. If the frosts of many winters have chilled somewhat the ardor of our animal spirits, and subdued our worldly aspirations, they have not abated the warmth of our social feelings. Indeed, we feel more than ever the need of the genial and happy influence of childhood, and have keener sympathy in all their pastimes and pleasures. In our estimate, there is nothing, next to a spirit of holiness, that is so valuable, and for which we would so fervently pray, as a heart full of youthful sympathies and impulses.

We are quite content to see our hair turn gray, our eyes grow dim, and our skin become wrinkled : this is the course of nature. We are content to hobble with a cane, wear a broad-brimmed hat, and be called an old man; but far distant be the day when we shall *feel* old, and cease to have a cheerful, buoyant heart, and lose our relish for the sunshine views of life and for the innocent pleasures of childhood.

In these December frosts we draw our chair a little nearer the fire to keep warm; and the faded leaf, and the dreary aspect of nature without, remind us of life's last day, and of that future world to which all are hastening; but we turn again to the life that now is, and feel that here for the present is our work, and we will toil on in cheerfulness till our Master calls us home.

We anticipate the new year with pleasure, and are laying our plans for the next volume of Merry's Museum with more than ordinary hope. You will be informed in another place what these plans are; and we sincerely hope that our endeavors will not only meet your approval, but that you will co-operate with us, by renewing your subscription, and inducing as many of your friends as you can to send in their names and join our ranks.

HAPPY EPITHET. — Lord Erskine, speaking of animals, and hesitating to call them brutes, hit upon a happy phrase—the mute creation.

The Old Negro's Logic.

A CLERGYMAN asked an old servant his reasons for believing in the existence of a God.

"Sir," said he, "I see one man get sick. The doctor comes to him, gives him medicine; the next day he is better; he gives him another dose, it does him good; he keeps on till he gets about his business. Another man gets sick like the first one; the doctor comes to see him; he gives him the same sort of medicine; it does him no good, he gets worse all the time, till he dies. Now that man's time to die had come, and all the doctors in the world can't cure him. One year I work in the corn-field, plough deep, dig up grass, and make nothing but nubbins. Next year I work the same way; the rain and dew come, and make a good crop. I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the sun rise in the east and set in the west. It ain't so with man's works. He makes clocks and watches; they run well for a while, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun, and moon, and stars, keep on in the same way all the while. There is a power which makes one man die and another get well; that sends the rain, and keeps every thing in motion."

What a beautiful comment is here furnished by an unlettered African on the language of the Psalmist: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."



Launching a Ship.

"FATHER, what are those great sheds for by the side of the river? See, there are great ships under them, only without any masts."

"Those are ships being built, my son, and the sheds are to keep the wood from getting wet."

"Why, that is taking useless trouble, for the ships are always in the water after they are built."

"True; but if the wood is put together when wet, it soon becomes rotten."

"But, father, how can they put those great ships in the water?"

"If you look, you will see that the ground on which they stand is sloping."

"Yes; but how can a ship slide down a slope without upsetting? The keel

of a ship, you know, father, is quite narrow, so how can they balance such a great thing on so narrow a bottom?"

"When the ship is finished," said his father, "they contrive to support it, not on the keel, but on a great frame of wood, the top of which is fixed to each side of the ship, and the lower part of the frame rests on long sloping pieces of timber, which extend some distance into the water. This frame is called the cradle of a ship, and the long pieces of timber the launch-ways. The cradle rests upon the ways—but mind, it is not fastened to them. The upper surface of the ways is well greased, so that the cradle may slide easily along them. When it is wished to put the ship into the water, the props and blocks of wood

which supported it while it was building are knocked away, and then the ship rests upon the cradle, but is kept from sliding down by a few props called dog-shores. At the appointed hour these dog-shores are also knocked away and the ship slides gently into the water."

"Oh, how I wish I could see a ship launched," said George.

"It is, indeed, an interesting scene, and in ancient times was regarded as a season of great mirth and festivity. But in late times the launching of a ship has become a matter of so common occurrence that it excites, in general, but very little attention. People turn out—perhaps a thousand or two—just to see it, and then return peaceably to their homes."

"But tell me, father, how they used to show their mirth at the launching of a ship?"

"The sailors who were present at the launch were dressed for the occasion and crowned with wreaths. The ship, too, was bedecked with streamers and garlands. As soon as she was fairly afloat she was purified, as the ceremony was called, by means of a lighted torch, an egg, and some brimstone. You have observed that many vessels have on their prow, a carved image of a man or woman, called a *figure-head*. Among the ancients it was customary to represent by the figure-head the god they worshipped, and they usually consecrated the ship to this god. Sometimes in our days, and especially in Europe, they have great feasting and merriment; but instead of the torch, the egg, and brimstone, the

oldest sailor on board breaks a bottle of some liquid—water among temperance folks—and pours it over the head of the figure."

"But is a vessel ready for sea as soon as launched?" said George.

"By no means. The hull of the vessel is completed, and some times the masts are put in, but not always. After it is launched it has to be rigged. When the ropes, and spars, and sails, are all put up, and the ship spreads her canvass to the breeze, she is one of the most graceful objects in the world."

Riddle.

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes graced
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragged me from my mother's side.
No wonder now I look so thin,
The tyrant stripped me to the skin;
My skin he flayed, my hair he cropp'd,
At head and foot my body lopp'd;
And then with heart more hard than stone,
To vex me more, he took a freak,
To slit my tongue, and make me speak;
But, what quite wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies;
To me he chiefly gives his trust,
To please his malice or his lust;
From me no secret he can hide,
I see his vanity and pride;
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.



Brick Making.

THE manufacture of brick is a very important department of industry, and gives employment to a great many men in the United States, brick being the most common material used in the building of houses, especially in cities and villages.

The process of manufacture is as follows:—A place is selected where there is abundance of clay and where fine sand can be easily procured, and the first thing to be done is to prepare a large level spot by evening the surface, and rolling it till it is hard and smooth as a floor: then the clay is thrown up in large quantities, and being hard and

lumpy it is put into a sort of mill, such as you see represented in the cut, and which is moved by a horse attached to a long sweep such as is used in cider-mills. By this process of grinding the clay becomes fine, and being mixed with water and sand in right proportions, is in a suitable state for moulding. This process is also represented in the cut. A table is erected, and moulds or wooden boxes, just the size of the bricks, are then filled with the clay and sand mixture, and carefully laid out on the smooth level above mentioned and exposed to the sun to dry. In the manufacture of the nicer qualities of brick,

they are subjected to a heavy pressure while in the mould; this makes them smoother and more compact, and much more valuable for outside walls. Such brick are called face-brick. When the unburnt bricks have been exposed to the sun a sufficient time to harden them a little, they are then removed and laid up in immense stacks called kilns, and in such a way that a fire being built under them will pervade every part, and subject them to an intense heat. In a large kiln this fire is kept up day and night for more than a week. When the bricks are burned enough the fire is permitted to go out, and they are then ready for use. The usual size of a brick is eight inches by four, and two inches thick, but they are sometimes made larger. We have recently seen an account of a kind of brick used in some of the Western States, made about a foot thick and hollow, in consequence of which they do not absorb the moisture, and a house built of them will be warm.

Bricks derive their color from the quality of the clay used. In most parts of the United States they are of a dark reddish color, but in Wisconsin and Illinois they are of a buff color. Most of the bricks used in London and other parts of England are of a dark yellowish color.

A Puzzle.

OUR family is larger, but not much more than one-third as large as that of Jacob, when he went to Egypt; but like the family of that patriarch, we often migrate to other countries. We are scattered about in every direction, and do not keep together, whether at home or abroad. We aim to be useful in all conditions of life, and are on terms of intimacy with the highest and lowest ranks of men. Sometimes we are masters, and then we are slaves. We are not unfrequently found in bad company, but we are more at home, and are more respected by the good and intelligent.

In the department of literature we are quite at home, and have had a hand in making more books than any other people on earth. We are always found wherever the English language is spoken, and when we go forth together we are arrayed in platoons like soldiers. We have all of us served in the army and navy, are well known in all military schools, and are at hand whenever generals of the army are writing military documents.

Though we usually go forth in systematic order, we are seldom arranged twice alike, and what is more strange still, though we do not number half a hundred, we can be so arranged as to make about 50,000 rows, no two of which will be exactly alike. What do you think is our *family* name.

NATURE.—“All things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.”—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

SUSPICION is the mark of a mean spirit and a base soul.

Balloon Travels.

[Continued from page 333.]

James. These Turks are a very strange people,—different in dress, complexion, manners, temper, and religion from the other nations of Europe. Indeed, they hardly seem to belong to this quarter of the globe.

Merry. That is quite true, they are of Asiatic origin, and still bear an Oriental stamp.

Ellen. But, Mr. Merry, are not all of Asiatic origin?

Merry. That is the general belief.

Ellen. What, then, is the difference, in this respect, between the Turks and other European nations?

Merry. The ancestors of the other nations of Europe, as the English, French, Germans, &c., came from Asia two or three thousand years ago, while the ancestors of the Turks came from Asia only four hundred years ago. And beside, the religion, manners and customs of the Turks, are like those which prevail extensively in Asia, and are unlike those which prevail in Europe.

James. Won't you tell us, Mr. Merry, the way in which Europe was peopled from Asia, and also give us an account of the origin and progress of the Turks.

Ellen. Oh, yes, it will be very interesting.

Merry. But who will watch the balloon while I am talking history to you?

James. I will, Mr. Merry.

Merry. Well, let it drift along, just as it is. We are sailing over Asia Minor

now, but there is nothing of particular interest in this quarter. Here, Ellen, just keep an eye with James upon the balloon, will you?

Ellen. Certainly.

Merry. Well, as I said, it is the general belief that all the nations of the earth sprung from Adam and Eve, and that these were situated in the Garden of Eden, no doubt in the valley of the River Euphrates. After the flood, people multiplied very rapidly in this valley, and thence some migrated into Africa, and settled in Egypt and Arabia; others migrated into Asia Minor, and thence passed into Greece, where they established the Grecian States; others still proceeded to the eastward and settled in India and China. These things took place four or five thousand years ago.

In this manner the different quarters of the globe were occupied by mankind. But in the course of many hundreds of years a very curious change took place. The people living in very hot countries, and dwelling almost always in the open air, and going without any clothing, grew very black, and by degrees came to have woolly hair, the sun having crisped and wrinkled it just as if it had been burnt by a barber's curling tongs. Thus originated in Africa the race of negroes. The people living in cold countries being obliged to cover their bodies by clothing, and to live a great

deal of the time in houses, and the sun also being often obscured by clouds, their skin, of course, became white, their hair fine and light-colored, and their eyes the color of the blue sky. Thus originated the people of the north of Europe.

Other causes operated, also, to change the complexion, form, stature, and character of mankind, and to divide them into distinct races. Some people living along the seashore, and eating nothing but fish, after several generations became little oily, fat fellows, like the Laplanders. Others dwelling in mountains, and living by hunting wild animals, inasmuch as they had generous food, and used a great deal of exercise, became tall, strong, and energetic, like the Georgians and Circassians.

The habits of people were changed in a similar manner. In hot countries, where Nature supplied abundance of fruits, and where clothing and shelter were not needed, the people continued to be lazy, poor, and degraded, like the negroes, from generation to generation. In countries where winter prevails several months in the year, the people, being compelled to raise food by cultivating the soil, and laying up a stock of food, being also obliged to make warm clothing, and to build strong, light houses, so that they might not perish in the long cold winters, became industrious, frugal, and instructed in many arts. Here architecture, or the art of building houses, sprung up; here manufacture, or the art of making clothing of fur, wool, cotton, flax, &c., as well as

the art of making furniture for houses, also the art of making tools of all kinds, were begun and brought to perfection.

People living upon the borders of the sea, after a time, learnt to make boats, and then ships, and finally they became a nation of sailors. At first they went from one place to another as pirates or robbers, like the early Greeks, but at length they became traders. They bought articles produced in one country and exchanged them for the products of other countries. This was what we call commerce. In order to accommodate this traffic, cities were built on the shores of the sea, where there were good harbors, and here people from all the surrounding country brought such articles as they had and sold them. Some had found gold and silver and precious stones, some had collected furs, some had cultivated wheat, and rye, and fruits, and flax, and cotton. All these things were bought by the merchants of the cities, either for the food of the people there, or for the use of the manufacturers, or for the purpose of being sent by sea to other cities in exchange for more necessary articles produced there.

In these and various other ways, we see how it was that mankind, in the progress of thousands of years, though they all sprang from Adam and Eve, became changed in complexion, and form, and character; how they became broken into separate nations, and how these separate nations became devoted to different pursuits. Nor is this all. In

these different communities different forms of government sprang up, different religions came into vogue; and thus, the great human family not only presented a diversity of personal appearance, but the greatest variety of ideas, tastes, languages, fashions, and fancies.

In this way we easily account for what history teaches us, that while all the nations of the earth are of one kindred, in their origin, they have, through the influences of climate, local positions, and the tendency to diversity implanted in the physical nature of our race, become divided into thousands of distinct tribes, speaking different languages, and having different institutions, social, political, and religious.

At the present day we see a great part of the world occupied by civilized nations; but it was not so two or three thousand years ago. Then all Europe was in a wild state, like our Western territories, and occupied by a few roving savages. Two thousand years ago France and England, and all Germany, were inhabited by barbarians, who lived by hunting, war, and plunder. They worshipped idols, sacrificed human victims, and even feasted on human flesh.

These rude people had come from Central Asia, which we call Tartary. There, as it appears, mankind increased very rapidly, and every little while a whole tribe or nation would quit their houses and emigrate into the new territories of Europe. They often moved in vast bodies, many thousands at a time. Their houses were tents, which they carried with them. They took their wives and

children, and their horses and cattle; sometimes their houses, consisting of tents, were set on wheels, forming a kind of wagon. Here the wife and children slept, and here the few necessary articles of furniture were kept.

When they came to a fine, rich plain or valley, they would often stay several summers, and perhaps cultivate the soil. After a time they moved on. When they met with another nation or tribe, they two would fight, and the strongest would rob the other. Thus for thousands of years the surplus population of Central Asia was forced into Europe wave after wave. Thus came the Celts or Gauls, who settled in France; thus came the Saxons, who settled first in Germany and then conquered England; thus came the Scoti, who migrated through Spain and Ireland to Scotland; thus came the Danes, the Swedes, and Norwegians, called Normans or Northmen; thus came the Goths, Vandals, Huns, and various tribes of Germans, who at last quitted their homes in the north of Europe by thousands, and moving southward, established themselves all around the rich and populous borders of the Mediterranean Sea.

This great movement changed the whole face of the civilized world, inasmuch as it extinguished the arts, refinements, books, paintings, statues, and other fruits of civilization, and established over Europe the Dark Ages, which continued a thousand years.

This fall of Rome before the barbarians of the North, took place in the fifth century, that is, 1400 years ago.

Though the result was a long period of ignorance, violence, and superstition, yet at last light began to dawn from this sullen night of ages. One by one the present kingdoms of Europe were founded, and gradually advanced in power, knowledge, wealth, and general influence. Thus, in due time, Europe was occupied by new races, the old ones being swept away, or mingled with the people who had conquered them. These new races, though sprung from the rude and savage emigrants of Central Asia, were still of European birth. For many hundreds of years, they and their fathers had been possessors of the soil. Their complexion, forms, features, habits, manners, language, had all changed, and had conformed to their new countries and its climate.

This was the state of things when, about five hundred years ago, the Turks began to invade Europe. This people, like those we have described, originated in Central Asia, where are still to be found small tribes just like their remote ancestors. The present Ottoman Empire dates back for 800 years, when Seljuk, a Tartar chief, was compelled to quit the court of Bighoo, Khan of the Kipjack Empire, about 1000, A. D. He settled in the region of Samarcund, and there founded a small state. He was a man of great talents, and died at the great age of 107 years. One of his grandsons was the famous Togrul Beg. Being upon the throne, he sent an ambassador to Mahmoud, Emperor of Ghizni, then a flourishing empire,

within the present limits of Afghanistan, and which had swallowed up a great part of Persia.

When Mahmoud asked about the country which the ambassador represented, he replied, "Send one of the two arrows I hold in my hand to our camp, and fifty thousand horse will come to your orders; send the other arrow, and fifty thousand men will come; but dispatch my bow, and two hundred thousand will march hither at your command!" This reply is said to have filled the heart of the proud monarch of Ghizni with terror, for he seemed to foresee what soon happened—the subjection of his own empire by the numerous and restless Tartars of the North.

Togrul Beg, conscious of his power, soon enlarged his dominions by the conquest of the territories adjoining him. He conquered the northern portion of the province of Khorassan, now a part of Persia, and then a portion of the Gaznavide Empire, and was crowned as khan or king at Nishapoor, A. D. 1078.

Thus the dynasty of the Seljukian Turkey was founded, and this may be considered as the remote beginning of the Ottoman Empire. Alp Arslam succeeded his father Togrul Beg, and greatly extended his dominions; he even had wars with the Greek Empire, and took one of its emperors prisoner, whom, by the way, he generously set at liberty. Thus began the contest between the Turks and the Greeks, which ended in the overthrow of the latter, and the establishment of the former, in the capital of Constantinople.

The Seljukian kingdom continued for nearly 150 years, at one time having conquered Persia, Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt. At length, however, the monarchs sunk into insignificance, and became mere fragments of the Mogul Emperors. But in the course of their wars, these Turks had established a small kingdom in Asia Minor, the first sultan of whom was called Solyman. Under his successors this was mostly frittered away, and the greater part of their possessions passed to the hands of their enemies. But after a time a very curious event happened.

It seems that another Turkish chief, called Solyman, fled from Tartary before the invasions of the Mogul conquerors. The fugitives took with them their wives, children, sheep and cattle. For seven years they found shelter in Armenia, but then, thinking that the storm of war was blown over, they set out to return to their home, which was then called Kharism. In crossing the Euphrates their leader was drowned. The command was divided between his four sons, and the whole tribe was thus divided into four bodies.

One of the leaders was called Ortogrul, and having about 400 people, he returned to make his way back to the former possessions of his ancestors in Asia Minor. At this time, the several occupants of these territories were at war with each other, and Ortogrul justly concluded that he would have a chance of redeeming his fortunes among a people thus divided.

One day as he was marching along,

he fell in with two armies in fierce conflict. Without stopping to inquire into the cause of the dispute, or the character of the combatants, Ortogrul took the generous resolution to help the weaker party. Accordingly he struck into the thickest of the fight with his warriors, and this unexpected assistance determined the victory on the side he had chosen. The conqueror proved to be the Seljukian chief Aladdin, who rewarded Ortogrul by the present of a district in the mountainous borders of Bithynia, well suited to the pasturage of the sheep and cattle belonging to the tribe. This took place A. D. 1280.

It appears that at this time there was a Turkish sultan who held the city and state of Iconium, which was a fragment of the kingdom founded in Asia Minor by Solyman. He was engaged in constant wars with the emperors of Constantinople, who not only held the territories formerly belonging to the Greek Empire in Europe, but claimed all Asia Minor, as well as other possessions in that quarter. Ortogrul soon distinguished himself as a warrior, and rapidly extended his dominions. He was at length appointed commander of the forces of the Sultan of Iconium, and was thus enabled still further to extend his territories and his power.

On the death of Ortogrul, his son Ottoman was chosen to succeed him, on account of his superior bravery. He is generally considered as the founder of the Turkish Empire, and which from him is called the *Ottoman Empire*. He was a favorite with the Sultan of Ico-

nium, who authorized him to hold as his own any Christian lands or estates he might conquer. The young warrior did not fail to profit by this permission, and so rapidly did his territories increase that the Turkish emirs or princes, who held estates in that quarter, became jealous of him, and laid a plan for killing him.

This was to take place at the castle of a distinguished emir or chief, on the occasion of his wedding, to which Ottoman was invited. He was warned of the plot, and determined to have his revenge. So he accepted the invitation, but begged that his mother and her female attendants might be present. This request was granted. At last, the day of ceremony arrived, and the guests began to assemble. There now appeared a long train in female attire, but all closely veiled. They were said to be the mother of Ottoman and her friends, and therefore were admitted into the castle, though the chief himself and his knights were gone to fetch the bride. But no sooner had these seeming women entered the castle than they threw off their veils, and to the horror and amazement of the people around, they were the body guard of Ottoman, armed to the teeth! In a moment they struck down the few soldiers that attempted resistance, and speedily possessed themselves of the castle.

About this time, Ottoman himself went with a chosen band in search of the bridal party. He soon found them, on their way to the castle. The bride was exceedingly beautiful, and her dress

was glittering with the rich jewels of the East. Ottoman and his soldiers attacked the escort of the bride, and a fierce battle ensued. The bridegroom, who was greatly enraged, singled out Ottoman, and for a long time they fought together. Such was the terrible fierceness of the encounter that the other combatants suspended their conflict and looked on with mingled wonder and fear. At last Ottoman slew his competitor, and the bride was carried off in triumph. Thus he not only baffled the plot of his enemies, but he gained a castle and a large tract of territory. So that the beautiful lady might still be a bride, he gave her to his son as a wife, and she seemed to be very well satisfied with the arrangement.

James. That is really a very romantic story.

Ellen. It is rather bloody and violent, however.

Merry. Such is the character of all Eastern history, as well as all Eastern romance.

Ellen. Yes, and is it not wonderful that we are not shocked and revolted by such stories; yet, in point of fact, we seem to be fascinated by them?

Merry. It is certainly so. We read accounts, with great interest, of events and scenes, which, were they actually to happen before our eyes, would sicken our hearts with terror and disgust. The reason is, that in these cases the imagination only paints the general view—the mere lights and shades—while it hides the details. In general, these scenes are represented as taking

place in some distant region, perhaps in some remote age of history, and this distance of time, or place throws a veil over the grisly horrors of scenes of death and violence. If you look at a distant mountain, it seems smooth, and gentle, and soft, yet were you to visit it, you would find it made up of ghostly ravines, wild precipices, heavy forests, rugged cliffs, and dusky vales. Distance clothes it with the azure of the atmosphere, and hence the poet says,

“Distance lends enchantment to the view.”

There is in the human imagination something like this azure, which throws an enchanting mist over the blood, and agony, and terrors of history, and endows its scenes with the enchantment of romance.

Ellen. I am delighted to hear this explanation of what had often seemed so strange to me. But in regard to the bride you have just spoken of, Mr. Merry, it seems to me no romance can make her appear amiable, for she seems all at once to have given up her lover and taken another, and one who was probably concerned in the death of the first!

James. Why, of course, she thought it better to have a living husband than a dead lover!

Ellen. Oh, James, what a speech!

Laura. Oh, James, how can you talk so!

Lucy. Oh, James, you are a real Seth!

Anne. Oh, James, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Ellen. I'm astonished at you, James!

Laura. I couldn't have believed such a thing of you, James!

Lucy. I never heard such a speech before!

Anne. I can hardly believe my ears!

Merry. Stop, stop! No more of this. Why, you'll set the gas on fire, and our balloon will be burnt up, and we shall all be tumbled down some eight or ten thousand feet.

Seth. Well, Mr. Merry, suppose instead of taking a tumble we just stop down below here and get something to eat. That's a long story you've been telling, and I am real hungry.

Merry. Your appetite seems to be always pretty sharp, Seth.

Seth. Yes, especially after a discourse on history, or geography, or philosophy.

Ellen. Suppose we do stop, Mr. Merry, for there is a very curious looking town beneath us, and I should like to visit it.

Merry. If you will look at the map, Ellen, and follow our track a little you will see that it is the town of Keneyeh, the ancient Iconium.

Ellen. What, the seat of the Turkish Sultan of which you have been telling us?

Merry. The very same.

Ellen. Oh, do let us stop there!

All the Children. Agreed, agreed!

And so the party of aerial voyagers let the balloon descend, and speedily found themselves in the street of the strange old Turkish town of Keneyeh.

S. G. G.

[To be continued.]



Destruction of a Rhinoceros in India.

SOME short time ago intelligence was received on board one of the Company's pilot schooners, cruising off Saugor Island, at the mouth of the river Hoogly, that a rhinoceros had lately infested the neighboring villages, and that the animal had destroyed several of the native ryots. A beast of this kind is seldom seen in this quarter, though it is impossible to ascertain how numerous they may be in the interior of the Island, or in the sunderbunds contiguous to it. In consequence of this information, Lieut. Souter and a Mr. Lewis, an officer in the pilot service, agreed to put, if possible, a stop to any further mischief there might arise from so formidable an enemy being suffered to remain at large; and, as they were aware that neither muskets nor rifles would have any immediate effect on the horny mail of the animals, they provided themselves with two six-pound carronades, which they contrived

to convey into an adjacent portion of the jungle, close to a large tank, which the beast was in the habit of nightly frequenting, in order to slake his thirst. There was one track which he favored, leading down to one of the sides of the tank. Having directed the guns to a particular spot in this path, loaded with grape, they, by means of a rope ladder, ascended a soondree tree, situated on the opposite side, from which position they could conveniently command an opportunity of discovering, by the aid of the moon's light, any animal that might pass that way. Having waited patiently for more than two hours, they beheld a large beast coming down the defile, when Lieut. Souter descended by the ladder, and, waiting a favorable opportunity of bringing one of the guns to bear upon the beast, applied the fuse to it, and discharged the contents in a volley at the object. After some moments they cau-

tiously reconnoitered the spot, but could discover no signs of their having done execution, and consequently returned that night to the vessel. In the morning, however, attended by a company of Lascars, and some natives of the neighborhood, they repaired to the scene of the last night's excursion, and on advancing some little way into the jungle they detected the beast apparently reclining at the base of a soondree tree. Not quite satisfied that he was dead, they ascended an adjacent tree, and discharged their rifles at him, but finding that he remained motionless, the Lascars ventured to approach nearer to him, when they pronounced him lifeless. On examination, it was found that three of the shot had penetrated deeply into his body. Being too cumbersome to remove, they cut a few strips or thongs from the hide, which they brought away, and took to Calcutta as trophies of their success in killing so formidable an enemy.

The Man with the Iron Mask.

IN the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, a mysterious captive, with his face concealed by a black mask, was confined successively in the fortress of Pignerol, in that of the Isle of Saint Marguerite, and lastly in the Bastile. His imprisonment included a period of twenty-four years, during which he was always in custody of the Signor de St. Mars, who was consecutively the commandant or governor of all these fortresses. In April, 1687, the masked prisoner was brought from Pignerol to St. Marguerite, which is an island in the Mediterranean on the coast of Provence. He was carried in a chair so closely covered with oil-cloth as to conceal him entirely; eight men were in attendance to carry it in turn, being accompanied by a guard of soldiers and St. Mars the governor. His island prison was a room in one of the towers of the fortress facing the north, lighted by a single window set in a very thick stone wall. This casement was guarded by bars of iron and looked out upon the sea—and here he remained in rigid confinement for eleven years. It has been related that, while imprisoned in this place, the unknown captive wrote something with a knife upon one of his silver plates and threw the plate from the window, towards a boat which was moored near the foot of the tower. A fisherman picked up the plate and honestly carried it to the governor, who, much surprised, inquired if he had read the writing upon it. "I do not know how to read," answered the fisherman; "I have just found the plate, and no one else has seen it." He was, nevertheless, detained within the fort for several days; and, when dismissing him with a

reward, the governor said, "Go, you are very fortunate in not knowing how to read."

It is also asserted that, on another occasion, the prisoner wrote all over a fine shirt, which was seen floating on the water just under his window, by a friar of this island. This priest was so conscientious as to carry it directly to St. Mars, who pressed him eagerly to tell him if he had read it. Though the friar positively denied having done so, yet knowing that he of course was able to read, the governor still doubted his veracity. Two days afterwards this friar was found dead in his bed.

In the autumn of 1698, the unknown captive was transferred to the Bastile, of which St. Mars was appointed commandant. The journey from the southern coast of France to the city of Paris was, in those days, a very long one. The mysterious prisoner was carried in a litter, a closely-curtained vehicle slung between two horses. The litter was guarded by soldiers on horseback and accompanied by the carriage of Saint Mars, at whose own estate of Palteau—which was near the road—they passed a night and part of two days.

The prisoner was of tall stature and remarkably fine figure. His face was covered by a mask of black velvet, strengthened and shaped with whalebone, and fastened behind with a small padlock, of which St. Mars always kept the key. This mask was erroneously reported to be made of iron, and the belief became so general—notwithstanding the impossibility of any human being

continuing long in existence with a covering of that metal perpetually on his face—that "the man with the iron mask" is the appellation by which this unfortunate personage has always been distinguished. The name by which St. Mars addressed him was Marchiali: but it was understood to be fictitious, and merely adopted because of the necessity that those about him should, for their own convenience, call him something.

During the journey from St. Marguerite to Paris, the governor always sat opposite to him at table, with a loaded pistol on each side of his plate, that he might shoot the prisoner in case he attempted to discover himself, even to the single domestic that waited on them at meals. The dishes were left in the ante-room, and brought to the eating-department by this servant, who carefully locked the door whenever he came in. A bed was put up for St. Mars, close to that of his charge, that he might keep him in view during the night.

In the afternoon that they arrived at the Bastile the masked captive was immediately shut up in one of the lower rooms; but at nine in the evening he was conducted by Dujonca, the king's lieutenant—who relates the circumstance—to an apartment prepared for him in that part of the building called the Ber-taudiere tower, where he wore away the last five years of his melancholy existence. His face was always concealed by the black mask, and never seen even by his physician. He was evidently of a dark or brown complexion, and his hair was tinged with gray. His skin was ex-

tremely fine and smooth, and his voice remarkably agreeable. He was only permitted to speak to the governor St. Mars, to Rosarges the major-domo, to Reilh the surgeon, and to Girault the chaplain of the Bastile. He was allowed sometimes to hear mass in the chapel of that fortress, passing thither through the court-yard between a line of soldiers, all ranged with their muskets presented, and having orders to fire on him if he spoke. He read much in the solitude of his tower, and was frequently heard to play on the guitar.

The prisoner with the mask died in the Bastile, on the 19th of November, 1703, after a few hours' illness; expiring so suddenly that the chaplain, who was sent for to administer the last sacrament, had only time to address a few words to his parting spirit. The date of his arrival at the Bastile under the name of Marchiali, with the day and hour of his death, were regularly registered on the archives of that gloomy prison, and inspected long after by many persons whose curiosity led them to examine into the few facts that glimmer through the mist which will most probably rest for ever on his history.

On the day that followed the close of his life and sufferings, the body of the unknown captive was wrapped in a winding sheet of fine new linen, and interred in the cemetery of St. Paul's Church in Paris. There is a tradition of a gentleman having bribed the sexton to open the grave and allow him to look at the corpse of Marchiali the night after its burial. On removing the coffin

lid it was found the head was not there, a stone being in place of it.

Immediately after the death of the prisoner, orders were received at the Bastile to destroy every thing that had been used in his service. His clothes, bedding, and bedstead were burnt, as were the tables and chairs belonging to his room; the window frame and the door were burnt also. Whatever was made of silver or any other metal was melted down, and some articles were pounded to powder, even the glass of his window and his mirror. The tiles that paved the floor were all taken up lest he should have concealed under them something that might lead to the disclosure of his real name and story; everything beneath was carefully scraped away, and the pavement replaced by a new one. Even the ceiling was taken away and replaced by another; the walls were also plastered anew. It was obvious that great apprehensions were entertained of his having left some indications which might tend to the discovery of a secret, that even after death was never to be disclosed.

For more than a century, conjecture has been busy as to the true history of this remarkable prisoner, about whom so many extraordinary precautions were taken by the government of France; various theories being adopted concerning his identity, with numerous conjectures as to the cause of his long and rigorous captivity, and the unremitting concealment of his face. Very plausible evidence has been adduced—particularly within the last few years—to show that

the person called the man with the iron mask could be no other than Count Matthioli, the confidential secretary and first minister of Charles Ferdinand duke of Mantua. With this Prince, Louis the Fourteenth had entered into a private negotiation for the purchase of his chief city. But the faithful secretary dissuaded the duke of Mantua from selling any part of his dominions, and induced him to break off the treaty and unite himself with the other princes of Italy in oppressing and curbing the ambitious encroachments of the king of France. Count Matthioli went to Rome, Venice, Geneva, and other Italian states, and succeeded so well as to detach them all from the interest of France; and he finally repaired to Turin with the same intention. The French government, however, had been secretly informed of all these missions, and was therefore highly incensed against the Mantuan minister. Now that he was so near the territories of the king of France, a design was formed to entrap him for punishment, and by shutting him up in secret to prevent his farther interference with any plans against Italy. Marshal Catinat—who commanded the French troops in that part of the frontier—invited Matthioli to a meeting in the vicinity of Pignerol. Here Catinat awaited him with some officers and soldiers; and, contrary to the law of nations, Matthioli, the subject and minister of a foreign prince, was immediately arrested, and conducted to the fortress of Pignerol, which was the commencement of his long and strict captivity. His wife re-

tired to a convent of nuns in Bologna.

That the man with the iron mask was Count Matthioli is the latest, and probably the truest explanation of a mystery which perhaps will never be more clearly elucidated. This opinion was first suggested about sixty years ago, and has been recently revived. The belief generally prevailing throughout the last century, regarded the unknown captive—for the concealment of whose identity such extraordinary precautions were taken both when living and dead—as a person of much higher rank and consequence than the secretary of an Italian prince.

Voltaire, and other writers, asserted their conviction that the man with the iron mask was in reality a twin brother of Louis the Fourteenth. According to their statement, it had been reported at court that a herdsman who professed the power of prophecy, had predicted that if there should be two dauphins in France, their rival claims to the throne would convulse the whole kingdom and deluge it in blood. The rage of superstition had not yet gone by.

On the birth of the twin princes the expedient was adopted of concealing one of them, but keeping him alive in case the death of his brother should leave the crown without an heir, and make it expedient to produce him. He was, therefore, sent to a remote place at the southern extremity of the kingdom, and there brought up in secret; while his more fortunate brother was presented to the world as dauphin of France and successor to the throne.

The story goes that after the rejected prince had grown up, the resemblance of his features to those of his brother—who was now Louis the Fourteenth—became so striking, as to make it dangerous to allow him to be seen, lest the truth should be guessed and a party raised in his favor. It was, therefore, considered expedient to cover his face with a perpetual mask, and to shut him up for life, in the custody of one who could be trusted with the secret.

Voltaire's version of the story of the man with the iron mask, whether true or false, has always been the most popular; and he hints being in the confidence of some one who owns the facts. It seems to offer the best explanation for the importance that was certainly attached to the prisoner; for the concealment of his features; for the unremitting closeness with which he was watched while living; and for the apprehensions of discovery, which even his death could not allay. It is supposed that both the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Louis were acquainted with the secret, and that it is probably known to the few surviving descendants of the old royal family of France.

Riddle.

LEAGUE after league it hurrieth thee,
Yet never quits its place;
It hath no wings wherewith to flee
Yet wafts thee over space!
It is the fleetest boat that e'er
The wildest wanderer bore:
As swift as thought itself to bear
From shore to farthest shore;
It's here, and there, and everywhere,
Ere yet a moment's o'er!

Answer to Riddle

On Page 216.

Mr. MERRY, I have puzzled my head over "Dick,"
Till suspicion suggested my own head was thick;
But as Franklin, and other good sages assure us,
That patience and *calm* perseverance secure us,
That difficult treasures they always must lose,
Who, to gain them, industrious effort refuse,
I went at it again, and kept digging and digging
In quest of the wit that friend Richard was big
in,
Till now, I imagine, I reckon, I guess,
I think, I opine, I calculate,—yes,
I know, I am sure, I have caught Master Dick,
And this is the clue to his dexterous trick.
He wishes to show us that in composition,
Regard must be had to a proper division
Of syllables, words, and sentences, too,
And to good punctuation attention is due.
Well, the master said *add*, and Dick answered
clear,
That "*here*" placed after it would make it *adhere*,
Which, to any plain school-boy, whose head
is not a brick,
Is a prime definition of friend Richard's "*stick*."
The master alarmed for his dignity then,
Pointed Dick to the stocks, and said something
of "*in*;"
Dick coolly replied, "*here*" after it, sure,
Would make it "*inhere*," or stick fast as before.
And when the vexed master, in threatening a
blow,
Talked of placing his rod and Dick's shoulders
in "*Co.*;"
Dick answered "*here*" after it would make it
"*cohere*,"
Or stick faster together, and nothing's more
clear.
From all which I hold, and no one will doubt,
That Dick is a lad who knows what he's about.
FRANCIS DICKINS.

TRUTH—When a man has no design
but to speak plain truth, he may say a
great deal in a very narrow compass.—
Steele.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

SHELBUEN, Nov. 1, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—How is it that no one has yet solved the "*Enigma of Enigmas*," put forth some months ago. So far as I have seen, no one has attempted it. Mr. Hatchet promised to do it himself if no one else did. His promise is long delayed, but we look for it yet; well knowing, that in these hard times, all good hatchets must be fully employed in chopping out a living for their owners. We therefore readily excuse the delay. This suggests a question which puzzles me. I will state it in a pair of syllogisms, as we are taught to do at school. 1. All hatchets are the property of some person. Your assistant is a hatchet. Therefore your assistant is property. 2. All persons held as property are slaves. Hatchet seems to be a person, and by syllogism first must be property. Therefore Hatchet is a slave.

I mean no irreverence. I have a great respect for some slaves. Æsop was one whom the world honors. But excuse me, I must close.

Yours respectfully,

H. ALSOP.

No marvel that Alsop thinks well of Æsop. They must have been cousins, or something nearer, some generations back. But Hatchet agrees with him. Hatchet is a slave, the bona fide property of a wife and five children, to say nothing of sundry shares in the same, claimed by the large family of Merrys, though it would puzzle one wiser than Æsop to cipher out a reasonable relationship between the two names. The Hatchets are too sharp to be merry, and the Merrys are too good-natured to be sharp. I leave Alsop to arrange the matter to his own liking, and proceed to the "*Enigma of Enigmas*." Alsop has not kept as sharp a look-out as Hatchet has. One correspondent, page 224, has attempted an answer, but did not hit the right word. She found a better one, however, than the original, since, as she says, she made a hundred and seventeen words out of it. Please, Mary, send on those words for the amusement of the family, and I will promise to give you, in the January number, a full answer to the original enigma.

By the way, there is an enigma on page 254, furnished by S. S. T., which no one has fully answered yet. Now, if Alsop, or Mary, or any one of the guessing family of Merry, will try a hand on that, and let us have the result by the 10th of December, I will tell them a secret which will, no doubt, be interesting to the whole family, and which, at the present time, not one of them has any idea of.

Furthermore, I wish some of you would inform me how it was ascertained that the Maltese cat has three tails. Please don't attempt to get round the question, as Franklin did with the fish story, by denying the facts, but meet it fair and square on its logical merits. I have seen a Maltese cat, and know how many tails she has.

Seeing you are crowding me for answers, I will give you something to do. Try your hand at the following

REBUS.

From a name that to matrons is rightly applied
Take a gentleman's name; to what's left beside
Add all that in man would be visibly left
If either extreme from his body were cleft;
Annex then the difference between this fair world
And that which from chaos its beauties unfurled;
To these add the leavings when out of the play
The actor has drawn his exorbitant pay;
You have thus found a word that at once will suggest
Pleasant walks, cooling shades, and agreeable rest,
(Or if a mechanic, 'twill speak like a charm,
Of huge, heavy blows from the bare brawny arm.)
From whose letters the whole you may boldly abstract,
And yet have a thousand remainder—exact.

HATCHET.

JERSEY, OHIO, Sept. 25th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have concluded to take my pen again to congratulate you on your safe return; also to say that I received the October number of the Museum to-day, that I am highly pleased to see so many prize sentences, glad, too, that my name was not attached to mine, though I wished very much that I could pick out a cousin's in New Jersey. As she knows that I have only just commenced the study of Grammar, she might not wonder at a blunder in mine. I love the Museum dearly. It does not take me long to read it, and then comes the puzzles, which I love most dearly. I have written several, thinking to send them to you, then thought they were not worth it, and that if you should publish them my black-eyed cousin might laugh at my attempts, though I should like to see what I never have seen—my name in print. Mr. Merry, I wish to invite you to attend our 4th annual State Fair, at Newark, Ohio; and should you pass through Jersey, on your way from Columbus to Newark, father, mother, sister, brothers, and I, would be most happy to see you at the little brown house just under the hill; it is not the one we hope and expect to occupy next year. Excuse me that I have written so long a letter. I have tried to write it plain. My twelfth birth-day will be the 21st of October.

From your gray-eyed friend,

MARIA C. PIERSON.

MONTEVALLO, Ala., Sept. 25th.

DEAR MR. HATCHET:—My time will soon be out. I am sorry that Pa is not at home, so that I could get a

dollar, and send you for the Museum one year more. If you put this letter in your next, and send it to me, I can surprise Ma with a letter with my name at the bottom. The answer to Arthur Bent's riddle is eight years, one month, and fifteen days. Tell me if that is right.

Yours respectfully,

FRANK SHORTEIDGE.

MARBLEHEAD, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I live in Marblehead. I think it ought to be named Rockhead, for there is no marble here, though there are a great many rocks. There is an old fort that was used in the revolutionary war from which, in summer, you can see five lighthouses. I like your Museum very much, especially Gilbert Goad's stories and the Monthly Chat. Here is a piece of Latin poetry, which I found in an old periodical, edited at Harvard College many years ago. I found out how to read it myself, and thought some of your little friends might like to find it out too.

Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Molli divinis,
O mi de armis tres,
I mi na dis tres.
Cantu disco ver
Meas alo ver?

I am a little girl in my twelfth year. I have shown this letter to mother, and she says I may send it to you. I have a little baby-sister three months old. She can laugh and coo, and I love her dearly.

Your blue-eyed friend,

MINNA.

Write again, Minna, as often as you please, and here's a kiss for the baby.

SOUTH HANOVER, Oct 3d, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—The welcome Museum reached here two days ago. I have perused the "Monthly Chat" with usual interest, and found the answers to the enigmas and conundrums. Answer to Jenny's enigma is "Sir Isaac Newton." Raccoon was misspelled (Rackon). Answer to Willie's is "Phineas T. Barnum." Answer to Carry's is "Carry L. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan." Answer to Norman Thomas's is "General Washington." Answer to Florence F.'s is "Mendana's Archipelago." She did not use the th letter (s) in the enigma. Answer to S. G. W.'s is "Octavius Augustus Caesar." Answer to G. S. Blood's is "New York." Answer to E. D. Redington's is "the Czar Nicholas, and Sultan Abdulmezzed." And to Lelia and Virginia's puzzle is the vowels a, e, i, o, u. The word made of two o's, two n's, an l, and a d, is London. The way to make 10 of 3 perpendicular lines and 6 more added is

$$\begin{array}{c} 1 \\ T \\ \hline 9 \\ \hline 4 \end{array} N^6$$
 We go to bed because the bed won't

come to us. The word used to tie an Indian is ingenuity (ingin-u-i-tie). The word used to indicate a lady taken captive, mistaken (miss-taken).

Truly,

S. J. GILPIN.

WENTWORTH, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—We have taken your very interesting Museum four years. I used to think that you made up the letters in the Monthly Chat, until my sister wrote to you, and I saw her letter. I then thought that I would write, for I should like very much to see my name among your contributors. If you ever visit the White Mountains we shall be very happy, indeed, to see you at Wentworth.

Two years ago, next Christmas, we found the follow-

ing enigma in our stockings, and perhaps it will puzzle the readers of the Museum to find it out. We call it "St. Nick's Enigma."

A sentence composed of 26 letters.

The 9, 13, 5, 6, 2, 20, 15, 14, 4, 1, is what pleases the little baby.

The 8, 18, 4, 16, 12, 17, 23, 14, is what pleases the little boy.

The 4, 18, 15, 8, 19, 7, 12, 10, 23, is what pleases the little girl.

The 11, 5, 4, 14, 21, 25, 26, 24, 22, 26, is what the young miss and lad desire.

My whole is what little boys and girls think a great deal about.

From your friend,

DERISTHE S. HOYT.

GALLATIN, TENN., Oct. 3d, 1854.

MR. MERRY, OR MR. HATCHET:—I send you the following:—

Bonus-vir Novus-vir ivit ad cordam vel habere suas vestes homines mortuos.

Where was Moses when the lamp went out?

PETER SLUG.

WOODLAWN, Oct. 1th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—My father has been a subscriber to your Museum for several years, and I think it is time that his son be a contributor. I have read the Museum with great pleasure ever since we have taken it. Please insert the following

CONUNDRUM.

What is that which has a beard, without any chin, And gets out of bed to be tucked in?

THOMPSON PUGH.

MURFREESBORO, TENN., Oct. 8th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I congratulate you on your happy return, and hope that you enjoyed your trip finely. I have solved some of the Enigmas in the October No. of the Museum.

E. D. Redington's is the names of the Czar Nicholas, and the Sultan.

Tom's subscriber's name is Willie H. Coleman.

G. S. Blood's City, is New York.

H. D. LONG.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I am happy to see that you have returned to the old arm-chair again, safe and sound. We have had fine times with Mr. Hatchet during your absence, and I hope you will induce him to remain and assist us in the Monthly Chat.

The answers to the Enigmas in the October No. are as follows:—

Sir Isaac Newton; Phineas T. Barnum; Carey L. Smith, Mt. Clemens, Michigan; General Washington; Mendana's Archipelago; Octavius Augustus Caesar.

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

WINOOSKI FALLS, VT., Oct. 9th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET:—Dear Sir:—We have but lately subscribed for the Museum, but I hope you will not think it out of the way for me to write to you. I have found the answers to some of the Enigmas in the October number, which please insert, if correct.

The answer to Jenny's Enigma, is Sir Isaac Newton. And Charley Clark's puzzle, ("make a word of two n's, two o's, an l, and a d,") is London.

Norman A. Thomas's Enigma, is General George Washington.

Hoping that I shall be able to send you an Enigma before long, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

F. R. KATHBUN.

The other answers have appeared before.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 26th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—We have taken your Magazine two or three years, but I never tried to find out any of the puzzles until this evening. Mother said, "George, why don't you find out some of these enigmas, instead of teasing the dog? Here is an easy one—get a slate and pencil." I got my slate, and found it out all alone. I like the amusement very much. I am sure my mother will thank you for furnishing quiet employment to a boy eleven years of age, and Frank bow-wows his best thanks. Hoping I have not exceeded the bounds of your patience, I remain yours truly, G. H. N.

A sensible dog, that,—we are glad to find that his little master means to be a sensible man.

The answers given, have appeared before. The answer furnished by Aunt Sue, of Brooklyn, is mislaid.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 28th, 1854.

MR. HATCHET:—I am greatly interested in your puzzle department, and particularly the enigmas; and I take the liberty of sending one of my own, which is the first I ever attempted. I also send the answer to G. S. Blood's enigma and conundrum; the enigma is "New York," and the conundrum is "Because it is a base viol." The answer to Norman A. Thomas's conundrum. No. 1, is the "tender part," No. 2, is because "it is hard to kill."

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 5, 4, 15, 20, 21, is a vegetable.

"15, 14, 5, 21, is a most valuable metal.

"1, 7, 3, 18, 14, is one of the Apostles.

"15, 16, 13, 16, 14, 7, 11, 12, is a summer luxury.

"22, 9, 4, is an instrument of death.

"18, 15, 24, 22, 25, 17, is a celebrated summer resort.

"25, 26, 18, 13, 14, is part of a sleigh.

"16, 5, 21, 26, 20, 14, is a large bird.

"8, 23, 10, is a conjunction.

"19, 15, 4, 22, 15, 6, 22, is a desirable accomplishment.

My whole was said by Washington.

Yours respectfully,

ALBERT B. WEBB.

BURLINGTON, N. J., Oct. 30th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—As you say, it is a great pity that you and friend Hatchet should have to part, I will try and get a subscriber to help keep the little "Hatchets" sharp, and hope to be able to send you the name of one before long. I have been taking the "Museum" a good while, and like it very much. Here are answers to some of the puzzles and conundrums in the November number.

The answer to Joel Snow's conundrum, is "At a retailer of spirits."

To conundrum No. 1, of Julia's—"Because there are pains (panes) in it." To No. 3—"Because he is not at all black." To No. 5—"Because it is a Jew-ill (jewel.)" Anna R.'s Enigma No. 2, is Canton; No. 3, Portage; No. 6, Eston. I can see no defect in the demonstration of the Algebraic paradox, and would like to know what it is, if there is any in it.

There were more than 10,000 houses, and nearly 100 churches burnt in the great fire in London, 1666. The letter C is like a person who clothes a boy, because it makes the lad clad; and SENSIBLE ladies are like arrows, because they fly from the beaux.

Won't you please tell me, Mr. Merry, whether those were the true names of the jurors, and, indeed, whether there were any jurors at all. I send you an Algebraic puzzle, which I should like Willie H. Coleman, in particular, to solve. What number is that, which being

divided into any two unequal parts, the square of the greater added to the less, shall be equal to the square of the less added to the greater. I suppose my letter is longer now than it ought to be, so good-bye.

Yours truly,

DICK W. C.

Dick, you ask a fair question, and we give an honest reply. Those were not the true names of the jurors, but there are jurors notwithstanding, educated, discreet, and careful men, who have spent a great deal of time in making up their award. Hiram Hatchet would not thank you for doubting his existence because he chooses to be called Hatchet rather than by his true name.

GRANBY, Nov. 1st, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—The answers to Anna R.'s enigmas are, Jackson, Canton, Portage, Woodfield, Andover, and Eaton. I will send a few enigmas, which I have made from names of towns in England.

What some persons wear, and a weight, Wigton; an adjective and a fortress, Newcastle; a domestic animal, and a passage across a stream, Oxford; an insult and a preposition, Taunton.

I got the answer to Emma R.'s enigma, which is, Hon. Daniel Webster.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH.

SMITHFIELD, Nov. 9th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am very happy to hear of your safe return from abroad. I think Mr. Hatchet has filled your place very well since you have been gone. I have solved some of the enigmas and conundrums in the November number. Carrie B.'s is Peter Parley. Addia F. Melrow's is The next number of Merry's Museum. There were thirteen thousand two hundred houses, and eighty-nine churches burnt in the great fire in London. The commercial part of England is Liverpool. The Devil would get a tail at the retailers of spirits. A thief in the garret is like an honest man, because he is above doing evil. A diamond is like a sick Jew, because it is a Jew-ill. A short black man is like a white man, because he is not a tall black.

I have a question or two. What is the first riddle on record, and by whom? By whom was Moses buried, and where?

Very respectfully your friend,

J. N. TODD.

TRENTON, Nov. 5th, 1855.

MR. MERRY—Dear Sir:—We have not solved many puzzles in the last, but here are a few. Julia's conundrums are, No. 1. Because he is full of panes, (pains.) No. 2. Because he is above doing a mean action. No. 4. Balaam's ass. And the riddle is, The person he met was his mother. Caroline Steward's are, "Chaw, sir," (Chancer,) and "Silence." Edward B. Northrup's is—

"A hypocrite neat,

Can best counterfeit, (count her feet;)

And so I suppose,

Can best count her toes."

We send you the following riddles:—

Two bodies I have, though they are both joined in one, And the stiller I stand, the faster I run.

2. Pray tell us, ladies, if you can,
Who is that highly-favored man,
Who, tho' he's married many a wife,
May be a bachelor all his life.

Here are two conundrums also:—

What burns to keep a secret? And why is a letter stamp like a jackass?

I hope we shall soon have some account of your travels in the Museum.

From your little friends, FANNY & HELEN.

ASHLAND, OHIO, Nov. 6th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am a new subscriber to the Museum; a little girl nine years of age, and still playing with dolls. I hail its arrival with great joy. I regret very much that I cannot read the first part of Balloon Travels, and the Adventures of Gilbert Goad-head, as I find them so very interesting.

I have solved the Biblical enigma on the 849th page. Its answer is, "Open rebuke is better than secret love." I have had no time to solve the rest.

I send you the following enigmas, which, if you think worthy of the Museum, you will please insert:—

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 7, 23, 26, 8, 3, 4, is one of the Prophets.

" 10, 5, 9, 17, 12, is one of the rulers of Israel.

" 9, 5, 24, 27, 10, 31, is one of the wisest men that ever lived.

" 15, 17, 23, 14, 18, is one of Christ's disciples.

" 10, 30, 18, 11, is the name of Christ's mother.

" 10, 27, 1, 2, 17, 6, is a person whom we all should love and honor.

" 21, 30, 6, 23, 16, is the wife of one of the Patriarchs.

" 15, 12, 30, 25, 10, 21, is a book in the Bible.

" 13, 30, 26, 23, 16, is the mother of one of the Prophets.

My whole is a beautiful verse in Psalms.

Your friend, EMMA F. POTTER.

FRANKFORT, ME., Nov. 8th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am happy to welcome you back to your friends and the "Chair Editorial," although Mr. Hatchet was *keen* enough for a substitute, and cut all my letters, so that I have not seen one of them.

Yesterday my Museum came as interesting as ever. I have studied out some of the enigmas, and the answers are as follows:—To Manhattan, "The Editor of Merry's, long life to him." To J. Leavitt, Jun., "New Orleans." To Leon H. Lane, "Thomas Hart Benton." To Edward B. Northrup, "Julia, Charles, Ellen, Frederic, and Edward." To Three Cousins, the first is, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend;" second, "Open rebuke is better than secret love;" third is, "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." To Carrie B. the answer is, "Peter Parley." I think the answer to Charade, by Julia, is "Matrimony." Addie F. Merlow's Enigma, "The next number of Merry's Museum." I think the answer to Conundrum No. 2 is, "Because he is *above* doing a mean action." The prize I did not expect to win among so many *older* and *wiser* competitors, therefore am not much disappointed. I send you a riddle that I have not seen in the Museum. Please accept the good wishes of your constant reader and admirer,

EMILY A. SEABURY.

RIDDLE.

Black upon black,
And black upon brown,
Three legs up,
And six legs down.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 9th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—My cousin, Johnnie Wilder, is spending a week with me, and we have composed some Anagrams, by inserting which you will oblige me and the aforesaid Johnnie. The Anagrams are as follows:—

1. Use a Larch.
2. Hale me thus.
3. A shoe.
4. Then march, my sir.
5. Aunt Sarah M.
6. Miss Jane.
7. No lead in a mace.
8. Saturnalia.
9. A in tail.
10. Genoese.
11. As to a rag.
12. Great ruin.
13. Tailor.
14. U ride on it.
15. Heart croak.
16. March on.
17. Learn my truth.

Definitions.—The 1st, 2d, and 3d, are Scripture names. The 4th, 5th, and 6th, are the names of Flowers. The 7th, 8th, and 9th, are Adjectives derived from proper names. The 10th and 11th are names of places. The 12th is 'pleasing to the eye. The 13th is a bridge. The 14th is desirable to have. The 15th is the name of a tree. The 16th is a ruler. No. 17 is nearly as apropos as is that of "sin, malice, and war," as the name of Cardinal Wiseman.

WM. F. PECK.

Bennie Tompkins, Nelly, Wm. C. Robert, and Walden, will accept our thanks for their letters. They are very good, but necessarily crowded out. Don't be discouraged; write again.

CHARADE.

With my first I sometimes warn myself;
My second secures the miser's pelf;
These, when connected, will display
My whole, which is carried every day.

Why is the letter Y like a young spendthrift?—Because it makes Pa Pay.

MR. MERRY:—The answer to the Biblical Enigma, by the Three Cousins, is, "Open rebuke is better than secret love." The capital I was not inserted in the word Isaiah, which made it rather difficult solving. The answer to the Miscellaneous Enigma, by Leon H. Lane, is, "Colonel Thomas Hart Benton."

Yours truly,

F. H. CAMPBELL.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST NUMBER.

1. You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for you,
O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me;
Let not my sigh for a cipher go;
Give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for thee so.
2. A Treatise on the Game of Chess.
3. Eighty-nine churches and 13,200 houses. The ruins covered 436 acres of ground.
4. Because it contains carbonic acid gas. While the cork is fast, the carbonic acid is forced into the liquor, but when the pressure is removed the gas is given off in effervescence.
5. They put on a robe, which the first Cyrus wore before he was king, to remind them to imitate his exemplary temper and conduct.
6. Liverpool.
7. This art is said to have been brought from Holland, A. D. 1695, by John Lofting, a Dutchman.
8. Because it causes a lad to be clad.
9. A Secret.
10. Midship-man.
11. The letter a, because it would make her hear.
12. Adder's tongue.
13. He had three mackerel, and one *smelt* (was not good.)

14. When it is a skylight.
15. When it runs down and strikes one.
16. Because they cannot go off without a bow (beau), and they are all in a quiver till they get one.
17. Because it is scent (scent) from afar.
18. Dust.
19. The full stop (.) and colon (:).
20. The eyes.

QUESTIONS.

21. My first is used in riding; my second indicates indigence; my third is a testament; and my whole is a bird often heard in America. C. BUTTON.

22. My first is the French for no; my second is to study; my third is a preposition; my fourth is a vapor; and my whole was Oliver Cromwell. C. B.

23. A father was 24 years of age (allowing 13 months to a year, and 28 days to a month) when his first child was born. Between his eldest and the next born was 1 year 11 months and 14 days; between the second and third were 2 years 1 month and 15 days; between the third and fourth were 2 years 10 months and 25 days. When the fourth was 27 years 9 months and 12 days old, how old was the father? C. B.

24. By whom were scales, weights, and measures, invented? MARIE FRANCIS.

25. Decline—Icecream.

26. Why are the jungles of Hindustan and Java so fatal to life? ADELE.

27. What is the name of the southern extremity of the peninsula of India, and whence is the name said to be derived?

28. Where is the Punjab, and what is the meaning of the name?

29. Where is Amritsar, and what is the origin of the name?

30. Where is Rupert's Land, and how did the name arise?

31. We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features:
One of us in glass is set,
One of us is found in jet;
One of us is met in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the last you should pursue,
It will never flee from you. C. F.

32. My first is used when speaking of myself; my second is raised to relieve the poor; and my whole is a person in a passion.

33. Why is a soldier, when he has military clothes on, like a poker just taken out of the fire? C. BUTTON.

34. I am a word of only three letters, yet am sought for in most towns by travelers in all climes. Take from me all but my head, I am useful to every animal that breathes, and one of the most beautiful objects in creation.

35. Though often I am heard, I'm never seen;
In every nook and corner I have been;
E'en things inanimate I make polite,
By making them to bow before my might.
And now farewell, for I must take my leave,
Trusting my name you'll very soon perceive.

36. I'm red, or black, or white, blue, grey, or green,
And meant to hide what's yet meant to be seen;
Like mortals, oft inflexible am I,
Till by a soft'ning tongue I'm made comply;

Of prodigals and spendthrifts I'm a token,
Existing to be ruined and broken.

MARIE FRANCIS.

37. When is beer most likely to dance?

H. C. HIBBERD.

38. What is that from which if you take the whole something will still remain? H. C. H.

39. What is the shape of a kiss? H. C. H.

40. Why are authors who treat of physiognomy like soldiers? H. C. H.

41. Who is the most tender-hearted man in the town?

42. What word is shorter for having a syllable added to it? M. F.

43. What quadruped has two hands? L. S.

The Prize Sentences.

Our young friends have doubtless thought that the dinner provided for the Jury must have been a sumptuous one, since it required an adjournment of a whole month to dispatch it. Well, it was good, and no mistake, and a merry time the Jury had in discussing it. They were not like Juries in some other important cases, shut up in a room by themselves, and forbidden to speak with each other, or the outer world, respecting the matters referred to them. They were very free in their comments upon the sentences, and a great deal of sententious wisdom was displayed, as there has been of late in our correspondence. There was some sport it is true, and poor Jabez, and the dozy sphinx, &c., &c., came in for their share of it. But, at length, the dinner, like all other good things, came to an end, and the Jury returned to their sitting. When all was quiet, the Chairman called on Dr. Keane for his promised report.

Mr. Keane:—I propose the following twenty-one sentences, from which to make a selection. I begin with the shortest sentence, that of 32 letters. Nos. 126, 20, 355, 53, 350, 87, 206, 24, 238, 331, 237, 285, 69, 34, 236, 85, 86, 214, 332, 349, 311. Out of these, I think, we soon can select the fortunate six.

Mr. Brief:—Dr. Keane, I perceive, has a keen scent for the brevities, and so have I (;) my family instincts, as you all know, lie that way. But there is such a thing as sticking so close to a point, that you are never able to get round it. I propose to enlarge the doctor's list a little. I cannot see how we can exclude from the com-

petition such sentences as 70, 164, 31, 235, 120, and 232; and I move they be added.

After a little discussion, this was agreed to. Whereupon Mr. Truax rose, and suggested that, in his view, there were, at least, six or seven sentences beside them which could not well be dismissed without further examination. He, therefore, requested that 213, 233, 284, 91, 310, 124, 360, 26, and 239 be added to the list of competitors. "This, Mr. Chairman," said he, "appears to be not merely a matter of opinion, but of necessity. We have formerly voted to extend the competition to all sentences of 45 letters; and these additions which I now propose, will, I believe, include all up to that limit, that come fully within the other rules.

Mr. Merry:—Since our last meeting I have received several letters from authors of sentences, some of which claim our attention. For example, the author of No. 332 writes that the word *poor* was not in the original letter; by reference to the letter we find that he is right. Therefore his sentence, as he wrote it, contains but 43 letters, and is entitled to consideration. No. 85 is also entitled to a correction, by substituting *zest* for *zeal*, as in original copy, instead of 85, as incorrectly given on page 351. Here is a letter from Haverhill, dated October 31, with some sentences, but they come too late. Another from E. H. G., 13th street, is also too late. The budget was closed before they were written.

The authors of Nos. 2, 210, and 224, claim an alteration in their sentences, but they are printed according to the original copy.

We are well satisfied that the following sentences were sent in season, but they were probably lost in the mail. We therefore give them a place:—

356. "O! I must be doing quick, if I expect with joy, a valued prize."

357. "Time takes no excuse, O youth, then seize the golden moments quick, ere they've flown, else ignorance will be thy just punishment."

358. Be quick, O Judges, and justly favor me with an excellent prize.

359. Oh, Sir! by quick express a prize let come, and give me joy for what I here have done.

I must also ask the indulgence of the Jury a moment, in order to correct a mistake, which I have just discovered. In re-examining the original letters, in which these sentences were communicated, I have found two which come within our limit of 45 letters, which, by some inexplic-

able accident, were omitted in the printing. The original letter is here, dated in April last, and I offer it for the inspection of the Jury, with a motion to admit the sentences.

On examination of the evidence, the Jury decided to admit them. They are as follows:—

360. For O! we vex quickly amid the puzzling jobs.

361. For O! we jump quickly above the dozing six.

Mr. Merry and Mr. Hatchet then requested to be allowed to withdraw from the Jury, and to have substitutes appointed. This they did on the plea that a strong family feeling made it difficult for them to decide impartially upon the various questions arising under this discussion. They wanted to give prizes to all, and it was so hard to exclude any, that they would rather leave it to others to do that work. This request was acceded to, and Simon Largeheart and Philip Filer were chosen to fill the vacancies. On retiring from the room, Mr. Merry addressed the Jury thus:—"Gentlemen, you have a delicate and responsible duty to perform. You have to decide, between a very large number of worthy competitors, upon the first six, and then to adjust among those six the palm of merit, so as to do equal justice to all. If it were a matter of property, of mere dollars, it would be of comparatively little moment. But here the race is for talent, taste, ingenuity, and all the et cetera that go to make up the *character* of a scholar. 'Who steals my purse steals trash,' you remember the rest. Bear it in mind, gentlemen, and hold an even balance, that the world may approve your wisdom."

RESULT.

After a very careful analysis, and comparison of the sentences selected for competition, in which all the merits of each were impartially considered, and freely discussed, the Jury agreed to make up separate lists for the issue. This was done, and when the lists were brought together, it was found that fifteen sentences were included in them, the members of the Jury differing considerably in their estimates of relative value. From these fifteen it was now necessary to select again, in order to discover the genuine six. Mr. Candid proposed that the problem should be solved by selecting from the several lists, those which had received the highest number of votes, and awarding to the

six first the prizes in the order in which they would then stand. The Jury, having assented to this proposal, it was found that

No. 85 was entitled to the 1st prize.

" 53	"	"	2d	"
" 332	"	"	3d	"
" 34	"	"	4th	"
" 331	"	"	5th	"
" 237	"	"	6th	"

With this result the Jurors trust all the competitors will be satisfied. We are sure many of the disappointed ones would be entirely so, if they could know how highly their sentences were commended, and how earnestly we labored to secure them a higher place. We think, however, that a prize, or even the credit of having gained one of them, is of very small importance, in comparison with the benefits which our young friends have already derived from this ingenious, interesting, and laborious exercise.

In behalf of the Jury,

CALVIN CANDID, Moderator.

When the vote of the Jury was made known at the office of the Museum, the publishers felt that they were called upon to do more than they had promised. They found that *fifteen* competitors for the prize had received some votes in the jury. The six that received the highest number of votes take the prizes, but the remaining nine, in the opinion of some, are not less deserving. The publishers, therefore, have decided to award a bound volume of Merry's Museum to each of the nine. These volumes, as well as the prizes, will be ready at the office whenever sent for.

It now remains to designate by name the successful competitors.

85. Oh! with joy and zest I quickly give a brief example.

Ellen Goodrich, Wethersfield, Ct.

53. O, if won by love, quick judge me a sixth prize.

Edward B. Northrup, Sandy Hill, N. Y.

332. Vex not, but pity Zadok, a quiet Jew; lo! God cares for him.

A. Holmes, South Abington, Mass.

34. Huzzal! he jumps quickly, but down a foaming vortex.

George Brinley, Hartford, Ct.

331.

Quickly, oh! judge, if wise,
Box even to me a prize.

Susan G. Gardner, Brooklyn, N. Y.

237. O lazy Jew! vex me not, but step quick for the gold.

Horace W. Fuller, Augusta, Me.

The following are the nine sentences that received from one to five votes in the Jury:—

20. E. C. Redington, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

164. Edward H. Dougherty, New York.

91. David P. Ramseur, Lincolnton, N. C.

70. Arthur Cecil Perry, Rahway, N. J.

126. Anna B. Converse, Norwich, Vt.

124. George C. Hopkins, Mt. Vernon, Me.

206. E. D. Redington, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

311. Josephine L. Hustis, Hustisford, Wis.

360. J. M. Philbrick, New York.

Few can be aware of the difficulty which has been experienced in coming to a result in this matter. Though fictitious names have been given to the jurymen, it should be understood that twelve disinterested and educated persons have been employed, and have spent a great deal of time in the examination. A diversity of opinion arose from the fact, that some attached more importance to brevity in a sentence, and others to naturalness and smoothness in the structure.

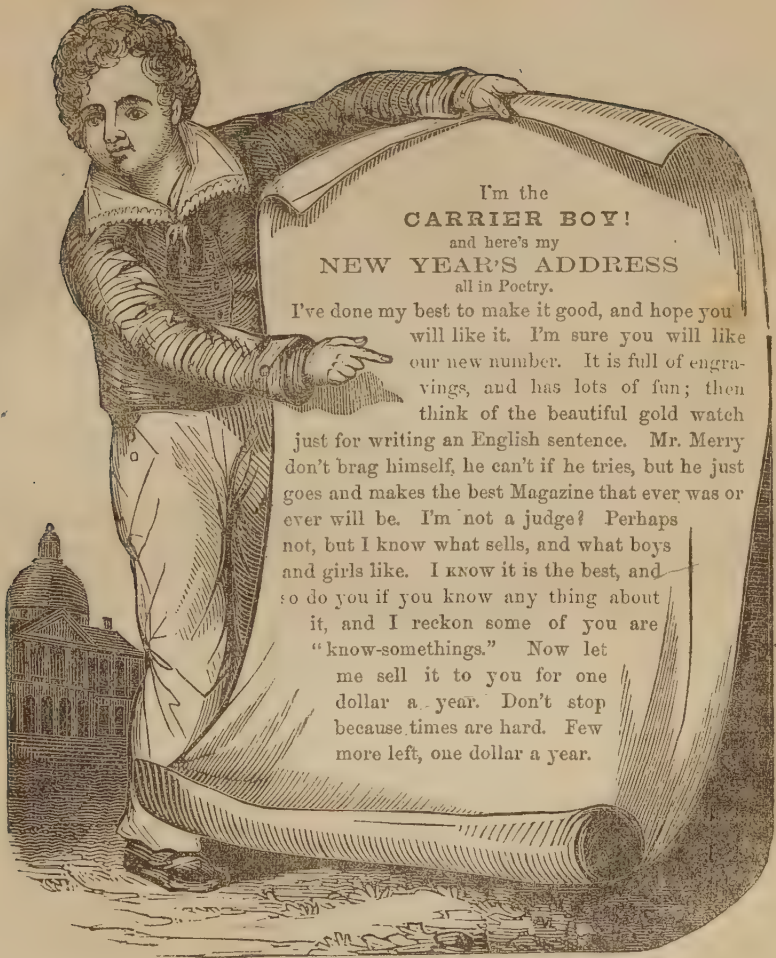
Some of the very shortest sentences, though very ingenious and praiseworthy, received no vote, because they were not so well expressed. On the other hand, in the opinion of all, some of the very best sentences of the whole were set aside, because they contained more than 45 letters.

It should be stated that the names of the competitors were not known to the Jury; we have hunted them up from the letters, since the decision was announced.

We hope the result will be deemed satisfactory to all parties. We are sure that all the authors of sentences are well paid for their efforts by its influence on their own mind.

One gentleman was in our office lately, and said it had been worth *fifty dollars* to his family. Doubtless others would say the same.

In the hope that good may thus be done, and the great objects at which we aim be most effectually secured, we propose to offer two more prize trials in the coming year. One will be announced in the January number, and the other in July.



I'm the
CARRIER BOY!

and here's my

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

all in Poetry.

I've done my best to make it good, and hope you will like it. I'm sure you will like our new number. It is full of engravings, and has lots of fun; then think of the beautiful gold watch just for writing an English sentence. Mr. Merry don't brag himself, he can't if he tries, but he just goes and makes the best Magazine that ever was or ever will be. I'm not a judge! Perhaps not, but I know what sells, and what boys and girls like. I know it is the best, and so do you if you know any thing about it, and I reckon some of you are "know-somethings." Now let me sell it to you for one dollar a year. Don't stop because times are hard. Few more left, one dollar a year.

Carrier's Address.

Hold! Father Time,—not quite so fast,
Good speed is better than hot haste;
And books and sages all declare,
That "haste makes waste," and "wear makes
tear."

Hold up a spell—you're out of breath,
This furious haste will be your death;
And ere you close and bolt the door

Of eighteen hundred fifty-four,
Pray let us turn upon our track,
And o'er the solemn past look back,
Tho' Hotspurs think but little of it,
In cool reflection there is profit;
And I'm persuaded even you
Would find advantage sound and true,
And, may be, not a little fun,

In summing up the deeds you've done.
 Indeed, we Carriers are clear
 You'd better do it every year,
 And help us when our great distress is
 In making our New Year's Addresses.
 Thus, in sound argument and rhyme,
 We made petition to old Time,
 Just to allow a moment's pause,
 To tell our tale and plead our cause.
 But all our eloquence was lost,—
 As well preach action to a post.
 In vain we argued and appealed,
 Not one iota would he yield,
 Nor even deign a kindly look,
 To say that he our meaning took ;
 And that, if "higher law" permitted,
 He'd be quite willing to be seated,
 And hold a little social talk
 Before proceeding on his walk.
 Right on, with that old plodding pace,
 Shaking his forelock in our face,
 He mowed his broad and heavy swarth,
 And shook his hour-glass as in wrath,
 Till the last sand of fifty-four
 Was spent and labelled "nevermore !"
 Then turn'd the glass, eager to drive
 Into the heart of fifty-five.
 So here we are, "hard up" and "dry,"
 The swift-wing'd hours are hurrying by,
 And not one word of all the story
 Which we design'd to set before ye—
 No line, no syllable made out
 Of what the world has been about ;
 And nothing gather'd from the past
 Time's future mysteries to forecast.
 Well, let it pass ; we shrewdly guess
 The reason why old Time would press
 With eager step and fiery haste,
 To bring up the year just past,
 Is this—that seldom in his flight,
 He's found a year so far from right—
 So full of loss, disasters, crimes,
 And every species of "hard times,"
 So that he felt 'twould mar his fame,
 To write the record of that same ;
 Or even by courtesy permit
 The tragic story to be writ.
 We saw him o'er the Greytown muss
 With difficulty suppress a curse.
 We saw him blush with burning shame
 At some things done in Freedom's name.

We saw him try to pause and weep
 When sunk the Arctic in the deep.
 We heard him sigh and groan as war
 Swept onward in her iron car,
 Then jeeringly the issue reckon—
"Sebastopol is not yet taken !"
 We heard him say, "The hour will come
 When earth shall banish war and rum,
 And when o'er all the sons of men
 Truth, peace, and love shall constant reign ;
 And not till then would it be fitting
 That each year's history should be written,
 When every page would be a text,
 And preach its sermon to the next."
 Should we survive to that good day,
 (And who can tell but that we may,)
 We'll test this promise, and expose
 Whatever Time may then disclose ;
 Till then, with truth and love sincere,
 We wish you all a Happy New Year.

British Sovereigns.

WE publish the following, as a smooth set of
 rhymes by which any one possessing an ordinary
 memory may fix in mind the order of succession
 of the various sovereigns of England :

First William the Norman ;
 Then William, his son ;
 Henry, Stephen and Henry ;
 Then Richard and John.
 Next Henry, the third ;
 Edwards, one, two, and three ;
 And again after Richard,
 Three Henrys we see.
 Two Edwards, third Richard,
 If rightly I guess ;
 Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
 Queen Mary, Queen Bess,
 Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
 Then Charles, whom they slew,
 Yet received after Cromwell
 Another Charles too ;
 Next, James the Second
 Ascended the throne ;
 Then good William and Mary
 Together came on,
 Till Anne, Georges four,
 And fourth William all past,
 God sent us Victoria,
 May she long be the last !



Winter.

WINTER hath blown upon the earth, the streams are frozen, the rivers and the lakes are turned into stone, the hoar-frost and the snow are upon the ground, and the music of the birds is heard no more. But winter has its pleasures. Its bracing air sends health through all our veins, and gives a cheerful activity to all our movements; its sun, low in the south, sparkles beautifully on the crystal snows, while the paler moon seems to clothe every thing with a drapery of silver.

Did you ever take a sleigh-ride on a

bright winter day, or on a moonlit winter evening? and was ever any other ride so cheerful and pleasant? Loud cracked the whip, and gaily the horses reared and pranced, as they started off with a bound. How merrily the sleigh-bells rang in the keen frosty air. Hear that ringing laugh too, coming from a whole sleigh-load of happy hearts.

What if it be cold, there are plenty of nice buffalo robes, and warm mittens and furs, and then at the end of the ride there is a warm cheerful fire to greet your return home, and the supper is

smoking hot upon the table. When the curtains are drawn and the daylight shut out, how cheerful is the

WINTER EVENING FIRESIDE.

The fire is burning bright,
The hickory snaps aloud,
And the ruddy, ruddy light
Shines on the little crowd;—
The father and the mother,
With a child on either knee,
The sister and the brother
From care and trouble free.
Abroad the wind is howling,
And down the chimney roars,
In the woods the gale is growling,
And fast the snow storm pours;
But they are safe and warm
By their own fireside,
And they heed not the storm,
Though it rushes like the tide.
The cat on Ellen's knee,
The dog in Henry's lap,
From quarrels they are free,
For both are in a nap.
What care they for the blast,
That wrings the wailing tree,
What care they for the mast
That totters on the sea.
Oh, happy puss and pug,
Oh, happy man and wife,
As ye sit upon the rug,
Without care or strife.
The hail may rattle loud
At the door and window pane
Jack Frost may in his shroud
At all the cracks complain,
Ye will not let him in,
For peace is in your hearts,
Ye will not heed his din,
Though he practice all his arts.
So Jack may go his way,
And bite the traveller's nose,
While the children seek their play,
And the mother mends their hose;
While Thomas takes the tongs
And adds a walnut stick,
While Susan sings her songs,
Or Ellen trims the wick;
Or while the father kneels,
And they all kneel around,

And the gratitude he feels
For the blessings he has found,
Is whispered up to heaven
With a heart full of love,
And a fervent prayer is given
For future rest above.

Giving a Tiger a Pinch of Snuff.

DR. DUNLOP, while in the East Indies, conquered a royal tiger with a bladder of Scotch snuff. The doctor having crossed the river Ganges with his quarterly allowance (seven pounds) of snuff, observed a tiger at some distance. Being without guns, he ordered his men to use their oars as weapons of defence. They formed into a close column, with their backs windward, while the doctor emptied the contents of the bladder into a piece of canvas, and danced upon it till it became as fine as dust. The tiger continued winding, and occasionally crouched. When he approached within twenty yards of the party, the doctor discharged about half a pound of the ammunition, part of which was carried by the strong wind into the face of the tiger, who growled, shook his head, and retreated. In a few minutes he returned to the charge, approaching the party cautiously, and rubbing his eyes occasionally with his fore-legs. When within about fifteen yards of the party he again crouched, and as he was preparing to make his murderous spring, the doctor and his party let fly at him about two pounds of snuff, which told well, for the royal tiger commenced roaring, and springing into the Ganges, fled to the opposite shore.



The Market Woman of Basle.

HOW quietly she sits waiting for a customer to buy her little stock. She has turnips, and beets, and cabbages, and all the vegetables and fruits of the season spread out in tempting array, but she asks no one to buy. She is surrounded by a hundred other market women with like commodities, but there is no strife among them to draw customers. The market-place is an open

square in the centre of the town, and not far from the banks of the Rhine. Its pavement is literally covered with fruits and vegetables every morning, and the market women sit around on little oaken benches, chatting with each other. You pass among them and examine their commodities, but they do not notice you unless you speak to them. If you ask questions, they reply courteously; if you pay their price they furnish you what you want, but there is no chaffering or effort to drive a bargain. They wear wooden shoes, and their garments are coarse but tidy. They bear the marks of exposure to sun and weather, but are a cheerful and happy people.

My old woman whom you see in the cut, is one of the most respectable of her class. She is intelligent and well versed in the history of her country. During our morning rambles, it was a pleasure to stop and chat with her. She made a decent livelihood by her traffic, and supported her family with comfort. Her husband was dead, and two sons were in America seeking their fortune. Her eye brightened at the mention of America, and she inquired if I knew her sons and could tell her how they were doing out there. To her, and indeed to most of the Swiss people, it is a land of gold—a place where fortunes and honors are easily won. Long life to my friend the market woman, and may her sons get rich, and cheer her old age with outward comforts, and with the affluence of filial affection and respect.

The Fate of Franklin and his Men.

LET us draw around the fire;
Embers ruddy glowing,
What a comfort they inspire,
Whilst the bitter tempest roars,
And it freezes out of doors,
And the winter haze is snowing,
And the keen north-west is blowing.

Sit and listen to the gale!
Frost without is stinging;
What a sad and solemn wail
Runs throughout its gusty squalls,
As it rises and it falls,
Ever with a death-psalm ringing:
What a dirge the winds are singing!

Reddened in the hearth-light warm,
From the great log yonder;
Housed and sheltered, safe from harm,
Tracing pictures in the coals;
On the poor unhappy souls
Homeless in the cold who wander,
Is it not a time to ponder?

Whose that wild wind's requiem,
Desolately sighing?
Has it not swept over them,
Whose unsepalchred remains
Now bestrew the icy plains,
Where for science martyrs dying,
Franklin and his crew are lying?

There they starved among the snows;
'Mid the icebergs hoary;
There to death they slowly froze.—
On such an errand let brave men
Never be despatched again;
Keep them for the strife of glory:—
What a fireside winter story!

In the statistical tables it is found, that "tall men live longer than short ones." Who doubts it?



The Highlands.

DURING our absence the last summer, one of the most agreeable excursions that we made was amid the Highlands of Scotland. To one familiar with the mountain and lake scenery of America, there is not much of novelty in the mountains and lakes of the Highlands, except that the former appear more bald and bleak, and the latter more clear and tranquil. As you pass over their smooth water you seem to look into its deepest depth, and discern its pebbly bottom, and you cannot but admire the beautiful images formed on its mirrored surface by the shadows of the surrounding hills. You will also be attracted by the irregular

form and bold outline of the lake shores—here is a deep-shaded inlet, and there is a bold headland jutting out into the water.

While we waited one bright July afternoon at the eastern extremity of Loch Katrine, for the steamer that was to take us up the lake, we strolled along the shore, and soon struck into a bridle path which winds its way along the general direction of the northern shore, sometimes coming down to the very verge of the water, and then striking off into some glen densely shaded with the white birch and fir, or over some craggy steep where the toilsome ascent is rewarded with an enchanting view of

the lake beneath our feet, and of the solemn hills that perpetually stand as sentinels over it. During our stroll of an hour or two, we were every few moments greeted by the rapturous exclamation of some one of our party, calling our attention to a new discovered beauty of prospect. We surveyed each little recess and promontory with a childish curiosity.

While some gathered treasures for their cabinet, of minerals or herbarium, and some shouted to the top of their voice that they might hear its oft-repeated echoes among the hills; others, more poetically inclined, repeated stanzas from the "*Lady of the Lake*," and endeavored, in what they actually saw, to trace the truthfulness of Sir Walter Scott's scenic delineations. To such, the interest of the occasion was not at all diminished by the appearance around a jutting crag, of a young lady on horseback, riding at a rapid pace over the uneven and flinty road. A voice exclaimed, "*See the Lady of the Lake.*" She did not notice us, but rode with an easy grace on an indifferent-looking but easy-paced steed. Her face was flushed from the excitement of the ride; she was plainly but tastefully attired, and her whole bearing was such that it was no unpleasant idea to associate her with the *Lady of the Lake*. Were we not in a fairy land? and did not the fairy lady preside over the scene that had been made immortal by her presence? From this reverie we were hardly awake, so as to determine whether we were in a land of dreams or of realities, when the

lady reined up her steed, and standing awhile to gaze on the laughing lake, she retraced her path, and returning, again passed near us. To our salutation she returned a graceful acknowledgment, and disappeared from our view. If "*The Lady of the Lake*" rowed her light canoe more skilfully than our lady of the lake rode her black horse, she is justly entitled to her fame.

We had wandered far, but were not weary, when, in the distance up the lake, we saw the approach of the steamer that was to take us up on its return. We hastened back to the place of embarking, and were soon on board and on our way. The sun was still high in the west, and we would have ample time to complete the tour of the lake before nightfall.

The sail up the lake presents a succession of most beautiful views that can be imagined. Every hill has its name, and every high rock its story. The eagle circles about the top of Benvenue, while the wild goats climb where there is scarcely room for the soles of their feet. Here and there is a sheltered nook where the mountain shepherd has built his stone cottage, but with these exceptions, there are no traces of human abodes. The scene is closed by a west view of the lake, which is ten miles long, and the prospect is bounded by the towering Alps of Arrochar.

Arrived at the west end of the lake, we found that a moorland region, traversed by a rugged path five miles in length, intervened between us and Loch

Lomond, on whose shores we wished to spend the night. Shaggy Highland ponies were in attendance, and pony-carts to carry us over. We were soon on our way, some on carts, some on saddles, and some on foot, their baggage being sent forward. We passed a smoky hut in the valley between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, in which is exhibited a Spanish musket six feet and a half long, once the property of Rob Roy, whose original residence was in this lone vale. We also saw the hut where it is said that Ellen M'Gregor, Rob Roy's wife, was born. Near by this hut were men and women in full Highland costume, at work in a field of hay. After our ride over the moor, which, with the exception of some of the lower valleys, was covered with heather, we arrived at Inversnaid Mill on Loch Lomond.

A few rods from the hotel a little rivulet comes tumbling down over precipitous rocks, and forms a milky cataract, which is the scene of Wordsworth's beautiful poem to the "Highland Girl."

One afternoon, while tarrying at this place, we crossed over the rivulet and strolled up the mountain side; at the distance of about a mile we approached a highland hut, which stood alone and solitary on the bleak eminence that commanded a broad view of Loch Lomond, and of the towering peak of Ben Lomond. Here were no fences to be seen, and nothing to denote the presence of civilization but the low stone walls of the hut, with its thatched roof

and two little windows of four panes of seven-by-nine glass, and a little potato-patch and cow-house near by.

As we approached, we saw a robust and intelligent looking girl, apparently about twenty years old, standing in the door and watching intently our movements.

Having a curiosity ourselves to see the interior of the lowly dwelling, we entered into conversation with her. She treated us courteously, and replied to all our inquiries with a dignified self-possession, that many a mistress of a proud drawing-room might envy. What, though her feet were bare, and her garments coarse and homespun, they were clean and appropriate to her mode of life. The glow of health was on her cheek, and her whole manner betokened an active, intelligent mind, and a cheerful and buoyant heart.

She pointed out the beauties of the surrounding scenery with an appreciative taste; told us the history of her father's family, and while she was entertaining us, her father, an old man of more than seventy years, approached from his day's toil with a scythe on his shoulder, and, with a courteous tip of his hat, joined our circle.

He said his name was McFarland; this, too, was the name of Wordsworth's "Highland Girl," and for aught we knew, she was of the same family. He was born in that hut; his father, and grandfather, and great grandfather, were born and died there. It had been in the family one hundred and twenty-five years, and during that time had not

been repaired, except to be thatched anew from time to time ; and the furniture had not been changed. He expected himself to die there ere long, and then his son would take it. It belonged to the estate of the Duke of Montrose, as do all the lands for miles about there. They paid an annual rent of five pounds for the cottage and potato-patch, and pasturage and hay for the cow.

We were kindly invited to go into the cottage and drink a glass of milk. We gladly accepted the invitation, for we were curious to see the interior. There were two rooms, separated by a partial partition, a fire of turf was burning in a rude fire-place, sending out its smoke in every part of the room. Instead of a chimney, there was an opening in the thatch through which part of the smoke escaped. The rafters and every object in both rooms were literally japanned with crystallized smoke, and shone like glass in the dim light. Instead of floor there was the hard earth, smoothed by the wear of many generations, but still damp and gloomy. The furniture was simple and well worn. The dingy crockery and pewter platters adorned a "dresser" in the corner.

By the fireside, with her knitting in hand, sat the old lady, who for fifty years had been the companion of her husband in that lowly hut, and who was full of cheerfulness and good humor. She read to us from her Gallic Bible and Psalm book, and told stories in her broad Scotch till the smoky roof resounded with our laughter.

Away over the loch, ten miles distant, they attend church on the Sabbath. To us it would seem that their home-comforts must be few. Their dwelling is a fair sample of many Highland cottages which we afterwards entered. Luxuries the Highlanders have none, and even comforts are few, yet they are contented with their lot, and are a cheerful, intelligent, and worthy people, affectionate in their families, loyal to their Queen, and true to their Church.

Scraps.

WHAT A WASTE !—The number of bushels of grain consumed in the distilleries of the United States in a year, is said to be *seventeen millions*. Nearly a bushel to each man, woman, and child in the Union.

ON the marriage of Thomas Hawk to Miss Sarah Jane Dove.

It is not often that you see
So queer a kind of love :
Oh ! what a savage he must be
To TOMMY-HAWK A DOVE !

HE is a wise man who learns from every one ; he is powerful who governs his passions ; and he is rich who is contented.

"I KNOW," said Mirabeau, "but three ways of living in this world ; first, by wages for work ; secondly, by begging ; thirdly, by stealing—so named or not so named."



SAXON FREEMAN.

SAXON SERV.

The Saxons.

THE Saxons were a tribe or nation that inhabited a part of Germany, and that from a very small beginning gradually extended their power along the Rhine and as far north as Denmark.

When the Roman power declined in the fifth century, and the Romans, too busy with their own affairs nearer Rome, were unable longer to maintain their strength in Britain, and protect it against

the barbarous encroachments of the Picts and Scots who inhabited the north, then the Britons applied to the Saxons and the Angles, another German tribe, for help. This was readily granted. The Northern hordes were conquered and driven back. Then the allies conceived the idea of conquering the country to themselves. Accordingly, instead of returning home, they invited fresh hordes of their countrymen to visit the island, and, after a long war, the Saxons and Angles triumphed over the Britons in almost every encounter, and drove the miserable remnants of the nation to seek refuge in Wales and Cornwall. The struggle lasted nearly a century and a half, and ended in establishing the Saxon kingdoms in the south of Britain. To this territory they gave the name of Anglo-land or England. The Christian religion was established in Britain by the Saxons in the sixth century.

The early Saxons were chiefly devoted to war. They were bold, hardy, and energetic; but the barbarous state of manners prevalent at that period prevented them from turning their mental and physical strength to any useful account. Agriculture afforded but little employment, and that little was confided to the servile class called serfs. Foreign commerce was hardly known, and there were very few products of industry or art to afford materials for trade. They had no literature, and religion had at that time but very little influence upon them. It was natural that they should turn to war.

In the ninth century there was a

marked improvement in the condition and character of the Saxons. Schools had been established, the laws were reformed, trial by jury was introduced, and various other improvements were made that mark an advancing civilization.

At this time they had various mechanical arts. Gold became abundant among them, and in their manners they exhibited a curious mixture of barbarism and rude luxury. They were divided into nobles, ecclesiastics, freemen, and serfs; the last were born to servitude, and sold like cattle. In the cut at the head of this article you see a Saxon freeman and a Saxon serf. The language which they spoke at this early period we could not now understand, yet it forms the basis of the modern English.

FOUR QUESTIONS.—Ask these short questions, whereby to know whether your heart be truly changed :—Hath thine heart been turned into sorrow for sin? Hath thy sorrow been turned into prayer? Hath thy prayer been turned into faith? Hath thy faith issued in universal tenderness and obedience?

BIRDS are the poor man's music, and flowers the poor man's poetry.

THE toiling millions who dig up riches from the ground are the true benefactors of the world.



A SCOTTISH BALLAD, BY ROBERT BURNS.

I.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When nature first began
 To try her canny hand, John,
 Her master work was man;
 And you, amang them a', John,
 So trig from top to toe,
 You proved to be no journey-work,
 John Anderson, my jo.

II.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Ye were my first conceit;
 I think nae shame to own, John,
 I lo'ed ye ear' and late,
 They say ye're turning auld, John,
 And what though it be so,
 Ye're aye the same kind man to me,
 John Anderson, my jo.

III.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was brent;
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow,
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

IV.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.



The Pump.

IN France and Germany you will find that one of the social institutions

most popular with the masses, is the town pump or fountain, where, at early dawn, and at nightfall, the assembled servants from all the neighborhood, with their pails or pitchers in hand, hold their levee. You will see them standing in little groups around, in earnest conversation with each other; their cheerful faces and animated gestures indicating that they are in no unhappy mood. These pumps or fountains, as the case may be, are often very elaborate in their workmanship, and really ornamental to the street or square where they are located. The fountains that abound in the squares in Paris, with their broad basins and elegant statuary, are among the finest ornaments of the city.



In some of the provincial towns these fountains have become the more interesting from their great antiquity and from the historic associations connected with them. Here you will find an immense stone basin, which, perhaps ten centuries ago, was, as now, the rendezvous for water-bearers, and there the huge stone

pump whose dog-head spout has for ages supplied the limpid beverage. If they could speak and tell what they have heard and seen, what changes have been wrought while they have stood unchanged ; if they could repeat the gossip and love-tales of other days, how they would enchain the attentive listeners !

While we admired these pumps and fountains for their artistic interest, and some for their antiquity, we were more

attracted by their social position. They every day witness many a merry group and greeting, while they often hear gossip that were better not repeated. They hear, too, the thousand little narratives, and discussions, and sallies of wit and repartée that give the zest to social life, and make society a blessing. Long may they stand in their social position to witness the joyous greetings of a happy people.



Corn.

WHAT can be more beautiful than ears of corn? When they are fully ripened in the field, and the October frosts have opened the husks and exposed to view the yellow kernels that stand like rows of golden beads, they are a beautiful sight, and when harvested, spacious bins of corn are among

the proudest monuments of the husbandman's toil.

Corn is a grain peculiar to America, and is very little used elsewhere. We have a soil well adapted to its growth, and there is probably no grain that is so useful, or that rewards labor with so bountiful a return.

A Heroic Boy.

IT is well known that in all the lower part of Holland the land is several feet lower than the surrounding water, and that it is protected from inundation by dykes. If these dykes were by any accident to be broken away, many large towns and cities, and thousands of acres of beautiful land, would be at once submerged in water. A little boy in Holland was returning one night from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dyke. He stopped and thought what the consequences would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell the sad disasters which happened from such small beginnings, how in a few hours the opening would become bigger and bigger, and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dyke, until, the whole defence being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property and everything in its way. Should he turn home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole might even then be so large as to defy all attempts to close it.

Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently awaited the approach of some villager. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly by, yet there sat the heroic boy in cold and darkness, shivering, wet,

and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at his post. At last the morning broke. A clergyman walking up the canal heard a groan, and looked around to see where it came from. "Why are you here, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position. "I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dyke was closed, and the danger that threatened hundreds of lives was prevented.

Heroic boy! What a noble spirit of self-devotedness he showed, every one will exclaim. A heroic boy indeed he was; and what was it that sustained him through that lonesome night? Why, when his teeth chattered, his limbs trembled, and his heart was wrung with anxiety, did he not fly to his safe and warm home? What thought bound him to his seat? Was it not the *responsibility of his position*? Did he not determine to brave all the fatigue, the danger, the darkness, and the cold, in thinking what the consequence would be if he should forsake it? His mind pictured the quiet homes and beautiful farms of the people inundated by the flood of waters, and he determined to stay at his post or die.

Now there is a sense in which every

person, every boy and girl, occupies a position of far weightier responsibility than that of the little Hollander on that dark and lonesome night, for, by the good or bad influence which you exert, you may be the means of turning a tide of wretchedness and ruin, or a pure stream of gladness and goodness, on the world. God has given you somewhere a post of duty to occupy, and you cannot get above or below your obligations to be faithful in it. Take your stand with a determination to devote your influence to virtue, to humanity, to God. Begin life and grow up with these solid principles of action, to fear and to honor God, to be true to your conscience, and to do all the good you can. Then will your path indeed be like that of the just, which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The Mental Faculties.

FROM Dr. Wayland's "Elements of Intellectual Philosophy."

1. The *Perceptive* faculties are those by which we become acquainted with the existence and qualities of the external world.

2. *Consciousness* is the faculty by which we become cognizant of the operations of our own minds.

3. *Original Suggestion* is the faculty which gives rise to original ideas, occasioned by the perceptive faculties or consciousness.

4. *Abstraction* is the faculty by which, from conceptions of individuals, we form conceptions of genera and species, or, in general, of classes.

5. *Memory* is the faculty by which we retain and recall our knowledge of the past.

6. *Reason* is that faculty by which, from the use of the knowledge obtained by the other faculties, we are enabled to proceed to other and original knowledge.

7. *Imagination* is that faculty by which, from materials already existing in the mind, we form complicated conceptions or mental images, according to our will.

8. *Taste* is that sensibility by which we recognize the beauties and deformities of nature or art, deriving pleasure from the one, and suffering pain from the other.

It is by no means intended to assert that these are all the powers of a human soul. Besides these, it is endowed with conscience, or that faculty by which we are capable of moral obligations; with will, or that motive force by which we are impelled to action; with various emotions, instincts, and biases, which, as observation teaches us, are parts of a human soul. These are, however, the most important of those that are purely intellectual.

THE most mischievous liars are those who keep just on the verge of truth.

A FRIEND to everybody is a friend to nobody.

Adventures of Gilbert Go-Ahead.

[Continued from page 842, Vol. XXVIII.]

THE Koords are good story-tellers, and some of them have a wonderful talent at making up poetry and tales off-hand, and these they recite with great effect. Our rough companion, on the present occasion, told his story in such a way as to make it very interesting.

We now called upon the Turcoman for his story, and so he began. But before I repeat what he said, I must say a word about Turcomania, and the strange people who inhabit it. It lies along the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea, and extends to the sea of Aral, on the east. Southward it stretches in deserts of sand, intersected by occasional patches of verdure, to the borders of Persia. The people appear to be a mixed race, descended from the Usbeks and other Tartar tribes, yet they are of a very peculiar character. They are small in size, of a square build and swarthy complexion. They live in rude tents, and some of them dwell in caves. They manufacture a coarse camel's hair cloth, which, with goat and sheep-skins, serve for clothing. Their tents are covered with a species of felt. For the most part they are wanderers from place to place, though a portion of them have fixed habitations, and raise a few melons, with some nice cucumbers, &c. They are governed by chiefs, yet these have no great authority. Small companies of these people may be seen in all the surrounding countries, and especially in

Persia, Syria, and Asia Minor. These resemble the Gipsies, and wherever they go they are thieves and robbers on a small scale. In their own country they are shepherds and horsemen, always taking advantage of opportunities for plunder. The caravans of traders and travellers, constantly crossing the interior of Asia in every direction, have from time immemorial furnished opportunities to the Arabs, the Koords, and the Turcomans for plunder, and no doubt have served to perpetuate the predatory habits of these ruthless races. In former ages, the Turcomans, at several periods, have been numerous, and have made themselves formidable to the surrounding countries. Northern Persia has been rendered desolate by their ravages, and to this day it remains almost a waste, where formerly there was a rich and thriving population. At certain periods they have established kingdoms which have risen to importance and power. Even the Turkish dynasty originated with a body of Turcoman soldiers. I will now give you the narrative of our Turcoman fellow-passenger.

"Our Armenian friend has told us the story of his family of seven sons, all of whom prospered in life by observing a certain rule, that is, '*Do the best you can, and pray to God to help you.*' That may do for a Christian, but it will not answer for a Mahometan. Our doctrine

is that all things are decided, and that our own conduct cannot change the decision of fate. My story will illustrate this principle.

"At the north-eastern corner of the Caspian Sea is a large bay called the Dead Gulf. Upon the shore of this sheet of water, there once lived a man by the name of Agour. He was very poor, and dwelt in a cave with his family, consisting of a wife and two children. These were twin boys, and were so much alike that it was almost impossible to tell them apart. Even the parents often mistook one for the other, and for this reason their names were marked on their breasts with a hot iron. One (the eldest) was called Kamil, and the other Irak.

"When they were twenty years old they said they did not wish to live all their lifetime in a cave, cultivating a little patch of ground, and half starving in spite of their hard exertions. They chose rather to go forth and seek their fortunes. So they departed together.

"They joined a small band of Turcomans who were going in search of plunder. These proceeded eastward, and at length they reached the country of Khorassan. While in the neighborhood of the city of Mesched, they came across a caravan; this they attacked and secured a considerable booty. Among the spoils were two beautiful young ladies; and these being captured by the twin brothers, fell to their share. One of the ladies was fair, and the other was dark, and as both brothers preferred the fair one, they could not agree as to the division. Accordingly

they drew lots for the choice, and Kamil, the elder brother, obtained the one he desired. It turned out that she was the daughter of the Pacha of Mesched, and Kamil obtained for her ransom a thousand crowns. The brunette was her maid, and Irak received for her ransom only a hundred crowns.

"After a variety of adventures, the brothers returned to their country, Kamil having obtained a large sum of money, and Irak only about a tenth part as much. Leaving all this in the care of their father, they set out with another band for a still more distant enterprise. Passing around the southern point of the Caspian Sea, they crossed the Persian territories, traversed Mesopotamia, and at last came to Syria. On the desert which spreads around the famous ruins of Palmyra, they met a party of travelers, under the escort of a large body of Arab soldiers. The Turcomans, being deceived as to their number, immediately began the attack. A furious battle followed, in which every Turcoman was slain except the twin brothers. Kamil was wounded, taken captive, and carried to Damascus. He soon recovered, and was sold as a slave to a rich merchant.

"He was now employed in a flower garden, in which situation he remained for several months, his chief duty being to water the flowers. The garden was surrounded by a high wall on every side, save one, which was closed by the merchant's house. Here was a latticed window, out of which the merchant's wife and daughter could look into the garden, though they could not themselves

be seen. But one day, perhaps by accident, the lattice flew open, and Kamil saw, sitting at the window, the most beautiful young lady he had ever seen. She immediately ran away, but the next day the same thing happened, and at last the lattice got such a trick that it flew open every day, and just at the time that Kamil happened to be in the garden.

"Well, Kamil plucked a beautiful moss rose, and, without being seen, by means of a pole, he placed it on the window. After a time the maiden came and took it, and then she let fall, in reply, a small white rose. An acquaintance thus began, ended in mutual affection, and after a time Kamil and the young lady went away together. They had plenty of means, for the girl brought all her jewels; so they proceeded to Mecca, where they were married. On their way back they saw a small party of travellers beset by a band of Bedouin Arabs. In a moment Kamil discovered that his father-in-law was among the travellers, and that he and his party were on the point of being overwhelmed. Sending off his wife and attendants to a distance, he mounted a fleet horse, seized his scimitar, and dashed into the midst of the fight. The Bedouins, amazed at this sudden attack, and seeing two or three of their number instantly fall beneath the blade of the stranger, suddenly took to flight.

"Kamil now went to his father-in-law, who was trampled in the sand, and a good deal bruised, though not otherwise injured. When the old man had re-

covered his senses, Kamil made himself known. He also brought his wife, who fell upon her knees before her father, and begged his forgiveness. The old man had suffered very much by the loss of his daughter, and was now on a pilgrimage to Mecca, as well to expiate the sins supposed to have brought such a calamity upon him, as to ask advice of the seers of the Holy City, which might enable him to rescue her. Now that he found her in safety, and apparently happy, after some scolding, he forgave her, and took her husband into favor. After completing their pilgrimage to Mecca, they all returned to Damascus, where Kamil received from his father-in-law a beautiful house, and a great deal of money, so that he was very rich, and with his beautiful wife, he was very happy.

"A number of years now passed away, but at length a war broke out between the different tribes of Syria. Kamil was selected as one of the captains, and went forth to the battle. In one of the conflicts he bore down every thing before him. His courage and his energy attracted the attention and applause of all around him. At last a horseman belonging to the enemy singled him out and made a furious attack upon him. They fought for a long time, their weapons ringing with the blows aimed at each other. Finally, Kamil's horse, having received a sabre cut in the throat, fell dead upon the field. Kamil fell and was buried beneath him. His enemy dismounted, but as he was about to plunge his weapon in the heart of

Kamil he stumbled, and as he plunged forward Kamil's scimitar passed through his bosom.

"As soon as Kamil could extricate himself from his horse, he went to the relief of his fallen enemy. The latter groaned as he looked upon him. Surprised at this exclamation, Kamil gazed intensely at the dying soldier. 'Is it possible that this is my brother?' said he. 'I thought he was slain in the battle near Palmyra: but surely this man greatly resembles him.' He then opened his mantle, and upon his breast he saw the name of Irak!

"Great was the grief of Kamil, for he almost felt that he had killed his brother. He stooped down and kissed the pallid brow of the wounded man. The latter, who had been in a swoon, awoke, and looked on Kamil, and said:

"'Is this paradise?'

"'It is not paradise,' said Kamil, weeping to see the mind of his brother thus wavering.

"'Why then,' said Irak, 'do I see Kamil?'

"'We are both on earth, my brother, and both, I trust, destined to live and be happy.'

"'No, no, there is no happiness for me. But I thought you were killed at the battle of Palmyra.'

"'No; I was taken and carried into slavery. I am now rich, and you shall come with me to Damascus, where I will make you rich also.'

"'It is impossible; ever since we parted I have been the constant sport of misfortune. It cannot be. Fate has

so decreed. Ah, it is dark: it is death! Farewell, my brother.'"

This story was rather serious, and for a time we were all silent. The conversation, however, was soon renewed, and we had several other tales. At length we arrived at Farsabad, from whence, in company with the Armenian merchant, I went to Teheran. s. g. g.

[To be continued.]

A Great Soul better than Great Fists.

IF you have an enemy and knock him down with your fists, he is a worse enemy than before; if you hate him, he will hate you in return; if you injure him in any way, you injure yourself more; but if you are kind to him and conquer him by love, you destroy an enemy and make a friend. If there is a boy in school with a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is one who is ragged, don't talk of rags or poverty in his hearing. If there is one who has a drunken father, don't reproach him of it. If there is a lame boy, give him some place in the play that will not require running. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If a boy injures you, forgive him. If he reproaches you, speak kindly to him. In every thing and every where show that a great soul is superior to all meanness and stronger than all enmity.

The Adventures of a Mouse.

[Continued from page 265, Vol. XXVIII.]

I FOUND a beautiful wedding cake in the band-box. It had a sugar pyramid on the top, and there were several crevices large enough for me to creep in without breaking any part of it. I entered at the top, and commenced eating out a part of the cake for a hiding-place. After a while, I thought I would get out of the band-box and try to leave the cars, for I did not like the idea of travelling in a band-box that might be removed at any instant, the cake broken, and my hiding-place discovered. But then I remembered the narrow escape I had had in the carpet-bag, and before I could make up my mind what to do, the band-box was opened and some cotton packed in between the cover and the cake, so that it could not jolt about and get broken. Now, immediate danger being over, I concluded to remain where I was for a few days at least, and I commenced to make my house larger, so that I could lie down in it with ease. Being tired, I soon fell asleep. I know not how long I slept, but I was awakened by a loud whistle. Soon after the band-box was removed from the cars, and placed in a stage.

Nothing of any importance happened during the rest of that day. I felt very lonesome, and I slept most of the time, not because I was tired, but because I had nothing else to do.

The band-box was removed from the stage that evening, and placed in a

large wagon with several trunks, but the person who drove the wagon must have had instructions to be very careful of the band-box, for he put it under his seat, and then covered it with a large cloth, so that it could not move around.

I soon arrived at a splendid mansion, and was placed in the pantry. I could not rest until I had explored my new home. On the first shelf there were fruits of all kinds, and a large pan of milk; of this I partook very freely, for I was thirsty. On the second shelf there were all sorts of crockery. These I did not examine. On the next shelf there were several kinds of cake and a mouse trap, from which I inferred that there were more of my tribe in the house. And I must say that this fact pleased me very much. But having had enough experience with all kinds of traps, I passed on without touching it. I next found some almonds and rasins.

On reaching the fourth and last shelf, I was surprised at the quantity of confectionary collected there.

After looking about to my heart's content, I returned to my old quarters, and was not disturbed till the next morning, when the door of the pantry opened, and a lady appeared with a large basket, and took several of the dainties I have mentioned from the room.

This was repeated several times, and at last it came my turn to be removed. She took the cake that I was in and put

it upon a large china plate, and set it down very carefully at the head of a table, then I peeped out and saw that preparations were going on for a wedding party.

I soon heard a buzz of voices in the next room, and the folding doors were thrown back, displaying a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. The wedding cake was soon cut.

I heard the knife hit the pyramid, which was broken into a thousand pieces.

All the small crumbs fell into my house, and filled it so completely that I was concealed, but while I was congratulating myself upon my escape (I never thought of the cake's being cut up after the pyramid was broken), I felt the knife enter my flesh, and giving a scream, I leaped from the table, minus a part of my tail, and ran behind the door.

I should have been killed immediately, if all the gentlemen's attention had not been called to the bride.

It seems that she saw me as I sprang from the cake, and was so frightened that she fainted.

I was very much alarmed, I assure you, and as soon as I had a good opportunity, I ran down stairs and got into an old barrel where the kindling shavings were kept.

I was very weak from loss of blood, and did not dare to stir from the barrel; but at night I overcame my fears, and ventured forth to procure food, and I assure you the crust of bread that I found on the kitchen floor tasted better than all the rich cake that I had eaten for some time past.

As morning approached, I crept back to the barrel and tried to get some rest, but the old proverb, that "misfortunes never come singly," proved true in my case.

I had not been in the barrel more than half an hour when I felt my bed moving, and I was lifted from the barrel in the centre of a large handful of shavings and put into a stove. I thought that my death hour had now come, and I quietly awaited my fate.

The wood was laid on top of the shavings, and I heard the servant go for the matches, and then she approached the stove. The few seconds that followed seemed an age, in which all the events of my life flashed across my mind. I resolved to await my doom, and not make any attempt to save my life, but as the flames began to rise and singe the hair off my body, I made a desperate effort to escape.

I crept down to the bottom of the stove, and got through the grate into the place where the ashes are kept. There I intended to remain until evening and then make my escape.

As the fire in the stove increased, the heat in the place where I was grew intense. I found I had only escaped one danger to go into another, and expected to be roasted to death. But providence again spared my life.

The family had accompanied the bride on a "bridal tour," and as no cooking had to be done that day the fire was suffered to go out.

In the afternoon the servant left the room, and I jumped out of the stove and

ran into a mouse hole, and there to my joy I found a large family of mice.

Long-eye was the principal one among them; that is, he was the head of the family. I was invited to remain among them, and I accepted the invitation.

I often sat with them all day, relating my adventures and narrow escapes, and they suggested that I should publish them for the amusement of others, but I laughed at the idea, and little thought that they would ever be seen in such a popular work as "Merry's Museum."

I did not stay very long in their comfortable home, for I wanted to rove about at pleasure and see some of the world.

I was better equipped when I started this time than I was when I first left Albany, for I had a larger supply of victuals, and also a leaf of "Merry's Museum," which Long-eye said he could spare as well as not, for he had a whole volume.

I went on my way joyfully, sometimes stopping to rest, and then running about in all directions, till I came to a large river. Here, under a pile of lumber, I began to dig me a house, in a very beautiful place on the side nearest the water. It was very light and pleasant, and as Long-eye had taught me my letters, I could read and spell a little.

After studying for a long time I found out that my page was headed the "Adventures of Gilbert Go-Ahead." I was very much pleased, for now I had the satisfaction of knowing that I could read.

I resolved to spend all my spare time in learning to read and write.

I had lived in my new house about a month when my nest was flooded, and I only saved my life by swimming to a canal boat, and there, to my great joy, I discovered my wife and son.

I was so delighted that I could not speak for some time. Here at last we have good quarters. The canal boat is filled with grain, and we hope to end our days in comfort.

You will recollect that I was separated from my wife and child on the night of the great fire in Albany. When she found that our house was burned, she was compelled to seek a new house for herself and Bob-tail, and she staid in the neighborhood six months, but she did not see any of our old companions, or get any tidings of me, so she left the city and travelled. After a variety of adventures, she was by a lucky chance brought to the place where I found her.

I have learned to read and write, and have also taught my wife, and now we live together in happiness, and as I first learned to read from "Merry's Museum," I thought that I would devote my first efforts to writing my history, and sending it to Mr. Merry.

I now bid my readers farewell.

A MOUSE.

It's the little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery. Forty little debts of one dollar each, will cause you more trouble and dunning than one big one of a thousand.

Enigma.

A PORTION of time, which, from aught that appears,
Was it's very beginning, so records proclaim,
And which, read as 'tis written by uninspired seers,
Spells backward and forward precisely the same.

A city or town in a province of France,
Its marbles and linens commend it to fame,
Search it out on the map, you will see at a glance,
That backward or forward it still spells the same.

An action, a fact, and an instrument too,
About which the lawyers full often declaim,
And which, like their practices, all the way through,
Reads backward and forward precisely the same.

A quadruped which, you will freely admit,
Is, as feminines should be, meek, gentle, and tame,
Whose name, however pronounced, should be writ
So that backward or forward 'tis always the same.

An adjective, commonly serving to show
A tint that is deepening, it may be of shame,
Of passion, of sunset, or morn in a glow,
Which backward or forward spells ever the same.

There once was a lady, a princess, a queen
A prophetess oft to the temple she came,
In lowlier walks now oftentimes seen,
Spelt backward or forward her name is the same.

A title once worn by this lady and others,
A term of respect which true matrons may claim,
Though sometimes withheld by innocent brothers,
Which backward or forward reads always the same.

A lady, I know not where late she has dwelt,
A great poet's daughter, whose fanciful name,
As well as the title before it, is spelt
Both backward and forward exactly the same.

A sister, a daughter, a cousin, a pet,
Your schoolmate, your partner in each childish game,
Whose address, often whispered wherever you met,
Taken backward or forward is always the same.

There are rivers in Switzerland, Poland, and France,
And elsewhere, or else gazetteers are to blame,
Running both ways alike, by some singular chance,
Spelt backward and forward precisely the same.

A word to our language and lexicons known,
Which silence and secrecy has for its aim,
German ale, or a masking, take either alone,
And backward or forward it still spells the same.

There once was a monarch, he could not well run,
For, somehow, his whole understanding was lame,
Who, whether he carried two faces or one,
Went backward or forward precisely the same.

You make an allusion, a false one or true,
You use for your credit a worthy man's name,
You appeal from the law to your neighbors, you do
That which backward and forward reads always the same.

A window from which it is pleasure to look,
An organ, whose music is noiseless, not tame,
A device to make useful a needle or hood,
Which backward or forward spells always the same.

A verb, or a participle, used to emblaze
 A mortal unduly exalted to fame,
 Profanely adored in idolatrous phrase,
 Which backward or forward spells ever the
 same.

Noun, adjective, verb, whichever you will,
 A thing to reduce, to straighten, to tame,
 To which mechanics, surveyors, engineers ap-
 peal,
 Which backward or forward is always the
 same.

An old preposition, by poets preferred,
 A quaint and rare adverb we moderns disclaim,
 A verb of increase, or extension, oft heard,
 Which backward or forward are still spelt the
 same.

The initials of these make out the cognomen
 Of a very good man, whom the Methodists
 claim,
 Which, though not sufficient exactly for two men,
 Reads backward and forward precisely the
 same.
 HATCHET.

Canute's Reproof.

CANUTE, *king of England*, OSWALD, OFFA, and COURTIER.

Canute. Is it true, what you have often told me, that I am the greatest of monarchs?

Offa. It is true, my liege; you are the most powerful of kings.

Oswald. We are all your slaves; we kiss the dust of your feet.

Canute. Does the sea with its proud waves obey me? Will it be still at my bidding?

Offa. Yes, the sea is yours; it was made to bear your ships upon its bosom and to pour the treasures of the world at your royal feet.

Canute. Is the tide coming up?

Oswald. Yes, my liege; you may perceive the swell already.

Canute. Bring me a chair; set it here upon the sand.

Offa. Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord?

Canute. Yes; just here. (*Sits in the chair.*)

Oswald. (*Aside.*) I wonder what he is going to do?

Offa. (*Aside.*) Surely he is not such a fool as to believe us.

Canute. O, mighty ocean! thou art my subject; my courtiers tell me so; and it is thy duty to obey me. Thus, then, I stretch my sceptre over thee and command thee to retire. Roll back thy swelling waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of thy royal master.

Oswald. (*Aside.*) I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal commands.

Offa. See how fast the tide rises.

Oswald. The next wave will come to his chair. It is folly to stay. We shall be covered with salt water.

Canute. Well, does the sea obey my commands? If it be my subject, it is a very rebellious subject. See how it swells and dashes its angry foam and spray over my sacred person. (*Rises.*)

Vile sycophants ! Did you think I was the dupe of your abject flattery ? Know there is only one Being whom the sea will obey. He is the Sovereign of heaven and earth, King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is only He who can say to the ocean, Thus far shalt thou go and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. A king is but a man, and a man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God and think the elements will obey him ? Take away this crown, I will never wear it more. May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace.

—*Aikin.*

Eloquence of the Hands.

THE hands are by the very instinct of humanity raised in prayer, clasped in affection, wrung in despair, pressed on the forehead when the soul is "perplexed in the extreme ;" drawn inward to invite ; thrust forth objectionally to repel ; the fingers point to indicate, and are snapped in disdain ; the palm is laid upon the heart in invocation of subdued feeling, and on the brow of the compassionate in benediction. The impressive capacity of the hands was never more strikingly displayed than in the orisons of the deaf and dumb. Their teacher stood with closed eyes, and addressed the Deity by these signs made with the fingers, which constitute a language for the speechless. It was a visible, but an inaudible worship.

Scraps.

FEAR is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.

SELFISHNESS is its own curse ; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good, gets none.

TRUE merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.

HE who receives a good turn should never forget it—he who does one should never remember it.

MEN learn slowly, and we must not get discouraged when the progress is less rapid than we had deluded ourselves into expecting.

Guard well thy lips ; none, none can know
What evils from the tongue may flow,
What guilt, what grief may be incurred
By one incautious hasty word.

SINCERITY is to speak what we think, to do what we profess, to perform what we promise, and really to be what we would appear and seem to be.

Love's holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth,
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed.

WHEN you have read enough to have acquired the habit of reading without suffering your mind to wander, and when you can bring to bear upon your subject a great share of previous knowledge, you may then read with rapidity ; before that, as you have taken the wrong road, the faster you proceed the more you will be sure to err.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, December 8th, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—If not too late, I would like to offer a sentence or two as candidates for the prize proposed in the *Museum*.

1. The swift sails!
2. Yes, she is a swiftly vessel.
3. Take thy bill, sit down quickly, and write fourscore.

4. So he quick sat down and wrote fourscore. I may not have employed "all the letters of the alphabet" in either of the above; but that deficiency might be supplied by spelling some of the words differently (or "different.") A practise authorized by the writings of some of the best authors. Dickens, for example, sometimes spells vessel, "wessel." I trust your quickly intellect will judge righteous on the above. Pray, favorable decide, if you possible can, and oblige

SLIP SHOD.

P. S. If I have confounded all distinctions between adverbs and adjectives in the foregoing, blame not me, but certain "dictionaries and writers." Yours in the bonds of every adverb,
S. S.

Our friend Slip Shod would do well to get a pair of Webster boots. He might then walk more comfortably among the Babel-like ruins of modern adverbs and adjectives. The truth is, he was regularly drawn on our jury, but *slipped* out because he was so poorly *shod*, and his feet were so tender that adverbial adjectives hurt his corns. He can't bring himself to believe that quick is an adverb, or ever ought to be so used in prose. He admits that good writers have used it as well as many similar words, but he holds that good writers may sometimes use improper words and expressions, as good men sometimes do wrong. Abraham told a lie—David committed murder—that does not make lying and murder right. Why should an adjective be transformed into a genuine adverb, to be used as such on all occasions, merely because some good author, in his haste, or in a moment of carelessness, chanced to use it as such, or, because, perhaps, his printer wickedly omitted the adverbial termination? It is a knotty question. We think Slip Shod is more than half right, and the dictionaries, consequently, more than half

wrong. If *quick* be an adverb as well as an adjective, why is not *slow* an adverb? "*He runs slow.*" Would that be allowed in composition? If so, why have any adverb at all?

This matter was warmly discussed by the jury. As the dictionaries all admit *quick* into the list of adverbs, on the ground of usage, it was decided to let it pass as a matter of justice to the writers of the sentences, who had no other guide.

Slip Shod must let us hear from him again. With his aid we may, perhaps, work out a reform, amend the dictionaries, and divorce all the adjectives that have been unnaturally married into the adverb family. We promise him the aid of our hatchet in cutting them off, and a *merry* time in seeing the wry faces they make as we give them all back the *ly* (*lie*), which, through a praiseworthy shame, they are so anxious to disown.

PLEASANT RETREAT, OHIO.

MR. MERRY:—I extend to you a hearty welcome, but gaze regretfully after the retiring Mr. Hatchet. I have been putting forth feeble efforts for a week or two past to give "a turn to the grindstone," but as another paper is extensively circulated in our village, I fear all my efforts must be in vain. My sentence was not in the list, but seeing so many superior to it, I will not send it. But this time I write to correct a very sad mistake either of the printer or of some one else. My puzzle was made to read, "Hiram Hatchet, *mean*, as he says he is, &c.," while it should be "*lean*." Believe me you will ever have the best wishes and eternal respect of your young friend,
MARY.

Mr. Hatchet thought that your puzzle, as printed, "*leaned*" to rather an ungracious *mean*-ing, but was satisfied it would all come out right when fully understood.

EVERGREEN, LA., Nov. 8th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I received the November number of the *Museum* yesterday. I like the *Museum* very much; I think there is no dollar Magazine to equal it; when I get the December number I intend to have the volume bound.

I congratulate you on your return from Europe; I hope you enjoyed yourself, and I hope you have many interesting stories to tell to us. I wish when you are travelling you would visit

the "Sunny South." How glad we should be to see you. Many of your subscribers live near me. If you will come we will have a happy time. Your friend,
M. C. R.

ZEBULON, GA., Nov. 8th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—Dear Sir:—Permit a young friend from the "Sunny South" to address you. I will not trespass much on your time.

If ever you should pass through this portion of our noble state, our home would be much gladdened by a visit from you. Situated in a healthy portion of middle Georgia, we can boast of as beautiful a village as the traveller generally meets with.

I always peruse with pleasure "Gilbert Go-Ahead," both from the interest of Gilbert's adventures, and from the important geographical information which they afford. The "Monthly Chat" I also delight in. And I should like much to participate in it. Some of the questions therein proposed are too difficult for me to solve. The "enigmas" are generally very easy.

Your little friend,

HARRISON W.

McDONOUGH, DEL., Nov. 13th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—Seeing so many girls' letters in your invaluable Museum, I have determined to write to you. I solve your enigmas, but I must confess that some of your puzzles are too hard for me. You have some very good writers, and I only wish that I was one, but I hope by practice and careful study to be able in a few years to compete with the best. You know the old adage, "Practice makes perfect."

From your affectionate subscriber,

ELIZA HIGGINS.

Eliza, I omit your apologies, they are unnecessary. But your determination to compete with the best is admirable.

BATH, Nov. 27th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—As this is the first time that I have written to you, I do not know that you will receive it. As to printing it, do as you think proper. I want to know if you will please to send me the January and February numbers. I want to have them bound. I live in the pleasant village of Bath, which is situated on the Coashocton river, and which contains six churches, besides a large school house.

MARY JANE SEDGWICK.

Hope you have fine times, Mary, in the large school house. Write again.

CORNWALL, Nov. 14th, 1854.

MESSRS. MERRY & HATCHET:—Hereafter I shall address you not from New York as heretofore, but from "boarding-school." Not one such as is so graphically described by Dickens in "Nicholas Nickleby," but a school in which you are made to feel as much at home as possi-

ble, and receive good instruction besides. It is situated in Cornwall, on the west bank of the Hudson, about six miles below Newburgh, and commands a fine view up the river. Idlewild, the residence of N. P. Willis, is but a few rods distant, and the scholars are permitted to roam over his grounds, provided they do no mischief. Butter Hill, or the "Storm King," as Willis calls it, rears its weather-beaten head nearly opposite the house, and a range of lesser hills, like a retinue of attendants, follow in his train. Altogether, the surrounding scenery is very fine, even so late in the season as this, and must be still more so in the spring and summer. The principal of the school is Mr. Roe, and both he and Mrs. Roe try to make every thing pleasant and agreeable to the pupils, and are much esteemed by them. The ground about the house embraces fourteen acres, affording ample room for recreation. Besides this, the river makes a fine place for skating in winter, and swimming and rowing in summer. But I think I have said enough for the present. Yours truly,

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

CALAIS, Nov. 18th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I hail the arrival of the Museum with joy, and quickly turn to the Monthly Chat to find the answers to the puzzles. I have found the answers to a few, and will give them to you. But I must first say that I think it a real shame that some of the Calais girls or boys, who subscribe for your Museum, do not do anything to help to fill up the Monthly Chat. I cannot do much towards it, but I will do what I can.

Your friend,

JULIA JENKINS.

There is a hint to the Calais boys and girls, which I hope they will take.

EASTPORT, Nov. 14th, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Although I did not get the prize, I will not be offended. I have taken the Museum nearly three years, and find it more interesting than ever, and I think mother takes as much interest in finding out the enigmas as I do myself. You promised that the story of "Nelly's Doll" should be continued, but I have been very much disappointed in not seeing it.

MARY S. PEARCE.

We mean to keep our promises when we can, but the conclusion of the story of "Nelly's Doll" was lost, and we are not able to replace it.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 11th, 1854.

MESSRS. MERRY AND HATCHET:—Allow me to congratulate you on the settlement of the prize trial, (not to say "prize fight!") and to express my approval and conviction as to the righteousness of the verdict.

Shall I answer some of your questions, or had you rather not be bothered? Methinks I

hear editorial sighs! Well, I must write for my own present gratification, but you need not read what follows if you have anything better to do; just throw the document at once into that basket by your side, for the benefit of the stove, and take up the next letter, which, perhaps, contains little Charlie's, Emma's, or Fanny's hopes of seeing their names in print, and I would not crowd them out for the world. But to the questions in the last number—

Answers.

21. Whip-poor-Will.
22. Non-con-for-mist.
23. Fifty-eight years, seven months, and ten days.

25. I would rather *accept* some ice cream, Miss Adele, but your orders seem peremptory, so thus I decline it. *I stream, thou screamest, he screams.*

31. The vowels.
32. Irate.
34. Inn *i* (eye).
35. Wind.
36. Wafers.
37. When it sees the de-canter? No. Well, when there is a bun-dance in the cellar? No. When its—its—oh! I give it up.

38. Whole-some.

39. The counterpart of tulips? of an omnibus? I give that up too.

40. Because he will right (*write*) about face.

41. The town-crier.

42. Short.

43. I don't know; but I do know what animal has four hind feet, do you?

Congratulating you once more that my communication is ended, I hasten to subscribe myself, yours, truly,

AUNT SUE.

Don't be offended, dear Aunt Sue, we are really much obliged to you, and promise that, whenever you come, however crowded, we will make room for one so clever, and possessing such genuine Yankee powers of guessing.

Answers not included in the above:—

24. They are said to have been invented 869 years before Christ, by Phidon, king of Argos.

26. Because carbonic acid in vast quantities is thrown off by decaying vegetables, and the wind cannot penetrate the underbrush to drive it away, and it settles there and destroys animal life.

27. Cape Comorin, derived from the name of one of the characters worshipped there, as Cumari or virgin.

28. Punjab is the frontier province of India, the name is derived from two words signifying *five* and *water*—the country of five waters or rivers.

29. Amritsar stands on the Bari doab, which forms part of the Punjab. The city is named from the Amrita Saras, or "fount of immortality," a reservoir made in 1581.

30. In the northwest part of North America. It was granted to Prince Rupert by Charles II.

33. Because he is red.

37. When it is hoppy.

39. Elliptical (*A-hip-tickle*).

43. A pig.

A hind has four hind feet.

MR. MERRY:—The answer to the riddle, "Black upon black," &c., is a "pusson of color" on a brown horse, upon whose head (the nigger's, not the horse's) is a black pot, supposed to have three legs. NINTH AVENUE.

Rather a dark subject, Mr. Ninth Avenue, but you have thrown all the light on it that it will bear.

Answer to Nellie's enigmas in November number. 1. Jeannie Hasseltine. 2. Benedict Arnold.

The answer to Emma's, is Hon. Daniel Webster.

The answer to one of the Three Cousins' enigmas, is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The answer to Addia's, is the next number of Merry's Museum.

Minna's Latin poetry reads, "Molly is a beauty," &c.

The answer to Fanny and Helen's first riddle, is Hour-glass. 2. Clergyman.

Albert B. Webb's enigma, is "Put none but Americans on guard."

The charade on page 377, is Fire-lock.

Answer to J. N. Todd. The first riddle was Samson's—"Out of the eater," &c.

Moses was buried by God in the valley of the land of Moab.

Answer to Thomas Pugh's puzzle on page 375, is Oyster.

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS BY WM. F. PECK.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Archelaus. | 9. Italian. |
| 2. Methuselah. | 10. Genesee. |
| 3. Hosea. | 11. Saratoga. |
| 4. Chrysanthemum. | 12. Garniture. |
| 5. Amaranthus. | 13. Rialto. |
| 6. Jessamin. | 14. Erudition. |
| 7. Lacedaemonian. | 15. Charter Oak. |
| 8. Australian. | 16. Monarch. |
| | 17. Martin Luther. |

Answer to D. S. Hoyt, page 375, is The night before Christmas Day.

Answer to Peter Slug, When the lamp went out Moses was in the dark.

We propose a slight change in the arrangement of the Chat this year, for the sake of brevity and simplicity. We will put the letters by themselves, and the puzzles and answers by themselves, and number them for convenience of reference. Please bear this in mind when you write. If you send merely a puzzle or an answer, it will be put in without the formality of a letter. If you write

for the Chat, let it be as brief and spicy as you please.

We have received a great many letters expressive of satisfaction at the decision of the jury, but one of our little friends unfortunately thinks differently. Here is his letter:—

MR. MERRY:—In looking over the sentences of the lucky ones, the sentence of the one who has the first premium, is destitute of two letters of the alphabet, viz.: d and u. If you award a premium to that person, you will break your rules. I don't like partiality. You will please discontinue Merry's Museum taken by me.

Yours, &c.

We will stop the Museum, but we are sorry to lose a friend. Your disease is beyond our skill to cure, but we will lend you a pair of "spectacles," and if you look sharp you will see both d and u in the first prize sentence. Another prize is offered in this number, and if you will write the best sentence, and comply with the other conditions, we will promise you a gold watch. If we were in your place, we should rather wear that, than to feel vexed.

Questions.

1. Who invented ovens?
2. When it is twelve o'clock at London, what is the time at Philadelphia, in America?—*Mary Worth.*
3. A sphere of six feet diameter is painted at the rate of a halfpenny per square inch. What is the cost?
4. Which is the most costly palace in Europe, and what is its shape?—*Helen.*
5. From whom did the Pacific Ocean receive its name, and why was it so called?
6. Which is the largest forest in the world, and what is its size?—*George Knapp.*
7. In which chapter of the Bible is Helbon wine mentioned as being sold in the public fairs of Tyre?—*G. M. Knapp.*
8. What English kings, since the Conquest, have ascended the throne when minors?—*W. Bremner.*
9. What is that which, when you name it, you destroy it?—*Mary Worth.*
10. What is older than its mother?
11. Why is a dead dog's tail like a toll-gate?
12. What kind of stick is used most in the night?
13. What kind of hawk is most dangerous?—*W. Bailey.*
14. A lady met a gentleman in the street, the gentleman said, "I think I know you;" the lady said, "You ought, as your mother was my mother's only daughter." What relation was he?
15. Two persons meeting, one said, "How do

you do, father?" the other said, "It is true I am your father, but you are not my son." How were they related?

16. I am required to plant a grove,
To entertain the maid I love;
This ample grove must I compose
Of nineteen trees in nine straight rows;
Five trees in every row must place,
Or ne'er expect to see her face.
17. My age multiplied by its one-fifth, is five years more than my father's, and my father is twenty-five years older than I am. What is my age, and my father's?—*W. T. Frohock.*

Enigmas.

18. I am composed of thirty-two letters.
My 8, 25, 25, 10, 18, 24, 19, 14, 32, 18, is what all sportsmen use.
" 10, 1, 29, 28, is one of the Territories.
" 12, 13, 14, 11, 25, 8, is an obscure question.
" 1, 8, 16, 8, 14, 18, 11, 80, 9, 18, was an American Commander-in-Chief.
" 2, 6, 7, will not freeze, I assure you.
" 22, 23, 17, 7, 20, is what every one wears.
" 5, 21, 18, is a kind of fowl.
" 18, 26, 16, 22, 15, 26, is used for pointing letters to children.
" 4, 8, 15, 4, 6, 11, is the name of a kind of fish.
" 16, 31, 3, 27, 23, is an article of dress worn mostly by ladies.
My whole is a quotation from Dryden.
Frank K. Rathbun.

19. Am composed of thirteen letters.
My 8, 4, 10, 8, 18, 11, is the name of a State.
" 1, 2, 8, is a conjunction.
" 2, 12, is a refusal.
" 7, 12, 18, 5, 11, is the name of a place in Panola County, Texas.
" 8, 4, 10, 8, 18, 11, 8, 11, is the name of a river.
My whole is the name of a distinguished man.
C. F. Davenport.

Charades.

20. My first oft describes what is near;
My second, a metal, in Cornwall is found;
My third, bravest seamen do fear;
My whole's a bird songster, with music profound.
21. Formed long ago, but made to-day,
I'm most enjoyed when others sleep—
What few would wish to give away,
And fewer still would wish to keep.
S. R. Warner.
22. My first is a celebrated cathedral.
" second is an incorporate community.
" whole is a city in Russia.
23. My first is the number men have of my second.
My whole is a flower much admired by some.
24. My first gives light and heat to my whole,
which is one of my second.
J. J.

A CHARADE IN FRENCH.

25. Mon premier est un metal precieuse.
 Mon second est un habitant descieux.
 Mon tout est un fruit delicieux.

26. A few dictionary words with a new spelling:—F. I. K. C.—D. I. T.—X. 10 U. 8.—I. D. L.—L. X. & R.—4 N. R.—C.

A BUNDLE OF ANAGRAMS.

27. 1. So dream in vain. A kind of censure.
 2. Our bad rout. A kind of musician.
 3. Dear chimes. A mathematician.
 4. See odd man. A celebrated female.
 5. Ice that ran. A kind of fuel.
 6. Search Simon. A title of nobility.
W. E. Peck.

28. Minutes, and hours, and days, and years,
 Which mark the round of circling spheres,
 Make up the subject of my song.
 To some I'm short, to some I'm long,
 To some I come but yesterday.
 Two names I have, pray what are they?
C. S. Owens.

Conundrums.

29. Why was the Mexican war like the letter G?
 What two letters of the alphabet make a philosopher?
 30. When is a young man like a laurel?
L. S. Coulcher.
 31. Why is the letter T like the action of the
 air on dead animals?
W. O. Blaine.

We have letters from W. Cooper Williams, Sarah D. Spurr, Anna S. Rockwall, and Manhattan. The answers in them are all correct, and the enigmas formed by substituting figures for letters are good of the kind. But as we have so many of that kind, suppose we substitute something else, and make variety. Write again, all of you. Helen F.'s anagrams have appeared before. She gives no answers to her puzzles, and by the rule they must lie over.

Several letters just received are too late for this number.

The New Prizes.

We offer four prizes—

1. An elegant Gold Watch.
2. An elegant Silver Watch.
3. An elegant Gold Pencil.
4. Two volumes of Merry's Museum.

The thing to be done.

Make a good English sentence composed of just twenty-six words. Each of the words

commencing with a different letter of the alphabet. They may be arranged in the order of the alphabet, or in the inverse order, or promiscuously, at choice. The words may be long or short, but the sentence must be one sentence, and complete in itself—must contain a distinct idea, be strictly accurate, and be gracefully expressed.

The object in offering this exercise is to give practice in the art of English composition.

The conditions are these:

To be a competitor for the first prize, parties must pay their subscription for 1855, and send four new subscribers either to Merry's Museum or the Mother's Magazine at one dollar each.

To be a competitor for the second prize, they must send two new subscribers and their own subscription.

To be a competitor for the third prize, they must send one new subscriber and their own subscription.

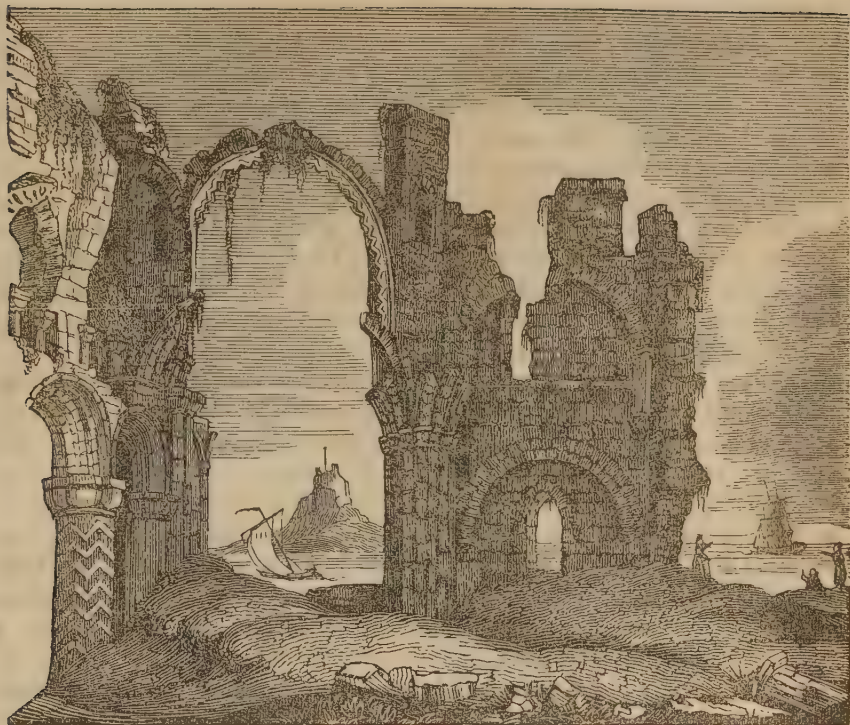
To be a competitor for the fourth prize, they must pay their advance subscription.

The sentences sent in by the competitors for the first, second, third, and fourth prizes respectively will be kept by themselves, and the one who furnishes the best sentence in each class will take the prize. If any wish to send two sentences for the first prize, and thus double their chance of success, they can do so by sending eight new subscribers, and in like proportion for a greater number. So in the second class, four new subscribers will entitle to send two sentences. And in the third class, they may send as many sentences as they send new subscribers.

Persons sending in names of subscribers, will specify for which prize they will contend.

Competitors for the fourth prize will not be allowed to send but one sentence each.

The new subscribers' names should be sent at the earliest date possible, but the prize sentences may be sent any time before the first of April, when the box will be closed, and the decision made by a disinterested jury as soon after as convenient.



Ruins at Lindisfarne.

LINDISFARNE, or Holy Island, is situated in the North Sea, opposite to the coast of Durham, England. It was named by the Britons *Inis-Mendicante*. The appellation Holy Island was given to it by the English, from its being the residence of several of the primitive Fathers of the Saxon Church. The distance of this Island from the main land is about two miles. It is easily accessible, at low water, to all kinds of conveyance, but the sands are dangerous to such persons as are not acquainted with them.

The town is very ancient, it was made a bishop's see by King Oswald as early as 635. From the ruins of many streets it is conjectured that it was formerly much larger than now. At the present time the town is inconsiderable in size, and many of its inhabitants are employed in fishing.

The first church, or monastery, was built of timber and thatch, but was destroyed by the Danes. Subsequently the church was rebuilt in a massive and substantial manner, as is evident from the ruins which remain.

In the cut above you see detached portions of the great edifice. The ruins of the church occupy the foreground, while the castle is seen on an eminence in the background. The north and south walls of the church are still almost entire, though much out of perpendicular, and weakened by the lapse of time. A portion of the west wall still remains, but that on the east is nearly level with the ground. All the arches of this church are circular, except two in the chancel and one in the north aisle, but these, as well as a pointed arch over the north aisle, seem to be of a later date than the rest of the building. The stones of which this church is constructed are of a deep red color. On the sides most exposed to the weather they are eaten into the semblance of a honeycomb. The remains of the priory and offices lie on the south side.

We had lingered about the venerable ruin of Lindisfarne till the reddening west and the sunset gun from the distant castle announced that a beautiful July day was closing, and we were loth to leave a place so suggestive of the memories of other days and other dynasties. As we stood musing, we, in imagination, travelled back into the distant past, and conjured up the living forms that, centuries ago, had hovered around these places. Stalwart men, stern of brow and stiff in armour, were there; and heroic women, whose beauty and bravery gave them almost unlimited power. And was it true that they had walked beneath these very arches, and consecrated by their deeds of chivalry

these venerable places? We called to mind the fierce conflicts of Scot, Saxon, and Dane, who had each struggled hard for ascendancy here, and whose valor has long been the theme of song. And then, at a later day, we seemed to see arrayed the garrisoned forces of the king, in the time of the civil wars, against the more determined men who took the parliament side, and who here conquered and gained possession of the fortress and the town.

While we mused, the twilight deepened, and night was fast settling on the sea and veiling nearer objects in dim outline, when a light boat approached the shore and directly two figures were seen hurrying from beneath one of the arches of the ruin towards the boat, whose approach they had apparently been awaiting. One of them was a young female. They were soon embarked and out of sight in the darkness. We thought little of the circumstance at the time, but it being rumored, the next day, that a young lady in the town, whose parents had opposed her marriage to an Australian adventurer, had disappeared and had probably embarked with her lover for the field of gold, we, for the first time, became aware that we had witnessed the enacting of a real romance, and that the venerable old ruin, which had afforded us so much gratification while looking on it, had, for our special benefit that day, got up a little bit of romance, just to show us that its legendary fame had some connection with fact as well as poetry.



My heart's in the Highlands.

Tune—"Fàilte na Miosg."

[The words and the air of this song were contributed to a contemporaneous periodical by Robert Burns. He says in a note: "The first half-stanza of this song is old; the rest is mine. Of the old strain no one has recorded any remembrance."]



My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;	Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;	Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,	Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.	Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,	My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
The birth-place of valor, the country of worth;	My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,	Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.	My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Hunting Deer in the Highlands.

THE hart is an animal of the antelope species; in size it is rather smaller than the fallow deer. Its colors vary somewhat in the different countries in which it is found. It is generally, however, of a dusky brown, mixed with red; the body underneath the breast and the inside of the limbs are white; but on the head, back, and outside of the limbs, the hair is considerably darker than on any other parts of the body. The orbits of the eyes are white, and there is a small patch of the same on each side of the forehead. The horns are perfectly black, and have three curves; they are marked with circles almost to the top; they are sixteen inches long. The female has no horns. This animal has a sort of substance in its stomach which is called bezoar, which is sometimes of a blood color, sometimes pale yellow, and of all the shades between the two. It is as hard as stone, and is generally glossy and smooth, with a smell which is considered very agreeable. It varies in size from that of an acorn to that of an egg; and the larger the size, the more valuable it is. There was a time when a stone of this kind, weighing four ounces, sold in Europe for above two hundred pounds, but at present they are of comparatively little value. The word bezoar is derived from the Arabic language, where it signifies antidote, or counter poison. It has been given for various diseases, such as palpitation of the heart, colic, jaundice; and in those

countries where the price, and not the real use of the medicine is considered, it has been given for almost every disease which can be mentioned. It probably possesses merely the virtues of common chalk, and is only used where the knowledge of medicine has advanced but little.

The antelope is a very graceful creature, particularly when running. It is found principally in the hilly parts of the countries which it inhabits. It is very cunning, and requires careful watching and much tact to be shot or taken. They run in herds, and rarely lie down altogether; but by an instinct given them by Providence, some are always on the watch, and when they are fatigued, they give notice to those who have rested, who arise at once and relieve the sentinels of the preceding hours, and thus they often preserve themselves from the attacks of wolves and hunters. They are exceedingly swift, and will outrun the fleetest horse or greyhound. If, however, they are bitten by a dog, they at once fall down, nor will they even offer to rise again.

Deer hunting is a favorite amusement in many countries. These animals are found in America, from Canada in the North, to the banks of the Orinoco in South America; also in many parts of England; although they are not so plentiful as formerly, they are, however, still to be found in the Highlands of Scotland in considerable numbers.—*Youth's Companion.*



The Pine-Apple.

THE pine-apple grows naturally in the East and West Indies, and in Africa. It is raised by planting the crowns which grow on the fruit, or the suckers which are produced from either side of the plant, or under the fruit.

The pine-apple is much esteemed as an ornament for the table, and abundance of the fruit is sent to Europe and the United States. The crown is usually preserved with the apple, as its removal would diminish the elegant appearance of the fruit.

From the pine-apple there is made a wine which is much esteemed. The fruit, eaten in large quantities, is often injurious to health, especially in warm weather.

Before being planted, the suckers or crowns of the pine-apple must be laid to dry in a warm place for four or five days, or more, for if they are immediately planted they will rot. The certain rule of judging when they are fit to plant is to observe if the bottom is healed over and become hard. In summer they must be frequently watered, but not with large quantities at a time. Plants beginning to show the fruit should never be shifted, for if they are removed after the fruit appears, it stops the growth and thereby causes the fruit to be smaller.

With care the pine-apple may be raised in hot-beds in this country, but communication is now so rapid between

this country and the West Indies, and they grow in such perfection there, that the inducement to attempt their culture is not very great. In their season they are very abundant in all our city markets and are usually sold for a very low price. If we would eat them in their perfection, they should be allowed to become fully ripe before they are picked ; but when they are to be exported they are picked green, otherwise they would decay before reaching a market. Their flavor resembles the strawberry.

Birds Speaking English.

A TRAVELLER in South America, speaking of the birds of his native land, says it is pleasant to notice that, into whatever strange countries they may have wandered during winter, and whatever strange tongues they may have heard, they nevertheless come back *speaking English*. Hark ! "Phœbe ! Phœbe !" plain enough. And by-and-by the bobolink, saying, "Bob o' Lincoln ;" and the quail, saying, "Bob White." We have heard of one who always thought the robin said, "Skillet ! skillet ! three legs to a skillet ! two legs to a skillet !" A certain facetious doctor says the robins cry out to him, as he passes along the road, "Kill 'em ! cure 'em, physic ! physic ! physic !" The whip-poor-will talks English plain enough, the world over ; but crows talk Dutch, and are the most accommodating birds in the world, for they always yield assent,

with a "yaw, yaw, yaw," even if you ask leave to shoot them, but ten to one if they don't fly away while they say it.

Frogs, both great and small, talk excellent English. If you doubt, go and walk by the pond on a still May evening, and very likely they will tell you the name of your sweetheart, or blaze to all the world something that you have been doing and that you would rather not have made public.

Scraps.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—The following extraordinary composition may be seen in the churchyard of Thetford, Norfolk :—

"My grandmother was buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear ;
My father perished with a mortification in his
thighs ;
My sister dropped down dead in the Minories.
But the reason why I am here, according to
my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking ;
Therefore, good Christians, if you'd wish to
live long,
Beware of drinking brandy, gin, or any thing
strong."

BLACK GUARD.—A term said to be derived from a number of dirty, tattered, and roguish boys, who attended the Horse Guards, and Parade in St. James' Park, to black the boots and shoes of the soldiers, or to do any other dirty offices. These, from their constant attendance about the time of guard mounting, were nicknamed the Black Guards.



Bootham Bar, York.

THE word "bar" sometimes means a gateway, as Temple Bar, in London, is an immense arched gateway, with imposing architecture, which connects the old City of London with Westminster ; and though it is now in the heart of modern London, and the old wall with which it was connected, and which once surrounded London proper, is long since demolished, yet the bar or gateway still remains, with its immense doors hung on massive iron hinges, which are corroded with rust, and which seldom turn on

their pivots, except on some state occasions, for they are kept open day and night, and through the narrow passage, barely wide enough for two carriages to drive abreast, with a side arch for foot people, there flows a stream of human life, which from early dawn till late at night knows no diminution, and which, as you stand and watch it, gives you an impressive view of the immense magnitude of England's metropolis.

Bootham Bar is the name of a gateway in the wall that surrounded the

ancient city of York, in Yorkshire, England. The city of York has been famous in past centuries. It was founded in the time of the Roman rule, and its original name was Eboracum. Here the Emperor Severus died in the third century, and here died Constantinus, the father of Constantine the Great, in the fourth century. In the time of the Saxons it was the metropolis of the powerful kingdom of Northumberland, which held a first rank among the powers on the island.

The city was surrounded with an immense wall, large portions of which still remain in all their original strength.

While stopping at York, during a late visit there, we found that one of the most agreeable walks that we could take was along the top of the high wall, or battlement, that lies on the south side of the town.

Here you may walk two or three miles along a broad path, protected by a light railing, and overlooking the entire city. You may literally look down into the chimneys of the houses near you, and see through all the narrow streets of the old town the busy rush of life and activity, while at the north you see rising up, in imposing grandeur, the immense towers of the York Cathedral, which is by far the finest, if not the largest, Gothic structure in England, and one of the very finest in all Europe. A little to the east of this, in the north-eastern part of the town, is the old castle, with its strong walls and buttresses, looking down with a frown upon all surrounding objects. If from these

two prominent points you turn to a more minute survey of the city, you see very ancient looking houses, with steep roofs and odd projecting windows, huddled together in narrow streets and lanes, with scarcely room for carriages to pass between them; you see shops along the streets that have low narrow windows, and a very dull uncommercial look; you see Yorkshire men in drab short-clothes and hob-nailed buskins, and Yorkshire women with clean white aprons, and rotund ruddy faces; you see market men, with panniers and saddle-bags, distributing their commodities, and market women, with donkey carts, selling milk and vegetables.

And if from the noise and jargon of the dingy town you turn away, and from the top of the wall aforesaid, look southward or westward, you see as beautiful a country as your eye ever rested on; every part of it is cultivated like a garden, and its fields, now teeming with the burden of a rich harvest, and its picturesque cottages, give the scene a beautiful effect.

See that line of smoke away in the south-west as far as the eye can reach; it is coming nearer, it is the evening train of the great Northern railway; it has come two hundred miles from London, and it has two hundred miles more to go before it reaches Edinburgh. Now the train comes near. You stand on the wall and watch its approach. It does not slack its speed, and you momentarily expect to see it dashed in pieces against the great wall on which you stand. But no! there is an arch-

way cut through the wall by modern masonry, and lo, the trains are now under your very feet and you look down some sixty feet on to the puffing engine, which sends up his smoke to blind your eyes. The wall here is some twenty or thirty feet wide at the base, and eight or ten wide at the top. Gentlemen and ladies are taking their evening stroll upon this boulevard, and enjoying the quiet of a calm summer sunset.

Near the Bootham Bar, as seen in the cut, is a stairway, by which to descend from the top of the wall, and as the evening is advancing we will go down and find our way to the hotel.



Little Lizzy.

LITTLE Lizzy was an amiable and affectionate child, and when she was but three years old, all her friends delighted to have her in their company; and if her head happened to ache, or she was otherwise unwell, she was sure to be tenderly nursed, for all the family loved to take care of her and make her happy.

When she was five years old she met with a great misfortune, for her mother, whom she most tenderly loved, and who was always very kind to her, died, leaving her, and her elder sister, and her little baby brother, to learn by experience how sad a thing it is to be bereft of a mother's care and love.

But they had many friends who did

all they could to make them happy, who spoke kindly to them, and took care of them in sickness, and though Lizzy would often cry at the remembrance of her mother, and sob as if her heart would break, yet when, a few months after, she went to live with her grandparents, and was allowed to run about the fields and gather flowers, and play with her cousin Frank, and feed the chickens, she became very happy.

When she was about six years old, she was one day left in the house all alone, the other members of the family having gone away for a little while, so she said to herself, "I am now mistress, and I can do as I please; there is no one to see me or to control me, and whatever I do there is no one to tell, yet though I am alone, I will not do wrong, for if I do, I shall injure myself. I will behave, therefore, just as if grandpa and grandma were here looking on.

She then began to write a letter to her father, spelling out the words and printing the letters with a pencil. She then sat down and amused herself by drawing pictures on her transparent slate. She drew gates, and bridges, and horses, and houses, and castles, and was delighted with her success. After this she studied her arithmetic lesson till she was sure that she understood it perfectly; then she sat down by the fire with her story book, and while the cat was purring demurely by her side, she read from Kris Kringle, and looked at the pictures and amused herself till the family came home.

In the evening she was well satisfied with herself and with her day's employment. She ran to meet her grandmother as she came home with such an air of satisfaction and cheerfulness that it was apparent that she had been a good girl. Her grandmother said to her, "My dear, I see that you have been good to-day, for if you had not you would not be so well pleased with yourself and so happy. They are always the most cheerful and happy children who try to do right. Be always good, and you will always be happy."

Lizzy promised that she would, and when her grandmother asked her what she had been doing, she showed her the letter which she had written for her father, and the pictures that she had drawn on her slate. She then recited the lesson she had learned in arithmetic, and told her some stories that she had read in her new book. This gave her grandmother so much pleasure that she embraced her tenderly, and told her she had been a very good girl.

She and her elder sister had the care of their own chamber, and they experienced so much pleasure in doing right, and in securing the approbation of their grandmother, that they resolved that they would keep every thing in the finest order. The room was neatly swept and dusted, their wardrobe and drawers were in excellent order, nothing was out of place, and they were very careful that nothing was injured. Their grandmother never had to ask them if they had brushed their teeth or dressed their hair before they came to breakfast,

for she was sure they would not neglect it.

The snow was on the ground, and they could not run in the fields as they did in the summer, but they found it so pleasant to be prompt in all their home duties that they were happy every hour. In the evening, when the lights were brought in, and the shutters closed, and winter and all sad things were shut out, they would persuade their grandparents to join them for a half hour in playing dominoes, or in some other pleasant amusement; then they would recount the adventures of the day, and call to mind the friends that were near and far away; then followed the evening prayer and their night's repose. Those were happy days and happy evenings around that fireside.

After a few days, a lady who lived in the next house came in to make a visit, and as Lizzy entered the room, she said, "This is the little girl who was so good when she thought she was all alone the other day. I happened to call at the door, but she was so busy that she did not observe me, and I stood and looked at her some time, and I was pleased to see how well she was employing herself."

Lizzy blushed at this unexpected praise; and when she was alone in her chamber, she said, while the tears came in her eyes, "Oh, how much is gained by being good, even when we think we are alone! Nothing that we do remains concealed.

"Grandmother knew that I had been good by my looks before I spoke to tell her, and this lady saw what I did,

though I did not think that any body witnessed my actions. If, then, I had done any thing wrong, it would have been the same. Ah! what shame I should have suffered if this lady had seen me doing wrong. She would have despised me, and I should have thought meanly of myself. I will always behave well, even if I am in solitude, for if no human eye sees me, I know that God's eye is always upon me, and I know too that if I do wrong I shall see it myself, and that would make me despise myself. If God did not love me, and if I despised myself, how could I be happy any more?"

GENTILITY consists not in birth, wealth, manners, or fashion, but in a high sense of honor, and a determination to do what is right, to the best of our ability, under all circumstances—that is, "to do justice, to love mercy, and walk humbly before God."

AMONG the various undertakings of men, can there be mentioned one more important, can there be conceived one more sublime, than an intention to form the human mind anew after the divine image? The very intention, if it be sincere, is a ray of its dawning.—*Cole-ridge*.

STRANGE BULBOUS ROOT.—A poor gardener, on being asked what felicity meant, said he did not know, but he believed it was a *bulbous root*!



Jeffrey Hudson, the Dwarf.

THIS celebrated personage, known as the dwarf of Queen Henrietta Maria, was born in 1619, at Okeham, in England. His father was a large man, with broad shoulders and full chest—"a person of lusty stature, as well as all his children, except Jeffrey, who, when seven years old, was scarcely eighteen inches in height, without any deformity, and wholly proportionable." At the age of nine years he was taken into the service of the Duchess of Buckingham, and clothed in silks, and had

tall men to attend him. At an entertainment not long after given to Charles the First and his wife Henrietta Maria, Jeffrey was ensconced in a huge cold pie, from which he rushed forth during the entertainment to the great wonder and amusement of the guests assembled.

On another occasion, at a mask ball given at the court, the king's gigantic porter was present, and drew Jeffrey out of his pocket to the surprise and wonder of all spectators.

He became a great favorite at court,

and was ruined by the notice and flattery that he received, for he was so elated that he would not recognize his own father.

It is related that in 1630 he was sent to France on some errand for the queen, and that while returning, he had the misfortune to be taken by a Flemish pirate, and carried prisoner to Dunkirk. On this occasion he lost presents which had been given to him by the French court to the amount of £2500. It is related that from Dunkirk he was despatched to Brussels mounted on a little pony, and that by the way he was attacked by a turkey cock, and had a severe battle. He drew his sword and defended himself manfully, but would have been vanquished if he had not been rescued by a woman.

In the time of the civil wars Jeffrey was made Captain of Horse in the Royal Army, and in that capacity accompanied the queen to France. While there he engaged in a dispute with Mr. Croft, brother of Lord Croft, and became so exasperated that he sent him a challenge to fight a duel. Mr. Croft deeming him an object, not of his anger, but contempt, accepted the challenge, and at the place of rendezvous, armed himself with a squirt gun. This so enraged the little creature that a real duel ensued, and to put them more on an equality they fought on horseback with pistols. In the encounter Jeffrey shot his antagonist dead. For this he was imprisoned, and afterwards expelled from court. At the time he was about thirty years old, and had not grown

any in size since he was seven. But strange as it may seem, he afterwards increased in stature, so that at the time of his death he was three feet and nine inches high.

He returned to his native country, and lived on a small pension which was allowed him by the court.

During the excitement in London occasioned by the Popish plot, he was taken up and imprisoned as an accessory. Shortly after his release he died in the year 1682, and in the sixty-third year of his age.

Sir Walter Scott has introduced this irascible little fellow into his "Peverit of the Peak," the denouement of which romance is much forwarded by his aid.

If Jeffrey Hudson had fallen into the hands of a shrewd showman, he might have helped to make as fine a fortune as did Charles Stratton, the Tom Thumb of America, but there is no record that he was ever turned to account as a speculation; but he did afford great merriment in his day, and was celebrated in poetry and prose as the hero of some wonderful achievements.

THERE is fun in Mr Mellen's "Habeas Corpus," as well as reason. Here is a specimen:—A case of absence of mind occurred the last rainy night, when Mr. Peabody came home; he put his umbrella in bed with his wife, and stood himself up in the corner of the room."



The Widow Patten's Cow.

ONCE upon a time, there lived a widow with six children in a small cottage, which, with a little land, and a cow, made them quite comfortable. Brinnie, the cow, was a great pet with these children ; her return from the meadow at night, was a joyful time, they had been to see that her bed was nice and smooth, and many a toss the straw had, before it was just the thing for their pet ; then they must see her come down the road, Charlie walking by her side, with his arm resting on her neck.

Mary thought there never was a cow that had such pretty beauty-spots as Brinnie ; and Robert said her ears were so silky, and her tail was so long to keep off the flies.

And very few nights passed without each one of the children looking in upon Brinnie before retiring for the night. And when their mother milked her, one or more of the children were close to

her side, watching the white foam rise upon the pail, and to hear the sound grow softer and softer as the milk increased ; and then it must be measured and put into clean pans, and each child knew just how much milk Brinnie gave.

And every night it was settled who was to accompany Charlie to the meadow with Brinnie in the morning, and generally Mary, the youngest child, was allowed to go, for she loved to walk among the grass so well ; and many a pleasant morning, Charlie and Mary might have been seen following the good old cow to her pasture to return at night, laden with her treasures, which she had been gathering during the day.

Now you can see what a comfort Brinnie must have been to this family ; nice sweet milk for supper and breakfast, and butter for their bread ; but it is impossible to tell you all the comfort a cow is to a poor family ; just such a comfort was Brinnie to Mrs. Patten and

her children, as I have described to you, bringing them many luxuries.

Hard times came, hay was very expensive, and Mrs. Patten found she could not afford to keep Brinnie; she told the children that the cow must be sold, as it was impossible for her to buy hay during the long winter, and she had talked with farmer White, who was a very kind man, and would take good care of her, to come the next day and look at her.

The children were so surprised; they had looked upon Brinnie as one of the family, and would as soon have expected their mother to sell one of them; but their mother told them with tears that there was no other way for her to raise money which must be raised to pay taxes and rent.

The children knew it was all right, and they said nothing to their mother, who they knew felt so badly to part with such a useful friend; but many a consultation was held on the subject when out of their mother's sight.

That night there was a softer bed than ever made for Brinnie, and many a gentle stroke was put upon her neck by soft little hands, and tears fell from Charlie's eyes many times as he walked by her side that night for the last time.

The next morning farmer White came for the cow, rope in hand, for there was not much need of his seeing her, for he knew she was a first-rate cow.

He talked some time with Mrs. Patten, and at last she was heard to say, "It is not possible for me to keep

her, and you will much oblige me by taking her."

"Well," said the farmer, "I am sorry you have to part with her," and he began slowly to place the rope around good old Brinnie's neck. The kind-hearted man felt very sorry to take her from that family of small children.

At last he was gone, with Brinnie by his side, and many a little face might have been seen at the cottage windows, looking after him and his precious companion, till hidden by the trees.

Farmer White was a good man; many a nice jug of cream was left at the widow's house, and often some sweet butter.

And never did cream and butter taste as that did to the family in the cottage where luxury was seldom found.

Do you know how few comforts many poor enjoy? Some do not taste butter for weeks, many have no meat, and many children go supperless to bed, and to school hungry.

You know nothing of what it is to long for a crust of bread, but there are many who do; and when you sit down to a table covered with good things, let your heart ascend in thanks to your heavenly Father, who is so kind to you.



MANLY worth, elevation of intellect, and enthusiasm, are to me the noblest things on earth, superhuman, and the best pledge of our higher destination, heavenly origin, and divine illumination.



Holidays at Uncle Hiram's.

IT was the week after New Year's. A bright fire was in the grate. The sun had just gone down, and the short evening twilight commenced. Suddenly my door was opened and in walked a troop of girls and boys, calling out, "Hannah, cousin Hannah, are you there?"

The noisy party soon found cousin Hannah; and, seating themselves round the fire, Charley began: "Don't you know that you promised to write a story all about what nice times *we* had, and send it to Merry's Museum?"

"Yes, I remember; but there isn't any hurry about it, is there? Are you so anxious to be seen in print, Master Charley?"

"No, no, only we've found such a good subject now. We want you to write about our Christmas at Uncle Hiram's," replied Charley.

"Yes, we had *such* a splendid time," cried all at once.

"And I think the little blue-eyed and black-eyed readers of the Museum like Uncle Hiram very much," whispered little Clara in my ear.

"Of course they do," exclaimed James; "and they'll want to know just what grand times he lets us have, so, cousin Hannah, you must go right away to your writing desk and begin, or I'm afraid you'll forget half of it."

Away run the whole troop as noisily as they came in. And cousin Hannah, always ready to please little folks, sat down to write.

Christmas at Uncle Hatchet's.

The day was clear and cold. Lizzie, Clara and I were busy sewing in the little sitting-room of Uncle Tracy's new house. We were busy talking, too,—

planning all sorts of pleasant things for our winter's enjoyment. Suddenly we heard the sound of sleigh-bells coming nearer and nearer, till they stopped at the door. Lizzie and Clara ran to the window just in time to see uncle Hiram's tall, thin figure disappear within the front porch. In a moment he entered the room, followed by James and Charley.

"How are you all," he exclaimed, throwing himself into the arm-chair by the fire, and taking both the girls on his knees.

"Now this is comfortable," he said; "almost as good as being at home, only there I have three to hold instead of two. Here, Master Charley, there's room enough for you. Now tell me how you like Grafton, and your new home; and, James, you run and call your mother."

Before James came back with Mrs. Tracy the children felt very well acquainted with uncle Hiram, and laughed and joked with him as if they had known him all their lives. When aunt Tracy came in, he made known his errand. He had come to invite the whole family to spend Christmas with him. "I am very much afraid that the little folks won't consent," said he, casting a sly look at the girls. "They seem quite afraid of me; and when they know that there are five young Hatchets at my house, just as grave and sharp as myself, I think they will wish to stay at home. If they do, you can leave them and come yourself, sister Tracy. What do you say, children?"

"Oh, it will be splendid to go,—of course we want to go," cried all at once.

"I am not at *all* afraid of you, uncle Hiram," whispered Clara, putting her arms round his neck.

"Who will be there besides our family?" asked James.

"Oh! aunt Stanly and her boys, and cousin Elsie, that's all. You must ask Hannah about them. She knows them all."

"By the way I forgot," said uncle Hiram, just as he started to go, "you are to come prepared to stay through the holidays. We want to have a real family visit, and all get well acquainted with each other."

When uncle was gone the children could talk of nothing else but their Christmas visit. When at length they paused a moment, it was only that they might hear what cousin Hannah had to tell about their cousins.

"First," said cousin Hannah, "there is Harry. He must be quite a young man now. He will play with you, though. He is full of fun and frolic. Then comes Ernest, the student. Though quite a boy, I don't think he will play much. He prefers to read and hear. But Edith will make up for that. She is a little older than Lizzie, about twelve, I think. Lucy and Jessie make up the list. You'll be sure to love them all."

"And aunt Stanly?—you've forgotten aunt Stanly," said Clara.

"Aunt Stanly's oldest son, Edmund, is to bring home his bride on Christmas.

I never saw her, and you have seen all the others."

"Oh, yes," cried James, "Ralph and Fred went to school with us. Gertrude must be quite a young lady now."

"Elsie, too," said Lizzie, "dear Elsie, I have not seen her since uncle Winthrop died, and she went away to school. How happy she must be at uncle Hiram's."

The long-wished for day at last arrived. Some time before daylight I heard the sound of little feet tripping along the hall. "Merry Christmas! wish you a merry Christmas!" shouted Lizzie and Clara, as they threw open my door.

"Why, cousin Hannah! not up?" they exclaimed. "How can you lie abed? Father says we are to start as soon as breakfast. Do get up." With this appeal they ran briskly away, and I heard their 'merry Christmas' sounded from all parts of the house. When the breakfast bell rang, every one answered its call promptly. But it was strange on Christmas day to see such long faces as the children wore. "Why, what is the matter?—this don't look like merry Christmas," said aunt Tracy, as she entered the room.

"Why, mother," said Charley, half-crying, "we all hung up our stockings, and Santa Claus didn't come at all last night."

"What a pity," exclaimed his mother. "He must have thought that your visit at uncle Hiram's would be present enough for this year."

Charley still looked very sober, and

I couldn't help saying, "Perhaps Santa Claus thought it was best to leave your things at uncle Hiram's, to save you the trouble of taking them over there." Aunt Tracy shook her head at me; but it was too late. Lizzie, Clara, and James brightened up and looked very knowingly at each other, but Charley still felt that Santa Claus had forgotten him. His sad looks vanished as the happy party began to talk over their plans for the day. Uncle Tracy hurried us off from the breakfast table; and, after a little bustle and confusion, furs, shawls, and cloaks were hurried on, stray mittens and India-rubbers were hunted up, so that when uncle Tracy drove round to the door, all were ready.

The sleigh-bells jingled merrily. Old Charley pricked up his ears and rattled off, as if proud of his ornamented neck and gay blanket.

It is only ten miles to uncle Hiram's, and we were soon in sight of the linden trees that line the southern avenue. The icicles sparkled from every little twig. The snow on the lawn in front was white and smooth. But there was a broad line up the avenue, marked with runners and horses' hoofs, to show that we were not the first comers.

At the sound of our bells the children within rushed to the door, and we were welcomed by so many different voices, it seemed like a little Babel.

When the first noisy greetings were over, our party was ushered into grandfather's room, for he insisted that it was his privilege to entertain all the company first.

This room is the oldest in appearance of all the house, for grandfather will not have it altered. The walls are covered with faded tapestry, whose queer figures remind the old man of his boyhood, when he used to wonder at the men taller than trees, or birds as large as horses. On either side of the great fireplace, is a large window with crimson curtains, but behind each window is a little recess with another window, having a deep cushioned seat, and a small table at the side. Here one might sit unobserved and listen to every thing going on in the room. Stiff high-backed chairs, and old-fashioned polished tables, and a large cabinet, furnished the room.

A bright wood fire blazed on the hearth, and grandfather's easy-chair was drawn up close to it. Here the kind old man seated himself, and calling the children to him, one by one received their Christmas greeting, and slipped into the hand of each his Christmas token. But all the wonders of grandfather's room could not detain the boys long. Skates and sleds had greater charms for them, and in a short time they were gathered on the lawn trying their speed and skill. Edith and Lucy, too, seemed rather impatient after the boys left, and presently Jessie said, "Grandpa, we want Lizzie and Clara now, we want to show our pretty things."

"No, no, little folks," said grandpa, kindly, "I don't mean to keep you here against your will. Run where you please. You will enjoy yourselves better together."

So away they ran up the broad staircase to the girls' room, and there Lizzie and Clara were delighted with every thing, especially the baby-house. It was complete in every part, and its four rooms were furnished beautifully. Little dolls, just large enough for the house, were to be seen dressed in very different styles. Aunt Martha expected Lucy and Edith to dress their dolls, and to do it neatly, too, and, as she was always ready to assist, their baby wardrobe was very perfect. In the kitchen stood a woman with a tiny cap, coarse black dress, and white apron, to represent the cook. Up stairs was a baby, with long white robe, lying in its mother's lap; while in the parlor, one little lady was sitting at the piano, and another reading a book. In the bureau drawers were various dresses, and Lizzie and Clara, who had never seen anything so fine, seemed never tired of examining the contents of this miniature house. Elsie took Clara under her special care. There was so much gentleness about them both, they were just suited to each other. Elsie felt at home at Uncle Hiram's, and was delighted to talk of him, and of the pleasant times she had spent."

"Only think, Clara, Santa Claus has not given us any presents yet," she said. "Has he given you any?"

"Oh, no," said Clara; "we hung up our stockings, but there wasn't a thing in them. But cousin Hannah made us think that he left our presents here, because he knew we were coming."

"Well," said Elsie, thoughtfully, "per-

haps he did, for I am sure he cannot have forgotten all of us here."

"Did you hang up your stocking?" said Clara.

"No, we don't hang up stockings; we have a Christmas-tree, and it ought to be the night before Christmas, but aunt Martha did not like to have it Saturday or Sunday night, so she says the tree is in the parlor, but she will keep the door shut till to-night, and then we shall see it with you. Oh, it will be so splendid," and Elsie jumped up, clapping her hands with delight.

"But what is a Christmas-tree?" asked Clara.

"What! did you never see a Christmas-tree?" exclaimed Elsie.

"Oh, then, you *will* be so delighted. It is a tall evergreen tree, with candles burning all over it, and it is all covered with presents. Oh! I do wish night would come, it is so beautiful."

The girls were still in the play-room when the dinner-bell rang; and as they descended the stairs they met the noisy troop of boys just coming in from a grand snow-ball battle. They were full of spirits, and while we were at dinner they could talk of nothing else but the delights of skating, sledding or snow-balling.

"Uncle Hiram," said Charley, "I don't believe you ever saw any body skate as fast as cousin Fred does."

"Don't you," said Uncle Hiram, "suppose I should try a race with him, do you think he could beat me?"

"Oh, do try, Uncle," cried all the boys together, "and I think," added

Charley, "you will have your match."

"Well, Harry, have you been showing our fort and skating ground?" said Uncle Hiram.

"No, sir, you told me not to; so we went to the pond."

"Very well, now, I invite you all to a skating match this afternoon, and to visit the fort also."

"Whom do you mean by all?" asked Jessie. "You don't mean to leave the ladies out, do you? I am sure Gertrude and cousin Hannah want to go, and so do all of us."

"Two words for yourself, and one for Gertrude and Hannah," said Harry.

"Well, what if it is? Hannah and Gertrude would like to go, wouldn't you?" said Jessie, looking round.

"Of course they would, and they shall," said Uncle Hiram.

"Neither ladies nor little girls shall be left out this afternoon. Come, girls, bundle yourselves up, and the boys will take you all on their sleds."

So the matter was settled. The sleds proved to be as good as sleighs, only Harry's load had at least two overturns into the snow, in his haste to be first at the fort.

"Now for our race, Fred," cried Uncle Hiram, when the skaters were ready. "Will any one else try with us?"

"Oh, it is of no use, Fred beats us all," answered Ralph. "We will stay with the girls and sit as judges of the race."

"Wait a moment," said Fred, "till I cut a stick for a balance pole."

[To be continued.]

Anachronisms.

"**A**NACHRONISM—I'm sure that is a hard word. Mr. Merry, what is an anachronism?"

Answer.—An anachronism is an error in the order of events which have occurred in times past, as, for example, an artist in the city of New York, a few years ago, got up a steel engraving representing the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, in 1620. There was the bleak snow-clad shore, the forest and the Indians in the background, and there was the little boat in which the pilgrims had come ashore, while in the offing lay their ship, and, not far distant, a steamboat, as large as life, with her black chimneys puffing out the smoke. What would the Indians have thought, and what would the forefathers have thought of a steamboat steaming up Plymouth Bay two hundred years before such crafts were invented?

In the Gallery of Luxembourg, in Paris, there is a picture, by Rubens, in which the queen-mother is in council with two cardinals and *Mercury*.

At the monastery at Messina, the monks exhibit, in great triumph, a letter written by the Virgin Mary's own hand. Unluckily it is not written on parchment, as it might have been, but on paper made of rags. A visitor who observed this remarked, with affected solemnity, that the letter also involved a miracle, for the paper on which it was written was not in existence till several hundred years afterwards.

In a country church in Germany a painter, who intended to represent the sacrifice of Isaac, painted Abraham with a blunderbuss in his hand ready to shoot his son. Abraham would have been amazed to see firearms in his day.

There is a painting at Windsor, in England, by Antonio Verrio, in which he has introduced himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Bishop May, in heavy wigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick.

Shakspeare places the scene of a shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia, which unfortunately has no seacoast.

In a certain collection of Dutch paintings there is one, by V. Brughel, of the adoration of the Magi, in which are a multitude of figures, all finished with the greatest Dutch exactness, and in Dutch costume. Even the Ethiopian king is dressed in a surplice, with boots and spurs, and brings for a present a gold model of a modern ship.

In the same collection is the stoning of Stephen, by Le Sœur, containing nineteen figures, all expressing a masterly variety of grief, only the saint happens to be dressed in the rich habit of a modern Romish priest at high mass.

In an old book of sermons, by an obscure divine of the name of Milsom, we are told that it is one of the proofs of the benevolence of God that the world was not created in the midst of winter, when Adam and Eve could have found

nothing to eat, but in harvest, when fruit was abundant.

Another clerical writer, of the same stamp, praised the divine goodness for always making the largest rivers flow by the most populous cities.

A French writer, in illustrating the advantages of the representative system, says, "that such is the respect of the English for their Parliament that, when it is sitting, crimes are extremely rare, but, as soon as it rises, the papers are filled with accounts of horrible crimes." The simple man did not know that when Parliament was sitting the papers were filled with its proceedings, and had not room for accounts of crime.

An acquaintance of ours, being highly entertained at a centennial celebration, remarked, "these centennials are very

interesting occasions, I think it would be well to hold them oftener."

In the time of the late war between England and France, a plain English farmer went to his minister and asked if he did not think the war would go hard with the French. The minister replied that "if it pleased God he hoped it would." "Nay," said the farmer, "I am sure it will, for in Ezekiel, 31 chap. and 1st verse, God says, 'Son of man, set thy face against Mount Seir,' and my wife, who is a better scholar than I am, says this can mean nothing but *Mounseer*, the Frenchmen; and in almost the next verse it is still stronger, for it says, 'O Mount Seir, I am against thee, and I will make thee most desolate.'"

A Fearful Adventure—almost.



ALABRIA, a province in Italy, has been celebrated, in times past, as our readers may know,

on account of being the residence of fierce parties of brigands, who have without mercy waylaid and plundered many an unwary traveller. The following letter of Paul Louis Courier, a French author of some note, detailing one of his adventures in Calabria, many years ago, reminds us

in some of its features of an adventure of Audubon, the great American ornithologist, in one of his hunting excursions at the West; but the real ground of alarm in the two cases was quite different.

"I was one day travelling in Calabria. It is a country of wicked people, who, I believe, have no great liking to anybody, and are particularly ill-disposed towards the French. To tell you why would be a long affair. It is enough that they hate us to death, and that the unhappy being who should chance to fall into their hands would

not pass his time in the most agreeable manner. I had for my companion a fine young fellow. I do not say this to interest you—but because it is truth. In these mountains the roads are precipices, and our horses got on with the greatest difficulty. My comrade going first, a track, which appeared to him more practicable and shorter than the regular path, led us astray. It was my fault. Ought I to have trusted to a head of twenty years? We sought our way out of the woods while it was yet light; but the more we looked for the path the farther we were off it. It was a very black night, when we came close upon a very black house. We went in, and not without suspicion. But what was to be done? There we found a whole family of charcoal burners at table. At the first word they invited us to join them. My young man did not stop for much ceremony. In a minute or two we were eating and drinking in right earnest—he at least;—for my own part I could not help glancing about at the place and the people. Our hosts, indeed, looked like charcoal burners; but the house! you would have taken it for an arsenal. There was nothing to be seen but muskets, pistols, sabres, knives, cutlasses. Every thing displeased me, and I saw that I was in no favor myself. My comrade, on the contrary, was soon one of the family. He laughed, he chatted with them; and with an imprudence which I ought to have prevented, he at once said where we came from, where we were going, that we were Frenchmen. Think of our situa-

tion. Here we were amongst our mortal enemies, alone, benighted, far from all human aid. That nothing might be omitted that could tend to destroy us, he must play the rich man forsooth, promising these folks to pay them well for their hospitality; and then he must prate about his portmanteau, earnestly beseeching them to take great care of it, and put it at the head of his bed, for he wanted no other pillow. Ah, youth, youth, how you are to be pitied! Cousin, they might have thought we carried the diamonds of the crown: the treasure in his portmanteau which gave him such anxiety consisted of the letters of his mistress.

“Supper ended, they left us. Our hosts slept below; we on the story where we had been eating. On a sort of platform raised seven or eight feet, where we were to mount by a ladder, was the bed that awaited us—a nest into which we had to introduce ourselves, by jumping over barrels filled with provisions for all the year. My comrade seized upon the bed above, and was soon fast asleep, with his head upon the precious portmanteau. I was determined to keep awake, so I made a good fire, and sat myself down. The night was almost passed over tranquilly enough, and I was beginning to be comfortable, when, just at the time when it appeared to me that day was about to break, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below me; and putting my ear to the chimney which communicated with the lower room, I perfectly distinguished these exact words

of the husband : ' *Well, well, let us see ; must we kill them both ?* ' To which the wife replied, ' *Yes,*'—and I heard no more.

"How shall I tell you the rest ? I could scarcely breathe ; my whole body was as cold as marble ; to have seen me, you could not have told whether I was dead or alive. Heavens ! when I yet think upon it ! We two were almost without arms ;—against us were twelve or fifteen who had plenty of weapons. And then my comrade dead of sleep and fatigue ! To call him up, to make a noise, was more than I dared ;—to escape alone was an impossibility. The window was not very high, but under it were two great dogs howling like wolves. Imagine if you can the distress I was in. At the end of a quarter of an hour, which seemed an age, I heard some one on the staircase, and through the chink of the door I saw the old man, with a lamp in one hand, and one of his great knives in the other. He mounted, his wife after him ; I was behind the door. He opened it ; but before he came in he put down the lamp, which his wife took up, and coming in, with his feet naked, she being behind him said, with a smothered voice, hiding the light partially with her fingers, ' *Gently, go gently.*' When he reached the ladder he mounted, his knife between his teeth ; and going to the head of the bed where that poor young man lay, with his throat uncovered, and with one hand he took his knife, and with the other—ah, my cousin—he seized a ham which

hung from the roof, cut a slice, and retired as he had come in. The door is re-shut, the light vanishes, and I am left alone to my reflections.

"When the day appeared, all the family with a great noise came to rouse us, as we had desired. They brought us plenty to eat, they served us a very proper breakfast—a capital breakfast, I assure you. Two capons formed part of it, of which, said the hostess, you must eat one, and carry away the other. When I saw the capons I at once comprehended the meaning of those terrible words—' *Must we kill them both !* ' "

Riddle.

TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

O'ER a mighty pasture go
 Sheep in thousands, silver white ;
 As to-day we see them, so
 In the oldest grandsire's sight.
 They drink—never waning old—
 Life from an unfailing brook ;
 There's a shepherd to their fold,
 With a silver horned crook.
 From a gate of gold let out,
 Night by night he counts them over ;
 Wide the field they rove about,
 Never hath he lost a rover :
 True the dog that helps to lead them,
 One gay ram in front we see ;
 What the flock, and who doth lead them,
 Sheep and shepherd, tell to me ?

[Moon and stars.]

SCARCE any man becomes eminently disagreeable, but by a departure from his real character, and an attempt at something for which nature or education have left him unqualified.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

JERSEY, OHIO, Dec. 23rd, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I did not see you at our State fair. It was difficult to find those I knew, how could I find those I had never seen? I should like to have seen Messrs. Wary, True, Brief, Stearne, Sharpe, Keane, Candid, Wiley, Broadax, Trueaxe, but most of all Hatchet and Merry.

Your friend,

MARIA C. PIERSON.

It might have been difficult, Maria, for you to have recognized the jury in a crowd, not knowing them; but if you had selected twelve of the best-looking men, you would, without doubt, have included most of them. As to Mr. Hatchet, you would know him anywhere, even if you never saw him before. Can't you see just how he looks? Tall and slim, yet graceful in his motions, and spry as an eel. His head erect, his hair beautifully silvered with the frosts of fifty winters, and seeing he is a Hatchet, he has the most appropriate nose in the world, but his eyes—bless me, I shudder when I think how keen they are; and yet I am not afraid of him, and you would not be if you knew him. If you could be with him a half day and hear his funny stories, you would laugh till the tears ran, I'll warrant.

If you wish to find Robert Merry in a crowd, look out for the largest group of boys and girls, where they are having the most fun, and you'll be sure to find him.

KNOXVILLE, Dec. 14th, 1854.

The December number of the Museum came this morning, and I am so much pleased with it that I wish my dollar to arrive in ample season for the next volume.

So here is the dollar, and a "heap" of good wishes, as we say here in Tennessee. May Robert Merry live forever. GEORGE E. COOKE.

Thank you, George, for your good wishes and for your "material aid." When men are prompt and toe the mark, we yankees say they "take things by the foretop." Live forever, all ye foretop boys and girls, and may your shadow never be less.

WEST MORRISANIA, January 6th, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—I find, in looking at your Museum, that you are going to give prizes for writing. I suppose the girls are to try for them as well as the boys, are they not? (1.) I have been trying to write something with every letter of the alphabet in it, but find I cannot do it unless I use a few of the letters more than once, which I suppose you did not intend to have us do, did you? (2.) Can we have more than twenty-six words in the sentence? Do you really think it can be done? (3.) If it can I shall try very hard and see if I can accomplish it.

Your friend, LILY LANK.

1. By all means, Lily, the girls have as good a chance as the boys, and Hatchet thinks a better one, inasmuch as they are generally more ingenious.

2. No. The letters must not be repeated.

3. Certainly. It can and has been done, and done beautifully. We have several sentences already in, which—but we leave that till another time.

HARRISON, OHIO, Jan. 1st, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—A happy and a "merry" New Year to you and the "Museum," and as an earnest that this wish is sincere, I send enclosed one dollar for the Museum. I am also happy to state that I have obtained two new subscribers, whose names and "chink" will be forthcoming before long. ROBERT N. JOHN.

We like to see boys in "earnest," especially in this way. There is a chime in the "chink" forthcoming, which harmonizes well with a "merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

WATERVILLE, ME., Dec. 12th, 1854.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir*:—Your last Magazine has come, and the article upon the prize sentences, decision of the jury, &c., been duly examined. I believe I am not mistaken in supposing brevity to have been named as the first requisite. I have before me the March number in which occurs this remark, "Let it be well understood that the shortest sentences will take the precedence." This being the case I wish to inquire why the following sentence was rejected, it being first in point of brevity, having the same number of letters, and two less words than the shortest accepted sentence.

For O! we vex quickly amid the puzzling jobs.

Yours truly, J. M. PHILBRICK.

Simply because the word "vex" is used ungrammatically—such was the opinion of the jury.

MR. MERRY:—Hurra for our side!

"Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,

See the conquering hero comes."

For those five beautiful volumes of the Museum which have been awarded as a prize to No. 58.

EDWARD B. NORTHROP.

It touched the right spot, did it, master Edward? Glad to hear it. Try again. But if you should get the gold watch, you would hardly find drums and trumpets to make noise enough to proclaim your triumph. Nothing but thunder would do for that, and we are afraid of thunder.

CENTREVILLE, MICHIGAN, Jan. 5th, 1855.

MR. MERRY:—I send you three dollars to prepay for three copies of the Museum; and one of the Mother's Magazine, for one year from the first day of January, 1855. My brother has long been a subscriber to your Museum, and is still a devoted reader of it. You will recollect he sent you quite a large list last year. All were much pleased with it, and I have no doubt that all will renew; and if each does as I do, renew and send two new subscribers, they will not only do you a favor, but confer a blessing on the rising generation. I don't pretend to say that all the readers of the Museum will be great men, but I think it increases their chances to be so.

Your friend,

HENRY H. STARN.

Exactly so, Henry. We are just of your opinion, and hope many others will adopt and act upon it.

WEST GALWAY, N. Y., Jan. 4th, 1855.

MR. MERRY:—This is the first time I have written to you, and I should not now, had not a kind friend sent me your Museum last summer. I did not know before that there was such a fine Magazine, and such sharp and merry editors; for I live "way back in the woods." Now I wish to have the pleasure of reading your pretty and useful stories, accordingly you will please find one dollar enclosed for the present year.

EMMET T. JAMES.

Very glad to make your acquaintance. It will do for you to talk about "back woods," but I have found out that the boys and girls are pretty much alike all over the country; only it takes little sharper eyes to see a con in the tree top than it does to see a dove on a steeple. Do you understand?

ASHLAND, OHIO, December, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Mother gave me a dollar as a reward for keeping my wearing apparel in order, and I am sure I cannot put it to a better use than to subscribe for your interesting Magazine another year.

George F. is so well pleased with it that he wishes to take it also. Here are two dollars. I have solved some of the puzzles and give the answers.

Your friend,

EMMA FRANCES.

We thought that the satisfaction of having her wardrobe always in order was a sufficient reward for any girl, but you, it seems, get double pay. Probably your mother knew that you would put the money to good use.

BALTIMORE, December, 1854.

MR. MERRY:—Are you married, and have you any children? If you have, please tell me their names. I wish you a merry Christmas. Good bye.

Your little friend,

BENNIE L. TOMPKINS.

Here, Sarah, Lizzy, and Arthur, come up here and shake hands with Bennie, he wants to get acquainted with you. Show him your Christmas presents, and take him into the library and look at the engravings, and then you may put on your hats and go over and introduce him to the Hatchets.

MEMPHIS, TENN., December 28, 1854.

DEAR MR. PETER PARLEY:—I had almost called you *uncle* Peter, but you see I didn't, for I didn't want to offend you. But my brother Pinckney, who has taken the Museum a great while, and has now grown so big as to wear a stiff stand-up collar and tights, and to study Latin and Greek, and novels, says he believes he will nominate me, his little sister, his "successor to your acquaintance;" and I wouldn't have known what this meant had he not told me, as brother has got to talking so big lately. But I was very glad when he told me, and so *uncle* Peter, (there, it *did* slip out,) you will please now send the Museum to Imogen L. instead of brother Pinckney. And I have a piece of Christmas—*pie*, I know you have already said, but it isn't, for it's *poetry*—yes, a pretty piece of Christmas poetry to send you, sent me Christmas day by *Santa Claus*. Won't you print it in the Museum? Do, good *uncle* Peter, for I want to read it in print, and keep it till I grow up. *Santa Claus* must be a good, pious old gentleman, because you see he says he couldn't come out to our cabin Christmas eve, which was Sunday, to fill my stocking, as that, he said, would be "shocking," and so he wrote me a letter telling me he would come *Monday* eve, which he did, and I do believe he emptied half

his wagon-load of presents down our chimney—
—my stocking wasn't *half* big enough to hold
them. And here's the poetry he wrote me.

Your friend, IMOGEN LATHAN.

LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS TO IMOGEN L.,
CHRISTMAS, 1854.

My little laughing Imogen,
How I wonder how you've been,
Ever since my Christmas last,
When down your chimney, without knocking,
I went plump into your stocking,
And flew out again as fast.

Then in the morning gray and early,
Ere the sun was bright and pearly,
How you scampered out of bed to see
If good Santa Claus had come,
With his Christmas gift and plum,
And you laughed with right good childish
glee.

But you didn't know I crept
Sly and softly where you slept,
And from you took a little golden kiss—
No you didn't—but I did it;
If you *had*, you'd not forbid it,
You would not treat old Santa Claus amiss.

Now, my little pearl, don't cry,
'Cause you find no plum or pie
Dangling by the fire jamb in your stocking;
For yesterday you knew
It was Sunday, and to go
To see my country friends, would be, O, how
shocking!

So I send you this to tell you
Why this fortune thus befell you;
As I fear *you* were looking for me, too—
And a bird with silver wings
To your door this message brings,
One that chirps almost as sweetly, dear, as you.

And, my gentle peering daisy,
I don't want you to go crazy
When I whisper, before coming to a pause,
That as yesternight was Sunday,
So to-night it will be Monday,
When I'm coming, so good night, SANTA CLAUS.

Right cordially welcome, Imogen, or *I'm a gem*, as Santa Claus seems to think the name should be. We are greatly obliged to your very polite and considerate grown-up brother Pinkney, a real *pink*, no doubt, for stepping aside, in his dignity, to make way for your gentleness and vivacity. Right welcome to our table and chat. And remember, you are one of *us* now, and we shall expect you to feel quite at home.

CORNWALL, January 9, 1855.

MR. MERRY:—Christmas Holidays! What boy or girl is there, whose heart has not leaped with pleasure at the sound of these well-remembered words, sweet as the music of silver bells, and fraught with so many pleasing remembrances! How anxiously are the days counted, and as each one glides away, it is, "One day less to Christmas." Especially so is it to a boy away from home and friends. Hardly can he restrain his impatience till the hour of departure arrives. Then, who is happier than he? Christmas and fun occupy his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. All his plans, projects, and schemes are directed to this one object. In one short week he compresses all the amusement of an ordinary month. And then on his journey home, somehow or other, the cars go unusually slow, and the steamboat merely crawls along. He gets home a dozen times on the wings of thought before his conveyance does. But everything must have an end, and so at last does his journey. And then his meeting at home—but it is needless to describe it. The Museum readers all know what it is. And Christmas eve, with its wonderful tree and pleasant old legend of Santa Claus, in connection with chimneys and stockings. Who has not experienced a thrill of delight, as in the grey light of dawn he examined the gifts which the good St. Nicholas had sent him? As he felt the various bunches and protuberances of his well-filled stocking, or the articles, too large for that receptacle, deposited on the floor beneath?

But I think, Mr. Merry, I have encroached on your time and patience long enough, and will therefore close.

Yours, truly,
WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

MT. VERNON, December 27, 1854.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have not had courage to write to Mr. Hatchet, though I admire a keen cut if it don't cut me. But a merry friend is always pleasant, and brings his welcome with him. (1.) I came nearer getting a prize than I expected amongst so many competitors and so much merit. (2.) That dinner was truly tantalizing. It was too early by one month! I have obtained two or three more names, and venture to add them, though not the exact club number.

GEORGE C. HOPKINS.

1. If you could have seen Mr. Hatchet when he read this part of your letter, I don't know whether you would have laughed or cried. First he was hurt to think any of the Merry family *could* be afraid of him, and then he laughed right heartily—the idea of the thing was so ridiculous. And then—shall I tell you? he said he would *cut* our acquaintance if we stole away the young folks from him.

2. Are not all good dinners tantalizing to lookers on?

RANDOLPH, *January 6, 1855.*

MR. MERRY:—I suppose you have a great many letters, and will hardly thank me for writing, but I must tell you that I like the Museum very much. There is a great deal of entertaining reading in it. I will tell you how I came to subscribe. Not long ago I borrowed a bound volume of the Museum, and though you may not approve of borrowing, you must know that in this instance it gained you one new subscriber. But as you wished us in your last number to be brief, I will only say, "Happy New Year." Your friend, MINNIE V—N.

PLEASANT RETREAT, O.

MR. MERRY:—Your Museum came. I soon formed a sentence, but the next thing is to get the subscribers. All my eloquence has been at work, but before I try to my utmost, I wish to ask a question. You say in giving the conditions for the prizes, "send *your own advance subscription*," &c. Now what I wish to say is, won't it be just the same to send five new subscribers for the first, three new ones, &c.? (1.)

I will leave Mr. Alsop to enjoy himself over page 254 while I prove that the Maltese cat has three tails. (See answers.) Now, if I may not seem too impudent, will Mr. Hatchet please prove to me that it is raining? (2.) MARY.

1. Precisely the same.

2. Certainly, Mary, by all means. Hatchet is never so dry as not to know when it rains, and never so dull at chopping logic, as not to be able to *prove* what he *knows*. Now, you see, either it rains, or it does not rain. Can any thing be plainer than that? In the next place, it ——— *why!* what hubbub! a perfect Babel—all the Merrys up together shouting and screaming, "Hold, uncle Hiram—don't tell—give us a chance to guess it—please don't tell yet." Well, Hatchet can't say no, even to a chip, so we must needs let it go over to the next number, and then—we shall see what then.

WHALLONSBURGH, N. Y., *January 8, 1855.*

MR. MERRY:—I think I will try to make a sentence for a prize. I would like to know if it must be a simple sentence, or may it be what the grammar calls a compound sentence?

Yours respectfully, DEWITT STAFFORD.

It may and probably *must* be a compound sentence.

MR. MERRY:—I have a question to ask about the promised prizes. Suppose A. B. sends, with a proper number of subscribers for the first prize, a sentence, which, though not the best of those competing for the first prize, is better than any offered for the second or third, would it be right that he should get nothing for it? Would it be fair that four subscribers sent in, and the second best sentence should be a blank, while two subscribers and an inferior sentence wins a prize? how shall we understand this? We wish to know beforehand exactly what to expect.

Yours,

WILLIAM C.

We have considered your question carefully, and readily admit the difficulty it involves. We do not see, however, that the terms can be altered. If A. B., or any one else, wishes to compete for the first prize, let him send *four* subscribers besides his own, and *one* sentence. If he would compete for two prizes, let him send *six* new subscribers, and two sentences. If for *three*, *seven* new subscribers, and three sentences, &c.

MR. MERRY:—I was long a subscriber to the Museum, but now have it sent to a younger brother. Can I compete for the prizes?

H. R. S., Clarkson.

Certainly, if you comply with the other conditions.

MR. MERRY:—I have a question to ask. When we send puzzles, must we always send answers.

W. F. LAW.

Most certainly, if you expect to see them printed.

Edwin Thrall, Augustus Wackerhagen, Jr., Marsha, Harifa Barnett, Alexander, Mary, and Willey Walden, Emily Vreeland, and Bell, did not whisper in one corner the answer to their enigmas; accordingly the letters go into the waste-basket. Don't be discouraged, but do please send something besides enigmas made of figures. We have so many that we never can print one in fifty.

Most of the above letters contained answers to puzzles in a preceding number all of which were correct.

Answers.

1. Arenus, an Egyptian.
2. Seven in the morning, very nearly.
3. Thirty-three pounds, eighteen shillings, and seven pence.
4. The Escorial; its shape is that of a grid-iron.
5. The Pacific Ocean received its name from Ferdinand Magellan, and was so named on account of the mild and favorable weather which he experienced in passing through it.—*W. F. Law.*
6. It is in America, and is as large as one-third of Europe.
7. Ezekiel xxvii. 18.
8. Henry III., Edward III., Richard II., Henry VI., Edward V., Edward VI.
9. Silence.
10. Vinegar.—*By Joseph G. M.*
11. Because it *stops a-waggin*. (Oh! fan me!)
12. A candlestick.
13. A Tomahawk.
14. He was the lady's son.
15. They were father and daughter.
16. There they are.



S. F

17. The son's age was fifteen years, the father's forty.

18. "What, ho! thou genius of the clime, what, ho!"

19. Andrew Jackson.

20. Nightingale.

21. A bed.

22. St. Petersburg.

23. Tulips.

24. Sun-flower.

25. An *orange*, n' est pas? Ous, Madam.

26. Efficacy, deity, extenuate, ideal, Alexander, foreigner, sea.

27. 1. Animadversion.

4. Desdemona.

2. Troubador.

5. Anthracite.

8. Archimedes.

6. Monarchies.

Aunt Sue.

28. Time, life.

29. Not yet answered.

30. When he is green.

31. By it that which was purified becomes putrified.

ANSWERS TO MR. HATCHET'S CAT-ECHEM.

No cat has two tails. The Maltese cat has one tail more than no cat. Therefore the Maltese cat has three tails.

MARY.

Questions.

32. If a ship's crew were wrecked on a desert island, what would they shave with?

33. What remarkable circumstance attended the death of Gen. Montgomery, at Quebec?

34. Do trees increase from within or without?

35. When a water-spout breaks in an ocean, is the water salt or fresh?

36. My 1st is an adjective, my 2d is a blossom, my whole is a sweet-scented and favorite flower.

37. Why does a dog chew a bone?

Will Willie H. Coleman please to solve the following, and give us not only the answer, but the mode of solving it?

38. Take 2 numbers such that the square of the 1st plus the square of the 2d is equal to 8. And the 1st plus the product of the 1st by the 2d is equal to 6.

39. What number is that whose half and square are equal?—*Mary.*

40. Name two persons that are spoken of in the Bible who were born but not buried; and two that were buried that were not born.

41. When were the Brazil diamond mines discovered?

42. Which of the prophets was a herdsman?

43. What do four flats in music spell?

44. What was the name of the oak under which Deborah (Rebecca's nurse) was buried?

45. What place is that spoken of in the Bible which contains two syllables, only two letters, and they vowels?

46. If one-third of six be three, what will three-fifths of twenty be?

Enigmas, Riddles, Charades, Etc.

47. I am composed of twenty letters. My 13, 14, 19, 11, is a personal pronoun.

" 1, 9, 13, 7, 15, 20, is liquid measure.

" 13, 4, 3, 8, is a part of a telescope.

" 14, 18, 17, 8, 6, 5, is a cavalry soldier.

" 4, 2, 7, is a fish.

" 10, 15, 20, 17, 19, 15, 8, is a periodical wind.

" 10, 6, 17, 18, an important part of a ship.

My 8, 12, 7, 17, 15, 20, is a British admiral.

" 14, 11, 13, 7, the paradise of voters.

" 18, 6, 10, 19, 3, } is { the hero of one of

" 14, 8, 3, 18, 2, 5, } { Burns' Poems.

My whole is a prominent statesman.

William Glover, Jr.

48. I am composed of 9 letters.

1, 8, 5, 9, the name of a statesman.

7, 8, 5, 6, part of a ship.

6, 4, 7, a boy's nickname.

1, 2, 8, 6, part of Merry's Museum.

9, 4, 5, a near relative.

3, 8, 6, a small animal.

5, 4, 6, a position of rest.

What is my whole?

Mary J. Forsyth.

The following riddle is attributed to Macaulay, the essayist:—

49. Cut off my head—and singular I am;

Cut off my tail—and plural I appear.

Cut off both head and tail, and, strange to tell,

Although my middle's left, there's nothing there!

What is my head off? A sounding sea.

What is my tail, cut off? A roaring river,

Within whose eddying deeps I peaceful play,

A parent of soft sounds, though mute forever.

50. I come to the earth on the wings of the night,

And again have my birth in the morn's early light.

No smile is without me, though always in grief;

In triumph they shout me, I'm banned in a thief;

The first thing in infancy, always in crime;

No night can dispense with me, no life, and no time.

In pride I am lurking with kings, rich and high,

And I'm answered in asking;—forsooth, what

am I?

Mary.

51. My first is on the reindeer's head,

My second is a measure,

My total is a favorite dance,

That's always seen with pleasure.

52. Everlasting, never cloying,

All-devouring, all-destroying,

Never finding full repast,

Till I eat the world at last. *W. F. Law.*

53. A rich spice, a Spanish title, myself and one, fourth of an aunt, form the name of an ancient kingdom.

Annet E. Johnson.

54. My first is composed of three letters, without it the earth would be desolate; my second in building is used; my whole comes in at the window on a clear pleasant morning.

Emmet E. James.

55. My first is to pups a most excellent nurse, Whom one letter more will change to a curse, My second stoops over and painfully leans, Should you live to threescore you will know what it means.

Reverse me and put my first in the rear, You'll see in a wink pup's old mother appear, My whole, when united, expresses, dear child, The state of a thing when partially spoiled.

E. G. Tinsley.

56. I am composed of 5 syllables. My 1st is simply an article; my 2d a short name for an accident; my 3d, with a slight change in the spelling, is something of which most persons are very fond; my 4th is what Athenians wished so much to see and hear; my 5th is a division of time; my whole is what you will soon find out.

Mary.

57. Little Miss Nitticoat, with a white petticoat

And a red nose;

She has no feet nor hands; and the longer she stands

The shorter she grows.

FRENCH ENIGMA.

58. Je suis le capitaine de vingt-six soldats, et sans moi Paris serait pris.

The following pyramid, forwarded to us by W. T. Frohock, Mount Carmel, Ill., is a very ingenious affair:—

59. THE PYRAMID.

BY G. S. PERCIVAL.

[To be read ascendingly, descendingly and condescendingly.]

There

For aye

Commanding,

'Tis standing

With Godlike air,

Sublimely fair!

Its frame desiring,

Its height admiring,

Looks on it from afar,

Lo! every smiling star.

To raise the pile to Heaven

These beauteous stones are given.

Each pray'r for truth's inspiring light

Each manly struggle for the right,

Each aspiration for the holy,

Each kindly word to cheer the lowly,

Each strong temptation nobly overcome,

Each clamorous passion held in silence dumb,

As slow it riseth towards the upper Heaven,

Stone after stone into the mass is given,

Its base upon the earth, its apex in the skies.

The good man's character a pyramid doth rise.

60.

Rebus.

o passi
comes as



less p. as silence.

'Aunt Sus.

The following I clip from an *old* magazine. I cannot decipher it. Will Mr. Hatchet please try his edge on it?

61. P H M
K O M

These letters in their proper place,
Will show the world and thee,
A cause of sorrow and disgrace,
A source of misery.

Robt. N. John.

62. A man going to market asked the butcher for a yard of pork, and the ready-witted butcher immediately complied with his request. What part of the hog did the man receive?

Ann E. Atkinson.

63. Take fifteen long narrow strips of paper of equal length, and with them inclose five squares; then take away three pieces, and leave three perfect squares.—*Emily E. Hawley.*

A LATIN PUZZLE.

64. It is said to have been an inscription found on a tombstone in an old graveyard in England.

"O quid tuac
be est biae
ra ra ra
es et in
ram ram ram
ibis."

Clarence Raymond.

65. Why is a coachman like the clouds?

66. My cousin puzzled me with a question which may puzzle some of your readers. What relation is the mat to the door?

George C. Hopkins.

67. Why does a miller wear a white hat?

68. Where did the cock crow so that all the world heard him?

69. What is the most difficult thing in the world?

70. Why was the elephant the last animal to go into the ark?—*Thomas C. Raby.*

71. Why is an engineer like a schoolmaster?

N. S. Roberts.

72. When does a mastiff become a lapdog?

73. Why are bells the most sensible of animate things?

74. What difference is there between form and ceremonies?

75. Why is a man who has just carried his carpet-bag ashore from the steamboat like an owner of the soil?

76. A man saw a building on fire, and used an exclamation which was made up of the names of three English authors. What was it?

77. When is a laundress like a scullion?

78. What does a stone become when thrown into the water?

79. There was a child born of your mother which was neither brother or sister to you. What relationship was there between you?

J. N. Todd.

80.

A DINNER.

1. A country in the East.
2. A long-necked bird, omitting the last letter, and a small fruit.

3. One of the sons of Noah.

4. What no sailor wishes to meet with, and an inhabitant of the water.

5. A small fowl, and what all children like.

6. Half a room under ground, a vowel, and a grain, omitting the last letter.

7. A cooking utensil, the first letter of the alphabet, and a part of the foot.

8. To strike, changing a letter.

9. Half of a word that signifies a tower, and to pinch off.

10. To be on an equality, and to cut short.

11. A machine to raise water, and a relation.

12. A fruit, the half of a pool of dirty water, and a circle, changing the first letter.

13. To chop fine, and the last half of a talking bird.

14. Swimming, and a country surrounded with water.

16. What naughty children frequently are, and the best part of milk.

17. A running plant, changing the first letter.

18. A harbor, and a mistake, omitting the last letter.

81. Use me well, and I am everybody; scratch my back, and I am nobody.

82. I have no beginning, I have no end,

And yet of the world am I;

Without me no creature on earth could look,

And yet I am nought to the eye.

In the morning I early take my place,

But am far more useful at noon,

And I always stay till the close of day,

To help the sun go down.

I'm very eccentric, and one exploit

Perhaps may cause some laughter,

I always accompany every boat,

But never touch the water.

I am not light, I am not air,

But there is that about me,

That tho' I may seem nought to you

You couldn't exist without me. *Eliza Grove.*

83. My first is a hypocrite, and a pace of a horse; my second is a dwelling-place, and a verb signifying to conceal; and my whole is the name of a large town in the south of England.

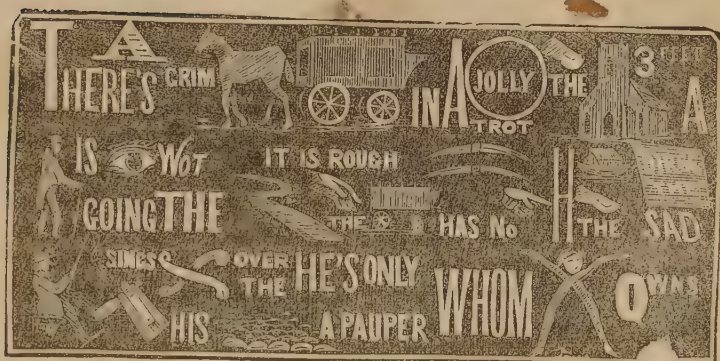
84. My first is a biped, my second a period of time, and the fruit of a species of palm, while my whole is a commission or charge?

Adelb.

85. My first is one of a race that is scattered all over the world; my second is half of *very*; my third is a celebrated river; and my whole is a book very instructive to the young.

Hieroglyphical Enigmas.

1.



2.







THE HAWKING PARTY. See page 73.



Dalkeith Palace, Scotland.

ABOUT seven miles to the south of Edinburgh, on the river Esk, is situated the town of Dalkeith; the road thither leads you through most beautiful scenery, exhibiting on every hand evidence of that thorough culture which gives such a charm to the landscape in all the environs of Scotland's capital. The farmhouses, as well as the more imposing residences of gentry and nobles, are built invariably of stone, in the most substantial and tasteful manner. The undulating surface of the ground is beautifully set off by the graceful arrangements of farm and forest. Emerging from a deep wooded vale, which seems the very embodiment of all that is beautiful and poetic, you see on every

slope to the very hill-top the traces of graceful culture. Elms that have stood for centuries overhang the carriage-road, while flowering hedges and shrubs line the gravel-walks that lead over the lawn to the mansions that look out from behind clumps of ornamental trees.

There is so much of classic beauty in all the architectural and landscape arrangements of Edinburgh and its environs that you are never weary in looking at them. At every turn you see something to admire, and are reminded that the hand of taste has been there.

The town of Dalkeith contains about 5,500 inhabitants. A little to the east of it, on the overhanging bank of the river Esk, stands Dalkeith Palace, a

seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. At the time of our visit to the palace last summer the Duke was absent, but his son, Lord Dalkeith, a young man about 20 years of age, was at home, and by his courtesy we were permitted to go over the ground and through all the rooms and examine the paintings, many of which are by the most celebrated artists.

The exterior of Dalkeith Palace is imposing, but by no means elegant. It is surrounded by an extensive park, through which the North and South Esk flow and unite their waters a short way below the house. Not far from the entrance to the grounds, in the edge of the park, on a grassy knoll, stands a pretty Gothic church, where the family worship.

In the reign of Queen Mary, Dalkeith Palace was the residence of the celebrated regent Morton, and after resigning his regency, he continued to occupy this stronghold, which from this circumstance acquired the name of the Lion's Den.

A little more than 200 years ago the estate was purchased of the then Earl of Morton, by Francis, Earl of Buccleuch, and it has since continued in the family.

All the rooms and stairways are finished in heavy panel work of oak; these ceilings, some time back, were, by an unaccountable taste, covered with white paint, and so continued till the marriage of the present Duke, who, at the suggestion of his bride, had all the paint removed and the original beautiful oak

surface restored. It is now highly polished and very beautiful. The dark oak forms a fine contrast with the gilded picture frames that line the drawing-rooms, and library, and stairways.

George IV. and Queen Victoria, on the occasion of their respective visits to Scotland, had their temporary residence at Dalkeith Palace.

There is a popular belief that immense treasures, unrighteously amassed by the regent Morton, are now concealed somewhere among the vaults of this ancient building, but it is very probable that, like the treasures reputed to have been hid by Captain Kidd, they will be hard to find.

The walls of the palace are of massive thickness and most substantial masonry. The drawing-rooms are on the second floor, and looking out at the front they command a view of a heavily-wooded park, extending southward and eastward. On the opposite or rear side, are the state bed-rooms and other apartments, whose windows command a view of an extended lawn, stretching northward.

The servant seemed to take a special pleasure and pride in pointing out the apartments occupied by Geo. IV., and also those occupied by Victoria, on the occasion of their visits. The furniture of each, which was provided especially for the occasion, remains as it was when they occupied them. In one of the halls we saw full-length portraits of the present Duke and Duchess, which have been recently executed. They were said to be excellent likenesses.



Will Somers.

WILL SOMERS, the buffoon or jester of King Henry VIII., was one of the most renowned of his class. Though reputed a fool, he was celebrated for his sarcastic wit and talent for repartee.

He was the son of a poor husbandman in Northamptonshire, and at an early age went to London in search of employment. His drollery and good temper obtained for him a place in the service of a gentleman about the court, and it was not long before his fame as a wit reached the ears of the king, who

sent for him that he might see and talk with him. He was so pleased with his humor that he at once took him into royal service.

And now, who but Will Somers, the king's fool? By his facetious jests he at once acquired great privilege at court; he was admitted to the king's private chamber, gained the ear of the first noblemen, and was on familiar terms with royalty, even at times when the first magnates of the realm could not gain audience. If the king was angry or displeased, who but Will

Somers could, by his pleasant conceit, put him in humor?

Being of a tractable disposition he soon learned the ways of the court, and obtained the general love of the nobility, and was a favorite with all who knew him.

As an evidence of the king's sincere regard for him, it may be mentioned that his *portrait* is twice introduced into the same piece with the king—once in the fine picture of Henry VIII. by Holbein, and in another picture which is now in the British Museum.

Many instances of his ready wit are on record.

In some of his sarcastic witticisms at court, he had given umbrage to Cardinal Wolsey, who, thinking to quell his assurance, said to him: "William, what say you to this rhyme?

'A rod in the school
And a whip for a fool
Are always in season.'

To which he instantly replied:—

"A halter and a rope
For him that would be pope
Against all rhyme and reason."

At this smart reply the Cardinal bit his lips from vexation, for he was then aspiring to the Papal See.

There is preserved an amusing wardrobe account, or order, which Henry VIII. sent to "Lord Windsore, keeper of our great wardrobe," in favor of "John Malte, our tailor," June 28, 1536.

"It'm for making of dubblette of worsted lyned with canvas and cotton,

alle of our greate wardrobe, for William Somar our foole. It'm for making of a coate and a cappe of grene clothe, fringed with red crule and lyned with fryse, for our s^d foole. It'm for making a dubblette of fustian, lyned with cotton and canvas. It'm for making a coate of grene cloath, with a hooode of the same, fringed with crule of red and white colors, and lyned with bokerham, for our said foole. It'm for two paire of hoose of Wm. Crofton, our hossyer, of blewe clothe, gurded with red and blacke clothe, alle for Wm. Somar oure foole."

We judge from this that "our foole" was attired gaily enough, and that he had a very comfortable home in the royal household.

He retained the favor of Henry VIII. till the last moment of the monarch's life, and during his last illness had great influence with him in the disposition of some affairs of moment.

"If our harps were rightly tuned, not all the harps of heaven would sound so melodious as the word—Father."

THE difference between a carriage wheel and a carriage horse, is that one goes better when it is tired, and the other don't.

A MAN behind the time should be fed on *catch-up*.

WHAT beau is least liked by young ladies on a picnic party? A rainbow.



Temple Arch.

THE pile of buildings known as "The Temple" is situated in the very heart of London. It was so called anciently because it was the dwelling-place of Knights Templars.

At the suppression of that order it was purchased by some professors of common law, and the premises have since been known as "inns of court." The word *inn*, as our readers may know, does not primarily mean a place of entertainment, but a recess or wide passage leading from the street to apartments or buildings back. It is sometimes called a court, and for aught we know, so called from the very fact that the inns of the Temple in London are appropriated to law purposes.

The inns of court here are designated by the Inner Temple, Middle Temple and Outer Temple, occupied by separate societies of students. These societies have distinct officers and rules of government. In term-time they dine in a hall of the society, which is called "keeping commons." To dine a fortnight in each term is deemed *keeping a term*, and to keep *twelve terms* entitles a student to manage and plead cases in court.

In one of the chambers of the Temple is preserved a great quantity of armor which belonged to the Knights Templars, and which is a great curiosity. The entrances to the Temple are a thoroughfare during the day, but closed at night.



House of Dr. Johnson.

THE City of Litchfield, England, claims the honor of giving birth to the learned lexicographer, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was born in the house represented in the cut, Sept. 7, 1709. Of his ancestors not much is known, as he says himself "there is little pleasure in relating the anecdotes of beggary." They were day-laborers and poor. One of his uncles was a celebrated pugilist, and was never thrown or conquered. His father was the first to emerge from the obscure occupation of the family ;

he became a bookseller, but was always poor, and at his death his effects amounted to only \$100.

Samuel received the rudiments of his education at the free school in Litchfield, and in 1728 was entered at Oxford. It would require a long story to tell how he struggled with poverty, and other obstacles that encountered him at every step, and how his great mind triumphed over them all, until he became the pride of his native town and of his nation. He died in 1784, aged 75

years, and was buried in the poets' corner of Westminster Abbey. The house stands at the corner of Sadler street and opposite the market-house. The upper part is projecting in the ancient style, and rests upon pillars, as you see in the cut. It is three stories high, and has a roof like a French house. It is built apparently to stand for centuries, but it will crumble and disappear long before its illustrious occupant will cease to be honored as one of the great men of his age.

The Hawking Party.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

FALCONRY was a favorite field-sport of the middle ages ; but since the invention of guns with firelocks, it seems to have declined, as guns are a much more effectual means of bringing down game than the use of falcons or hawks.

Some of our young readers may ask what falconry is ; we reply that it is a process of taking feathered game by the use of falcons, hawks, eagles or other rapacious birds, that are trained to the business, just as dogs are trained to pursue the hare, the fox, or the deer. Sometimes the sport was called hawking, as the falcon is a species of hawk. Falconry, while it existed, was the peculiar sport of kings and nobles, many of whom are now represented in their portraits with their favorite hawk seated on their wrist, thus showing the special

regard in which they held the animal that gave them so much amusement.

The training of falcons to pursue their game and return again to their owners was a laborious and difficult process. It was necessary to take them when they were very young, and by slow steps teach them what was to be done. When the falcon did as was required, it was fed, and thus made to know that it had done right. If it was refractory and disobeyed, a cold stream of water was poured on its head, as an admonition that it had done wrong.

It was said to be a gallant and goodly sight when a large train of well-mounted English ladies and gentlemen rode forth on a clear day to pursue this sport, attended by falconers, each with his hawk on his wrist.

Dogs were used to start up the game, and then at a proper time the hawk was let loose to pursue it as it soared upward in the air. The aerial conflict often became intensely exciting to the lookers on. If one hawk was not sufficient to bring down the game, another and another were let loose, till victory was achieved, and the conqueror and the conquered came down rapidly to the ground, amid the shouts of the gay party.

In the accompanying cut our artist has, in a very spirited and life-like sketch, represented a hawking party just starting for the field.

WHICH travels at the greatest speed, heat or cold ? Heat, because you can easily catch cold.



Tomb of Edward II.

THE above beautiful monument to the memory of Edward II. is erected in the Cathedral at Gloucester. Beneath the splendid Gothic canopy he is represented as reposing in state.

Edward II., born in 1284, was the first English Prince of Wales, and succeeded to the throne of England in 1307. He had an agreeable figure and

mild disposition, but was indolent and fond of pleasure. Previous to his coming to the throne and afterwards, England was engaged in wars with Scotland. In 1314 Edward assembled an immense army to check the progress of Robert Bruce, but was completely defeated at Bannockburn.

He was unfortunate in the selection

of favorites, and in every way proved himself incompetent to his place. His queen, Isabella, was disloyal to the crown and untrue to her husband. Her paramour was Roger Mortimer, a young baron of Wales, who, in consort with the queen, determined upon the destruction of the weak and unhappy husband. They formed an association out of the discontented party, and conspired to seize the reins of government. They took possession of the Tower of London and other strong fortresses, executed without trial some of the councillors of state, and took the King prisoner, who on the commencement of the revolt had concealed himself in Wales. The unfortunate Edward was confined in Kenilworth Castle, and in the January following (1327) his deposition was unanimously agreed on by parliament, on the ground of incapacity and misgovernment. He soon after resigned the crown, and was transferred to Berkley Castle; but Mortimer and the queen, not satisfied while he lived, pursued him to death. Two ruffians were despatched, who, it is said, murdered him in a way so as not to leave any external marks of violence. This occurred in Sept., 1327, in the twentieth year of his reign, and the forty-third of his age.

Holidays at Uncle Hiram's.

[Continued from page 52.]

THIS done, the word was given, and off they started. For a few moments Fred seemed to have the advantage, having succeeded, by the aid of his pole, in getting a better start. With quick, rapid strokes he dashed away in fine style, the young folks cheering him on with loud "huzzas for Fred." By these violent movements, however, he was soon out of breath, while Uncle Hiram, as soon as he fairly got under way, swept out right and left, in long, easy strokes, a rod or more in length, and so rapidly gained upon the chase. Encouraged by his first success, Fred redoubled his efforts, but only in such a way as the more to exhaust his powers. At length, drawing a long breath, and looking behind to see how far he had distanced his uncle, he found him calmly looking over his shoulder, which he tapped gently, saying, "Good bye, Master Fred, I'll tell them you are coming," and flew away, as if the wind had lent him wings. Making a broad sweep, at the upper end of the pond, he returned, took Fred by the hand, wheeled him about, and drew him swiftly into the ring, amid a loud and long continued shout of "Uncle Hiram forever."

We duly admired the fort. It was built against the hill, and protected in front by a gigantic snow-man. Soon a pile of dry branches was gathered, and

a bright fire was blazing in a little nook close to the pond, which the boys always called the "Fire Place."

There were some spare skates, and the boys teased the girls to try them. Lucy, and Jessie, and Lizzie, more venturesome than the rest, took their first lesson in skating. Harry, Fred, and Ralph were their teachers, and professed themselves well pleased with their progress. The rest were not idle meanwhile. A fine sled was fitted up by fastening two or three together, and when tired of sliding, a grand sledding party to the farther end of the pond was proposed. Uncle Hiram, Ernest, James, and Charley harnessed themselves to our triumphal car, and, raising a wild shout, we dashed off, leaving the six skaters behind. In vain they tried to follow, the girls could not skate as fast as we flew, so their attendants were forced to remain behind with them. When we came back from our ride, the skaters were seated around the fire telling stories. As soon as he saw our party, Harry sprung up and joined us. He had a fine plan, he said, and we must keep warm by the fire while he told it to the boys and made preparations. Uncle proposed to leave Charley and Ralph behind as guard, but we laughed at our needing any guard, so away they went. Soon we heard their voices out in the grove; we listened, but not a word could we distinguish, and the sounds went farther and farther off. It was growing dark, and we piled on wood, and began to wonder what we should do if the boys didn't get back,

or if the fire should go out before they came. Then we thought how frightened they would be if they should come and find us gone. At last Lizzie sprang up, and clapped her hands, crying, "I know, I know what we can do; we can hide in the fort and let them hunt for us."

Every one was ready to accede to this plan, but Gertrude stopped us. "Let us wait till we hear their voices; they may be gone so long that our fire will go out. They won't like that."

We had not long to wait. A loud huzza was heard in the distance, and our little company hastened to the fort. There was plenty of room, and it was warm, too. We were just nicely stowed away when a bright flash illumined the scene, and through the door of the fort we could see a line of light coming zig-zag across the pond. With shouts and huzzas on came our absent guards, holding a lighted pine torch in each hand. It was a beautiful sight; but when they neared the fire and found we were not there, they shouted and hallooed, calling us each by name, and then gathered together for a council. We heard uncle insisting that we could not have been tired and gone home. He was sure we here hidden in some nook near by, and meant only to play them a trick. We did not help them in their conclusion, but were quiet as mice, till they stormed the fort, and seized us in our hiding-places.

Our party reached home in fine style; our burning torches told of our approach, and all in the house were

assembled to see us. The family group had two new faces added. They were Edmund Stanley and his bride Louise.

After tea, when all were assembled in the parlor, Uncle Hiram said he wanted a march. He meant to make us a company of soldiers, and he would be captain. Edith began to play, and we followed uncle in all sorts of strange movements round the room. At last, when none of us expected it, he threw open the folding-doors and let us into the little parlor. There was displayed the Christmas-tree in all its glory. Every little twig bore some present; dolls and doll furniture, pins, ear-rings and bracelets, slippers, watch-guards and purses, with beautiful books, and all blazing with light from the numberless candles that seemed to grow out of the branches.

By the side of the tree stood a fairy figure, with a long wand, decorated with ribbons in her hand. The long floating curls, strange dress, and gauze wings, were so beautiful, and yet so singular, that at first no one guessed that it was cousin Gertrude. With her wand she took off the presents and distributed them. Not one of the circle was forgotten, and I heard Charley say that he wished Santa Claus would make his presents just so every Christmas, for he could put much larger things on the tree than he could in a stocking.

A game of "hunt the slipper" ended our evening, and a merry time we had, for Uncle Hiram and Aunt Martha joined in the frolic, and uncle's long arms made the slipper fly till it almost seemed to be in two places at once.

When our game was over, Harry sprang on a chair and announced, in his loudest voice, that Mr. Ernest had a necromantic performance to display, and requested all to sit down. Ernest seated himself in front of the large circle which we made, and slowly unfolded a parcel, from which he took out a small paste-board skeleton. This he balanced carefully on the floor, and then commenced whistling a tune, to which the figure kept time with all sorts of queer motions. Ralph and Fred were sure they could do the same; but in vain they tried. They could not even make it stand up. Again and again the little skeleton was passed round. No one could guess how it could be made to dance, and Ernest would not explain.

Just as we were going to bed, Henry said, "Who is brave enough to sleep in the haunted chamber to-night?"

"Haunted chamber! what do you mean?" cried the younger children.

"Why, he only means that one of the rooms in this house has a door which always swings back. We cannot keep it open without placing something against it, and so some silly people call it haunted."

"Yes," said Harry, "I have seen the door shut itself dozens of times. You are brave girls if you sleep there. Mother, I believe Hannah and Gertrude are both afraid—they look so, at any rate."

"Hush, Harry," said Aunt Martha, "why do you try to tease your cousins—they will have the pleasantest room in the house. Besides, Edith and Lucy

are to have a little bed there, too, so they will have plenty of company."

"Well, well," answered Harry, "you have more faith in the courage of girls than I have. We shall have them screaming all over the house."

"For shame," cried Gertrude, "where has your politeness flown, Harry? I am willing to sleep there alone, and I warrant you that I would sleep as soundly as ever in my life."

"All very bravely said, Miss Gertrude," replied Harry, saucily. "You know very well the rooms are all full, and there is no fear of your losing your room-mates."

"Stop, stop," interposed Uncle Hiram, coming across the room, "you have talked enough about the haunted room. Now, I propose that we all form an exploring party and examine it, so these poor girls may rest assured that there is nothing really strange about it." So saying, he took up a candle and led the way to the chamber over grandfather's room. We all followed him, the little ones with fear and trembling, and yet too curious to see the wonderful room to be left behind.

The large chamber looked very cheerful when we entered. A wood-fire blazed on the open chimney, and cast a pleasant light on everything. The curtains were drawn over the windows, and comfortable-looking arm-chairs were placed on either side of the fire. Uncle Hiram walked slowly round the room, and then invited us to search every corner. We opened the closet door, and uncle pushed his long cane into all the

corners, and examined the shelves. Then we went to the little windows, which were double, like those in the room below; the space between was occupied with a deep window seat, and a row of shelves, very narrow it is true, but yet containing quite a number of books. After taking a careful survey of these, we shut the inner windows, and drew the heavy curtains over them, while Gertrude assured Harry she thought the room delightful, and would not exchange it for any other in the house.

Harry only laughed and shrugged his shoulders, while the other boys loudly applauded her courage.

All was soon quiet in the house. Edith, Lucy, Gertrude and I still sat round the warm fire, talking of our happy day, and the pleasures of the morrow, till Gertrude exclaimed, "Girls, it is twelve o'clock. What would Aunt Martha say if she knew we were keeping Edith and Lu up so late. Come, hurry, we sha'n't have a fire much longer. Here goes the last stick of wood."

This last consideration roused us, and we quickly followed her advice. The light of the fire had grown quite dim ere we were all ready for bed, and Gertrude tried in vain to brighten it before she put out the light. Just as she did so, the clock at the head of the stairs struck half-past midnight. All was perfect silence for a few moments, for the single peal of the old clock rather startled us. Then, all that had been said of the haunted chamber added to our fear, for, as we listened intently,

there came a low groan, apparently from the deep window recess. I felt Gertrude's hand touch mine, and then suddenly Edith sprang up in bed with a loud scream. I was quickly at her side. She was trembling violently, and pointed to the wall over our bed. There I saw a face glaring with a fitful light. A flame seemed to issue from the head, and forks of fire from the mouth. Looking intently at this strange apparition, I thought I discovered its secret. So, calling Gertrude to find a match, and light the lamp, I quieted Edith, telling her it was only a trick of the boys.

When the lamp was lighted, the figure disappeared; but going up to the place we found a fish's head hanging on the wall, and lines drawn in various directions around it. These lines were drawn with phosphorus; and the head also had a phosphorient light, which made it show distinctly in the dark. Although the head was taken away, and the lines of light explained, it was long before poor Edith's fears were quieted, for we still heard at intervals the low groan from the window. At last Gertrude could bear it no longer. "I never shall sleep," she exclaimed. "Who will go with me to find out what that noise is?"

"I will," said Lucy. "I dare say it is some trick of the boys just to frighten us, and I should like to find them out."

"Oh, don't go," whispered Edith, "I'm afraid to have the window opened. Do, cousin Hannah, come to my bed, and wait with me if they go."

The poor child caught hold of my hand and held it tight, as Gertrude and Lucy opened the window and entered the recess. They looked everywhere, but found nothing, and were just giving up their search when the sound came again. It was evidently just outside the window. Gertrude threw up the sash and discovered the branch of a tree rubbing against the side of the house, as the light wind moved it to and fro. This produced a low monotonous sound, which, to a mind excited with fear, seemed much like a human groan. The source of our annoyance being now made known, we were all prepared to sleep quietly, even in the haunted chamber. Even our nervous Edith was ready to laugh at her fears.

[To be continued.]

Wise Sayings.

It is one of the worst of errors to suppose that there is another path of safety besides that of duty.

He that would not have more than he can do to-morrow must do all he can to-day.

He that puts a Bible into the hands of a child gives him more than a kingdom; for it gives him a key to the kingdom of heaven.

Little things should not be despised—many threads will bind an elephant.

Strict regard for truth should always be aimed at—a lie once detected destroys confidence where the most ardent attachment once existed.

Monkey Story.



NE of the sacred books of the Hindoos contains the following story :—

“In former times, there reigned in the island of Ceylon a mighty king, called Ravanna, with ten heads and ten arms, at whose name the whole earth trembled. To overcome this dreadful monster, the god Vishnu descended and dwelt amongst men, as the prince Rama. One day, when Rama was absent from home, his wife, Sita, was stolen away by the giant Ravanna. On discovering this, Rama became greatly distressed. Seeing his grief, the angels hastened to help him in the shape of monkeys. Hanoomanta, the leader of the monkeys, offered to go and find out what had become of Sita, and was sent accordingly to Lunka, the great city in Ceylon, where the mighty giant Ravanna lived. There, in the form of a rat, he searched every house till he found Sita. Then, taking again the shape of a monkey, he set out on his way back, but was caught and taken into the presence of the giant and his court, to be examined. As a seat was not given him, Hanoomanta coiled his tail till it was so high as to enable him to sit upon a level with the throne of Ravanna himself. At his examination he gave such curious answers as set all present in a roar of laughter. At last,

in order to punish him, a great quantity of old clothes, rags, and paper, was collected together, and tied to his tail. Then, covering the whole with pitch, they set fire to it and let him go. On he went, leaping through the farmyard, and over the houses, till he set the whole city in a blaze ; then, dipping his tail in the sea, he returned to Rama, who immediately made war against the giant, assisted by an army of monkeys. A bridge was formed from India to Ceylon by throwing mountains into the sea. Sita was released, Ravanna was destroyed, and the earth delivered from the power of the monster.”

Our readers will perhaps smile at this strange story ; but it is firmly believed by great numbers of the Hindoos. The book in which it is contained is one of their most beautiful poems, and is so sacred that the reading of it is said to entitle them to heaven.

Monkeys, having it is thought performed such wonderful deeds as these in days gone by, are now worshipped all over India. Images of them are made and placed in the temples ; sometimes these images, with the god Rama riding on the back of the monkey, are carried about by the Brahmins, and offerings are presented to them by the people. Such is the respect of the Hindoos for monkeys that they are allowed to run about by hundreds and thousands in the streets and over the houses. Some years ago, a native prince spent £10,000 in

marrying two monkeys, when all the ceremonies usual among the people of the East were gone through with as much pomp and splendor as though the monkey bride and bridegroom had belonged to the royal family.

So numerous and troublesome had monkeys become in one of the Indian towns, that a short time ago, an English magistrate ordered them to be destroyed, but the natives would not execute the order. They raised a subscription, made a great cage, caught the monkeys, and filled the cage with them. Then, collecting together the musicians, they sent off the monkeys with presents of fruit and sound of pipe and drum, to roam at pleasure in one of the thick forests of India.

How delightful to know that many of the Hindoos are beginning to see the sin and folly of such doings as these. One day two Brahmins were quarrelling, and one of them said to the other, who was a priest of Hanoomanta, "You stupid fellow! Who cares for you? Don't you get your living by worshipping a monkey?" And we hope the time is near at hand when the people of India will forsake all their idolatries, and worship the only living and true God, through Jesus Christ whom he has sent.

Swift and his Servant.

DEAN SWIFT, while on a journey, and stopping at a tavern, desired his servant, John, (who, by the way, was

as eccentric as his master,) to bring him his boots. John brought up his boots in the same state as they were taken off the evening previous.

"Why didn't you polish my boots?" said the Dean.

"There's no use in polishing them," said the man, "for they would soon be dirty again."

"Very true," said the Dean, and he put on the boots. Immediately after he went down to the landlady, and told her on no account to give his servant any breakfast. The Dean breakfasted and then ordered the horses out. As he was ready to start, John ran to him in a great hurry and said—

"Mr. Dean, I haven't got any breakfast yet."

"Oh," replied the witty divine, "there's no use in your breakfasting, you would soon be hungry again."

John, finding his theory thrown back on himself, submitted to the privation with the same stoicism as did his master with his boots. On they rode, the Dean in front reading his prayer-book, and the man behind at a respectful distance, when they were met by a gentleman, who, after eyeing the Dean very closely, accosted the servant with,

"I say, my man, you and your master seem to be a sober pair; may I ask who you are, and where you are going?"

"We're going to Heaven," replied John. "My master's praying and I'm fasting."

The gentleman looked again in wonderment at the master and man, and then rode off.

Balloon Travels.

[Continued from page 867, Vol. XXVIII.]

WE left our aerial voyagers at Koniieh, the ancient Iconium, situated not far from the centre of Asia Minor. It is a place of great antiquity and some renown. The Greeks said that in the early ages of the world, after a great part of mankind were destroyed by a flood, images of clay were made here by order of Jupiter to replenish the desolated earth. Even in the time of the Persian empire, 500 years B. C., it was a noted place: afterwards, under the Romans, it became the capital of Iconium. It belonged for a long time to the Greek emperors of Constantinople, but it was wrested from them by the Saracens, and afterwards it was taken by the Seljukin Turks, who made it the capital of an empire, whose chiefs are called Sultans. These, for a long period, were engaged in hostilities with the Greek emperors and the Crusaders with various success. They may be considered the founders of the Ottoman empire, as already stated. Our voyagers found the present town to contain about 30,000 people, nearly all Turks. A part of the city is enclosed within the ancient walls, which are two miles in circuit; the rest spreads out to a considerable distance upon the plain. The country around is level for several miles in extent; it is then bounded by snow-capped mountains on every side, cept the East, where a dreary plain stretches out to the horizon. We must

now let our wanderers speak for themselves.

* * * * *

Ellen. And this is really the ancient Iconium. Is it not here that Paul and Barnabas came to preach, and were driven away by the mob?

Merry. The very same place.

Seth. Is it possible we are where Paul the Apostle once preached?

Merry. It is certainly so.

James. I do not recollect the exact account of what you refer to.

Laura. I have just found it here in my pocket-testament.

James. Well, read it.

Laura. (*Reading.*) "And it came to pass in Iconium that they both went together into the synagogue of the Jews, and so spake that a great multitude, both of the Jews and also of the Greeks, believed. But the unbelieving Jews stirred up the Gentiles, and made their minds evil-affected against the brethren. Long time, therefore, abode they speaking boldly in the Lord, which gave testimony unto the word of his grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands. But the multitude of the city was divided, and part held with the Jews and part with the Apostles. And when there was an assault made, both of the Gentiles, and also of the Jews, with their rulers, to use them despitefully, and to stone them, they were ware of it, and fled

unto Lystra and Derbe, cities of Lycaonia, and unto the region that lieth round about. And there they preached the Gospel."

Ellen. Oh, how affecting it is to read the Bible in the very spot to which its pages refer!

James. Do you suppose, Mr. Merry, that this city looked as it does now when Paul was here? Can we find the synagogue where he preached? Can we see the place where the mob threatened him?

Merry. Your questions come very thick and fast, James. This city has totally changed since the time of the Apostle. After having been held by the Romans, and then by the Greeks, as I have told you, it became the capital of the Seljukin Turks. This wall was built by them six hundred years ago. You see that every thing here has a Turkish aspect; the streets, the houses, the mosques, all show that for many centuries it has been entirely subject to the followers of Mahomet.

Ellen. How strange it is that the very countries which are associated with Christ and his Apostles, the very scenes identified with the birth of Christianity, should have been for ages in the hands of those who spurn and despise it!

Merry. Yes, it is one of those dark mysteries in which the history of our holy religion abounds. Still it testifies to the life and vigor of Christianity, inasmuch as this passes into the mind, and maintains its dominion over mankind, even at a distance from the site of its origin, and without the visible

and sensible witnesses to the miracles upon which it is founded.

Seth. Mr. Merry, I have been reading this story about Paul in Laura's testament, and it seems that he and Barnabas, when they quit Iconium, went to Lystra, in Lycaonia: now, where was that place?

Merry. It is quite uncertain: the general opinion is, I believe, that it was situated about thirty miles south of Iconium, but its site has not been determined, nor its vestiges ascertained.

Seth. Dear me! I wish I could have lived about eighteen hundred years ago.

Merry. And why so?

Seth. Because I could then have seen Paul and the other Apostles, and perhaps Jesus Christ himself.

Merry. And perhaps you would have been a Jew, one of them who helped to crucify Christ and stone Paul and Barnabas.

Seth. Well, suppose I had. I should not have known any better.

Merry. I'm not sure of that. Even in countries that do not enjoy the light of Christianity, there is a great difference among the people. Some are good, and some are bad; that is to say, some give themselves up to the light of conscience, and become just, honest, true, humane: others give themselves up to darkness, to the suggestions of blind passion, and become unreasonable, cruel, unjust, vindictive, base. Now this difference arises from choice, from free will, and not from necessity. The just are so because they have chosen the path which leads to justice: the wicked

are so because they have chosen the path which leads to wickedness. This is true as well in Pagan as Christian countries. A great part of the Jews in Jerusalem assisted in crucifying Christ, because they had voluntarily given themselves up to blindness of mind, and hence their prejudices and passions led them to this guilty deed. Other Jews, who took no part in the crucifixion, still denounced Christ as an impostor, because their habits of mind, that is, their chosen mode of thinking and feeling, begat in them a natural opposition to a character so noble and exalted as his, and to doctrines so pure, undefiled, and holy as those he preached. On the other hand, there were many in Jerusalem who habitually cherished truth and justice, and upon their minds the image of Christ fell like fire upon tinder, lighting them up to the light and knowledge of the Gospel. It is, doubtless, within the power of God to make good men of the most hardened sinners, but I believe that it is in the ordinary course of his providence to call them into his fold, who, even in darkness and doubt, have sought the light, and have set their feet in the path that leads to the Source of Light.

James. And do you suppose, Mr. Merry, there are any good people here among these Turks?

Merry. Certainly; if you were to make the inquiry you would find people here divided into the good and bad; and you would find the standard of good and bad nearly the same that it is with us. Goodness, all the world over,

is justice, truth, humility; wickedness is falsehood, treachery, cheating, lying, cruelty. The Gospel, as to its form, has reached but a small portion of mankind, but as to its spirit, it is much more widely diffused. The leading idea of our religion is, that there is a God, to whom every human soul is accountable in thought, word, and deed. This accountability is the foundation of conscience, and conscience is the monitor or guide of every human heart. He who listens to it honestly, according to his light and knowledge, may hope for the blessing of more certain light and more perfect knowledge; he who resists, is likely to wander farther and farther from truth, happiness, and safety, in this world as well as the world to come. But now, my friends, we have seen the chief curiosities of this place, shall we not take to our balloon and pursue our journey?

A ready assent was given to this proposal, and soon the party were up in the sky scudding along to the east. To the south, far away, lay the blue waves of the Mediterranean; beneath them were the lofty, irregular range of Mount Taurus; to the north lay the swelling hills and mountains of Asia Minor. As they passed along, the following conversation took place.

James. What is that city, Mr. Merry, far, far to the east, on the shore of the Mediterranean?

Merry. Give me the telescope. Do you mean that towards which a great many vessels are sailing?

James. Yes.

Merry. That is Smyrna.

James. Really—the capital of Asia Minor?

Seth. And where we get such a quantity of figs?

Ellen. The birth-place of the ancient poet Homer?

Laura. One of the “seven churches of Asia?”

Peter. And where Captain Ingraham rescued Martin Kozta from the Austrians?

Merry. Hallo, Peter, you have just waked up, I think. We have not heard from you in a long time. What have you been about?

Peter. Oh, I have been to Boston and New York, while you have been sailing about here, and there, and everywhere.

Ellen. Well, what's the news?

All the Children. Yes, yes, the news, the news.

Peter. Oh, all sorts of news.

Ellen. Well, tell us the principal.

Peter. Why, Peter Parley, or Mr. Goodrich, or whatever his name is, is going to quit Merry's Museum.

James. What! Will not that take some of the gas out of our balloon?

Seth. I should not like to tumble down and beat out our brains here upon the tops of Mount Taurus. Hadn't you better whip up, Mr. Merry, and let us get home before we meet with such a dreadful catastrophe?

Merry. Don't be alarmed, my friends, we will have our voyage out in spite of Peter Parley or anybody else. Other people can make gas as well as he.

Ellen. Well, let us return to Homer, then; I am very much interested in all that relates to him. Are there any vestiges in Smyrna, and places or objects associated with his memory?

Merry. It is said that the cave in which he used to recite his verses is still remaining. A modern traveller tells us that it is about four feet wide, and has a huge roof of rock.

Seth. And who was Homer?

Ellen. The most famous poet that ever lived—the author of the Iliad and the Odyssey.

Seth. Oh, yes, those that tell of the Siege of Troy, and the wanderings of Ulysses. Pray, how long is it since he lived?

Ellen. About 2,800 years ago; he is supposed to have been a contemporary with Solomon, or perhaps with the prophet Isaiah.

Seth. Well, tell us all about him.

Ellen. We really do not know much of his history. It is generally understood that he was a poor poet or minstrel, who went about singing his verses. No doubt the people in his time were greatly excited by his performances; for when a poet will sing or recite his own compositions, we may well suppose that he will give them powerful effect. Such exciting stories as the Iliad, said or sung by one capable of composing it, must no doubt have set the lively imaginations of the Greeks on fire.

Laura. Mr. Merry, can you tell me where Sardis is; if I recollect, it must be near Smyrna?

Merry. Alas! Sardis has shared the

fate of many of the great and famous cities of antiquity. Some fifty miles to the east of Smyrna is a little village among which are heaps of ruins, blockaded by earthquakes, and formed into fantastic shapes by waters which have flowed over and around it. This bears the name of "the Home of Cræsus," and is all that remains of his famous capital.

Seth. Was this the Cræsus who was so rich?

Merry. Yes.

Seth. Will you tell us about him, and about Sardis?

Merry. Certainly. Sardis was situated at the foot of a mountain in the river Pactolus, and was the capital of the Lydian kings. One of these, named Meles, had a daughter, who had a young lion for a son. The priests told them to carry this around the city, and that it would then be impregnable. This was done, except on one side where there was a steep, rocky declivity, deemed secure against an assault. History tells us that the city was afterwards taken by Soddius, who scaled these very heights, and thus entered and captured the place. Cræsus was born 591 B. C., and was the most famous of the Lydian kings. He extended his dominion over a great part of Asia Minor, and then devoted himself to the arts of peace. His wealth was enormous, and his liberality as great as his riches. He invited men of genius to his court, and spent much of his time in their society. But stop a moment; what makes our balloon tip and top about so?

Ellen. I think we are going to have a thunderstorm, for the sky is very black.

James. And there is a terrible roar down below us.

Seth. Yes, and we shall soon be topsy-turvy. I wish I was safe at home!

Peter. It is as much as I can do to keep myself in the car. What will become of us?

Laura. Dear me, the ropes are breaking! We shall all be lost!

Merry. Steady, all hands!

Ellen. Dear me, the car is severed from the balloon: there we go!

* * * * *

S. G. G.

[To be continued.]

Scraps.

MEN are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not drawn out of them until they have been for a time in hot water.

WHEN a man passes a day without reflection, he may well exclaim at night, "I fear that I have done something wrong."

It is all very well to *remember* the poor, but is much better to *do* something for them.

MECHANICAL DUTY.—Schiller used to say, that he found the great happiness of life, after all, to consist in the discharge of some mechanical duty.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

LOWELL, Feb. 9.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I hear that you publish little boys' letters as well as large ones. I am eleven years old and take the liberty to write. I think you must be a queer old man. That rat had rather hard adventures. I mean to take the Museum while I am a boy.

Yours truly,

E. F. C.

That letter is worth its weight in gold; and proves that up in Lowell *there are boys*. Some youngsters that we know try to jump from babyhood to manhood, and would be indignant to be thought a boy at ten years old. Don't they wear a stand-up collar, and smoke? Perhaps Mr. Merry is a "queer old man." But he likes boys—*real boys* that are eleven years old—yes, boys that are eighteen and twenty. Judging from his feelings, he is nothing but a boy himself. There's Mr. Hatchet, he calls himself a boy, and he is fifty. Did you see what a spy boy he was at the skating match? But before he crows much, we hope he will let us give him a try. We should like to skate with Uncle Hiram. Which do you think would beat? You may think of Merry as a boy—full of boyish whims and feeling; but because he is getting old and gray, don't call him "old boy."

WENTWORTH, N. H., Feb. 4th, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—As I wish to be one of the "foretop girls," you will find enclosed one dollar for the Museum for 1855. I suppose Mr. Hatchet, *sharp* as he now is, will grow *dull* if we neglect to send now and then a little of the *needful*. Money sharpens the *intellect*, as well as the want of it the *appetite*, does it not, Mr. Merry?

Your friend,

CELESTIA D. HOYT.

Undoubtedly money sharpens the intellect; for you know it "speaks *all* languages;" and it would take a pretty *sharp* scholar to do that.

LOWELL, Jan. 16th, 1855.

MR. MERRY:—This is the first time I have ever written to you, although I have taken "Merry's Museum" since 1847, and have them all bound. Lowell is the first manufacturing

town in the United States, and next to the largest in the world. It is pleasantly situated on both sides of the Merrimac River. Merrimac River is a famous place to bathe in in summer, and to skate upon in winter.

Yours truly, CHARLES H. COBURN.

If you say much about skating you will have Mr. Hatchet up there. As for me, I'll wait till the shad come. Will you go fishing with me?

ALBANY, Jan. 10, 1855.

MESSRS. MERRY AND HATCHET:—I wonder what our old friend Peter Parley is doing now. I have not heard anything about him for some time. It is a pity that he was not one of the jurors. What defect is there in the Algebraic Paradox on page 350? I can see none in the *reasoning*. Gilbert Go-ahead deviates from his *own* story a great deal. I subscribe for the Museum through Fisk & Little, perhaps I could write for a prize in their name, could I? I am very anxious to have these questions answered, and they are important to others.

WM. H. HALE.

1st. We had a letter a few days ago from Peter Parley, dated at Florence in Italy, where he is spending the winter. He is in excellent health and spirits, and never fails to inquire for his old friends.

2d. We are waiting for some of our algebraic friends to solve the paradox. Do they all give it up?

3d. Why not write a sentence in your own name? Is it not plain that *every* subscriber who has paid this year's subscription—no matter when or to whom—may try for the fourth prize.

E. W. HILL, Jan. 29th, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I now live in a very pleasant town on the banks of the Connecticut River. I go to the academy and study Latin, ancient geography, and algebra. My little baby-sister, Anna, is now a year old, and is just learning to walk alone, and also to kiss, and she sends you one with many thanks in return for yours. I am growing more and more interested in your Museum. The first thing I do after its arrival is to turn to the Monthly Chat and see what puzzles there are. I should like to know very much who Mr. Merry *really* is. I have been in

a great quandary whether it is Mr. Allen or Mr. Goodrich, or who it is. So if you please, will you put my doubts to an end, and solve the enigma to my satisfaction. I should like very much to try for one of the prizes, but am afraid, with so many better able to compose a sentence than I am, that I should not get it.

I should be happy to have you come and visit us, Mr. Merry, and Mr. Hatchet, too. Will you bring some of the Merry children with you, and then we will have merry times.

From your affectionate young friend,
MINNA.

Minna, when Mr. Merry goes up to East Windsor, as he intends to do, then we will attend to your inquiries. Meanwhile give our love to Anna and to Anna's six best friends.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Many thanks for your last Museum. I think you have wonderfully sharpened the wits of your young friends. I'm sure we never have had so rich a treat before. I would like to ask an explanation, Mr. Merry. In the second volume of the "Museum," page 187, you say, "I can promise one thing more, and that is, some tales from the pen of Peter Parley. That pleasant, kind-hearted old man is no more; but I knew him better than anybody else, and all his papers are in my hands." Now, I cannot conceive you to have been in an error in giving this statement, as you were such an intimate friend of "Uncle Peter's." The only inference I can draw is, that, in addition to all your other knowledge, you possess some charm by which you have restored him to his friends again.

We are very glad to know that he is alive, yet we should exceedingly like an explanation of the mystery. Is it asking too much?

From a sincere friend, AMIE H.

In answer to inquiries in the last three letters, and many similar ones which are often made, we take this opportunity to say that Peter Parley was the name originally assumed by Mr. Goodrich when he began to write for the amusement and instruction of children. After some years he sold out his Parley's Magazine, and, changing his name to Robert Merry, gave out that Parley was no more, but that his papers were all left in his hands. These papers must have been very voluminous as he has not yet exhausted them. A little more than three years ago, when Mr. Goodrich went to Europe, he relinquished Merry's Museum to its present editor, who has since worn the name and done the duty of Robert

Merry, to the best of his ability, and he trusts to the satisfaction of his numerous young friends. By the terms of agreement Mr. Goodrich's name has been continued on the title page as editor, though he has had nothing to do with the Museum for three years past, except to furnish such articles as he chose to write. He may continue to furnish such articles, and is bound by the terms of agreement to write for no other similar magazine, but the whole responsibility of the Museum will be as it has been with Robert Merry. His friend Hiram Hatchet, and others of the same kith, will be always on hand to sustain him, and he has no doubt that those who under his previous administration, have found so much pleasure and profit in the Monthly Chat around his social table, will continue to enjoy and appreciate it as much as ever. He will give from time to time the result of his observations the last year in the old world, not in a formal way as many do, but by occasional articles here and there. And he will draw from all available sources to enrich his pages.

With these explanations, made necessary at the present time by the natural and proper inquiries of our young friends, and by a hint thrown out in the Balloon Travels, we trust all will be satisfied. Peter Parley, Robert Merry and Hiram Hatchet are all alive, and most happy to do all they can for the amusement and instruction of their young friends.

IRVINGTON, Feb. 13th, 1855.

MR. MERRY—DEAR SIR:—You have always very kindly encouraged your young friends to write to you. Desiring to know more particularly whether there may not be some restrictions connected with your prize offers which have not been mentioned, I now presume to address you for the first time. I am one of the family of eight sisters living, five of whom are old enough to be interested in your "Museum." Our father has been a subscriber for several years, and so highly values it for the amusement and instruction it affords us, as to have secured it in bound volumes from the first number. We are all of the negative class, denominated by you as those who have *not* black eyes; nevertheless, we flatter ourselves they are quite sharp enough to ferret out many of the mysteries with which you strive to puzzle us.

And now permit me to know, sir, through your columns, if our family subscription entitles two or more of us to compete for any of your prizes; or would it be expected that each should be a subscriber?

The town we live in bears the name and is the residence of one of our most honored and distinguished authors, who has immortalized this region of our country, by making it the locale of some of his most popular legends.

It would give us *much* pleasure if we might hope some day to receive as a guest the youth's best friend, Mr. Robert Merry.

But I must not, by lengthening my letter, intrude upon your time so much as to prevent your paying due attention to all those little girls and boys who have a better right to it than I have, so please to receive the very best wishes of
Yours respectfully, EMILY HAVIER W.

As you have sent two subscribers besides your own, two of you can compete for the gold pencil. We should be most happy to visit that circle of sisters. In such a group of gray eyes couldn't we get up an "Extra Chat" about equal to the regular old line monthly?

SELMA, ALA., 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am eight years old, and would like to know how it would seem to see myself in print. I should not quite dare to write if I did not have a bright gold dollar, which I earned myself, picking up waste cotton and selling at 5 cents a pound, which I want to exchange for the Museum for 1855. I did hope to be able to get several numbers of the bound volumes, but grandpa's coal boat sprung a leak and I gave all my money to him to cork it with; for though he is not my own grandpa, I love him like one, and have not any other. So this time, the yellow boy must travel alone, and I *reckon*, or as my Yankee kin say, I *guess* he will reach you safely. Please, Mr. Merry, send me the December number, for it never came, and I want my last year's bound. I shall commence school soon, and will try to get some of the boys to subscribe. Do you give back volumes for new subscribers this year?

Affectionately,

EDDIE.

You are right, Eddie. Give our regards to grandpa, and tell him he is fortunate in having such a partner—the boy that is kind and generous will prosper. We give back volumes for new subscribers, if any prefer to send so, rather than try for the prize.

Boston, Feb. 5th, 1855.

MR. MERRY:—So many of your friends are writing to you, I thought I would contribute my

share. I enjoy the "Monthly Chat" very much; it is that part that I turn to first. I have never written to you before.
WILLIAM H. NEAL.

If you begin at the end of the book, then you come first to Hieroglyphical enigma, No. 2. Did you solve it? Now mark, if you don't solve the last enigma in this number, we judge you to pay a forfeit by beginning at the beginning hereafter and reading in course.

WEST TROY, Feb. 8th, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am very much pleased with the Museum, especially the Monthly Chat. I am glad to know there are some persons that think enough of us little folks to write something to amuse us as well as old folks; how very kind it is in you.
CORA E. S.

We can work with a cheerful heart, Cora, so long as we are assured that we do amuse and instruct our young friends.

"I like the Museum very much. I pay for it with my own earnings. I had all the back volumes, but they were burnt in the great fire in Ogdensburg last October."

EDWARD M. HIGBEE.

Do we not always like best that which costs us something?

"MR. MERRY:—I wish you a happy New Year, and I hope that time will leave no trace on your brow. I am sure he will not deprive you of your merry heart."
MARY C. BRAXTON.

Time leaves his impress on us all, Mary, but surrounded with such dear good friends as come to this Monthly Chat, how can I help having a merry heart?

"I am delighted with the January and February numbers—I am glad "Holidays at Uncle Hiram's" is to be continued, for I want to know how that race came out."
A. AMEDEN.

"MR. MERRY:—I send you my dollar, and my first letter. I wonder how I shall look in print."
WM. F. BARNES.

EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MD., Jan. 15th, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I received last week the January number of your excellent Museum, and was delighted with the prospect of contending for the first prize. If I was at my own dear home in Sandy Hill, I should have no difficulty in obtaining the four subscribers which would entitle me to that privilege; but as I am spending the winter in Maryland with my invalid mother, I

have but few acquaintances in Easton, however I have already got three little gold dollars for you in my portemonnaie, and I have the promise of the fourth, if the fourth subscriber can try for the fourth prize. Now, Mr. Merry, I wish to know whether *all* would not have a right to try for the fourth prize if they wished. Please answer at your earliest convenience, as I wish to forward the money as soon as possible.

Yours, Ada M. Northup.

Ada, you will see your question answered elsewhere. Since you wrote this letter we have received your second and third, with thirteen new subscribers and \$13. Such pursuit of an object under difficulties ought to succeed. A few such girls as you would blot out "I can't" from the English language.

MR. MERRY:—Please stop my Museum, as dollars are as scarce as hen's teeth in this part of the country.

Yours sincerely, JOHN PORTER.

That is not a good reason, John, for hens have two teeth, the upper and under, which make a bill, and one bill—not a hen's bill—will pay for the Museum a year.

WEST NEEDHAM, Feb. 9.

MR. MERRY:—Though rather late, I wish you a happy New Year. I hope you had a pleasant time in Europe. We are having fine sleighing. I think the Chat has improved a great deal during the last two or three years.

In trying for the prize, will a compound word be considered as one word or two? Or can we make it either as we choose?

Your friend, S. G. W.

You start a very important inquiry, and in answering we are afraid of being misunderstood, as there might be diversity of opinion as to what are compound words.

Let it be understood, then, that all words that are usually written as one word without a hyphen, whether really simple or compound in their structure, will be admitted; but if the word cannot be properly written without a hyphen, or if it be two distinct words, forming the name of an individual, as Kondi-Khan, which occurs in one sentence sent in, it cannot be deemed correct. Kondi-Khan is as much two words as General Gates.

BOSTON, Jan. 14th, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am going to try for one of the prizes. I have obtained one subscriber, and enclose the money. I shall try to get some more. Suppose I get three or four subscribers, and do not succeed in writing one of the best sentences, shall I have anything for the subscriptions I send you?

Yours respectfully, W. G. PRESTON.

Those who try for the prize and fail, will not expect a premium; but we shall offer more new prizes in July, and all who compete this time will be allowed to try again then without additional conditions.

FITCHBURG, MASS., Jan. 17th, 1855.

MR. MERRY:—I see many of your subscribers correspond with you, and I take the liberty to write. The Museum affords me and my brothers and sister a great deal of amusement. We like the Monthly Chat very much, and have much pleasure in studying the puzzles.

Yours respectfully, H. O. PUTNAM.

CORNWALL, Jan. 30, 1855.

MR. MERRY:—Please excuse my first attempt at letter-writing, as I hope to improve by practice. I have adventured to address a few words to you. I have long enjoyed reading your Magazine, and I hope to read it for many years to come. I have amused myself lately by composing some enigmas, which I send. I think the numbers for this year are, so far, much better than usual. The rebuses are very amusing.

Yours truly, CHARLIE GUNN.

BRIDGEPORT, January 31, 1855.

MR. MERRY:—I have thought I would write to you a long time, but this is the first attempt. I think the Museum is very interesting. I took it when Mr. Parley was editor, a good many years ago. I have got a little sister six years old, who can read very well indeed. As soon as the Museum comes she seizes it, and hardly anything stops her until she has finished reading it. I have never tried to solve the puzzles until to-day. I am a little girl ten years old, and as there is no school this afternoon, I thought I should like to see my name in print, though I do not know as I shall. If you ever happen to pass through this place, we shall be very happy to see you at our house. Good bye.

DELIA C.

Thank you, Delia, we shall be most happy to visit your beautiful town, and hunt up your cottage on Golden Hill.

UTICA, N. Y., January 14th, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have a word to say about the prizes. I do not think the terms you

offer are hardly fair. Although I did not contend for the last prizes, nor do I mean for these, I like to see others done well by. I do not think that you ought to demand subscribers for the privilege of competing for the prize. I, for one, don't like *partiality*.

Your true friend, C. W. S.

There is not a day in Mr. Merry's life when all that he does pleases himself, and he does not expect always to please others.

But is he partial? That is the question. Who will act as his lawyer and defend him in this case?

LANESVILLE, Jan. 31st, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Your "Museum" is always "thrice welcome" at our fireside. The "Monthly Chat" is alone worth more than your price of subscription. Besides, every number is laden with stories about foreign countries, all of which are very interesting and profitable. Enclosed you will find \$1. I can't do without the "Museum."

Please send to yours very truly,
ELIZABETH SHERWOOD.

WESTMINSTER, VT., January 27, 1855.

I send you the enclosed four dollars for the Museum. I owe a debt to Peter Parley for first awakening the germs of enthusiasm in my boyhood. Wherever I have been I have not failed to recommend to the pupils under my care your incomparable Magazine; and whenever arguments have failed to reach the pockets of my parents, sympathy has not failed to reach my own. I find the boys and girls in this neighborhood destitute of the Museum, and have become a home-missionary sufficiently to get you these four subscribers.

Respectfully, C. F. GILSON.

We are grateful for letters like the two preceding, and could not desire a greater stimulus to persevering effort.

WATERFORD, Jan. 24, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—The 19th of this month was my birth-day, and what do you think I got for a present? My uncle gave me a dollar, which you will find enclosed for Merry's Museum. You don't know how glad I was, for I could not think of giving it up, I like it so much. He is a very funny uncle; he has no children of his own, and he thinks a great deal of us. He said if I would tell him what benefit I derived from reading the Museum he would give me a dollar; I did with mother's help. I have a great many things to say to you, but you might not wish to be troubled with so long a letter. I will not be

discouraged if you do not print this letter, for my motto is, "try, try again."

Your little friend, C. CALISTA HAWES.

What a "funny" uncle that is of yours. Just as if he did not know what benefit children derive from reading the Museum. Don't you see that roguish twinkle in his eye while you are trying to tell him. The fact is, being a sensible man, he is very fond of you, and loves to hear you talk.

Our little friend, Bennie Tompkins, of Baltimore, who is sending us lots of new subscribers, and is wide awake for the prizes, says, "Merry's Museum is the *best* magazine in *this* world or *any other* world." Pretty strong, but Bennie is a boy of excellent taste and judgment.

He says that Imogen is not the only one who received a letter from Santa Claus, for his cousin Freddy had one, and he himself had one at the same time from Kriss Kringle. Here they are:—

LETTER TO BENNIE.

Here I come! I come!
Is no one at home?
Ha! all are asleep,
And now I can peep
Into the playhouse
As still as a mouse.
But what do I see!
Oh! fiddlededee!
Things helter skelter,
Nothing's in kelter.
I cannot bring toys
Or any such joys
To children who thus
Throw all in a muss.
Now this will not do,
My young friend and true,
And if all is not neat
When I pass up this street
On the next Christmas Eve,
I will just take my leave.
In the morning you'll find
I've left nothing behind,
And too late you will see
You have not pleased me,
And you'll feel your ears tingle
When you meet friend
Christmas Eve, 1854. KRISS KRINGLE

LETTER TO FREDDY.

So, so, little Freddy,
This stocking is ready

For you I perceive,
 And so I must leave
 A word of advice
 As well as things nice.
 I hear that you cry
 And make a great noise,
 'Twill surely prevent me
 From bringing you toys.
 Indeed you must cease
 Kind mamma to tease,
 For it is really sad
 To see you so bad.
 And you have other tricks
 Which are kin to Old Nick's,
 Which, if you don't cure,
 Will ruin you sure.
 But still I may hope
 When I next take the rope
 Down the chimney to swing,
 You'll be ready to sing,
 "I now never bellow,
 I am a good little fellow,"
 And then I'll be glad
 To find a nice lad,
 And you will have cause
 To thank SANTA CLAUS.

Christmas Eve, 1854.

MURFREESBORO, TENN., Feb. 11, 1855.

MR. MERRY:—I send you a dollar for the Museum this year. I am very much pleased with it. It grows better and better every month. My father takes between thirty and forty publications, but there is not one so eagerly looked for, or so gladly received and read, as our Merry, both by old and young.

Yours respectfully, JOSEPHINE EATON.

You have our idea exactly, Josephine. We mean to make the Museum better and better every month. We know one publisher who spends more money on his January number than on the next two, and tapers the wrong way. We think our second number this year better than the first, and our third better than the second. How do you like the Hieroglyphical rebuses on the last page? If they are liked we intend to have some every month. What say you, black eyes and blue? Are they too hard? Let us have your opinion.

UTOCA, Jan. 17.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have perused the January number with great interest. What most attracted my attention was the offer of new prizes. I wish to ask some questions. First, if one competes for the gold watch and does not get it, will he stand a chance to get the second. Second, if I get a new subscriber, could he send a sen-

tence for one of the prizes? I watch the coming of the Museum impatiently every month.

Your friend, RICHARD F. LINCOLN.

Your first question is answered in the February number, page 60. He would not stand a chance for the second, but he would for the fourth, for all come in for that.

To your second question we reply, all new subscribers and all old ones who have paid, may send a sentence.

Well, this time you must have sent me your Magazine, my dear Mr. Merry, before it was issued; I am very much obliged to you, and in return send you the answers before I have fairly guessed them. Haven't I made out the list of answers scientifically?—leaving hiatuses for answers by them that have been more (Edipustical than myself; writing only on one side of the paper, &c., &c., &c. Give me credit for it, won't you? I believe I have no further excuse for taking up your time, so remain yours obligedly, AUNT SUE.

Wednesday evening, Jan. 20@26, 1855.

We have a heavy credit balance in your favor, Aunt Sue, and are frightened when we think of your coming down on us for a settlement, for we could never find it in our heart to dishonor any of your paper, even though it came in the shape of a sight-draft. But don't take advantage of our weakness, now that we have confessed it. Indeed you are too good and kind for that.

Another thing, don't say any thing about "excuse for taking up our time." Don't we want an excuse for calling on you and taking up some of your time?

Answers.

32. I suppose they would borrow razors of those who were fortunate enough to have them in their pockets.—Aunt Sue.

Oh, no, they shaved with salt water.

33. Will the questioner tell?

34. "From within."—Marianna.

"No, from without, just below the bark."—Amie.

Amie is right. If you cut off a tree you will see concentric circles, each circle

marking the growth of a year, and the outer circle is the last year's growth.

35. Fresh, the water coming from clouds.—*Charlie.*

36. Blue bell.—*Jane R. Sheldon.*

37. Because he can't get meat.—*Aunt Sue.*
Because he can't swallow it whole.—*N. S. Roberts. Amie.*

38. The numbers are 2 and 2. The square of 2 is 4. $4+4=8$ and $2+2\times 2=6$.—*Willie H. Coleman.*

39. One-half.

40. Moses and Elijah; Adam and Eve.

41. About the year 1720, in the Serro de Frio.

42. Amos.

43. B. E. A. D.

44. Allon-bachuth. (Gen. xxv. 8).—*Celestia D. Hoyt.*

45. Ai. (Joshua vii. 2.)

46. Eighteen (I guess).—*C. D. Hoyt.*
Eighteen.—*E. M. Higbee.*

47. General Samuel Houston.—*M. H. T. Downes.*

48. Christmas.—*By Emily N.*

49. !! —; . . . , . . . : . . . ? —!! Cod.
Am I right in my solution of No. 49. *Cod* seems to answer the purpose of all but the "parent of soft sounds," unless it refers to the tune of "knife and fork" at dinner time. Yet stop!

what an  am I! "Soft sounds" of course

it's a parent of soft sounds. What but a soft sound is that gelatinous matter, encased by the back bone. Pshaw! ain't I stupid! not to have found that out before. I haven't another word to say; and as all the foregoing is written for nothing, why you needn't trouble yourself, Mr. Editor, to read it; it doesn't amount to anything. In fact, these remarks altogether remind me of the Irishman who was writing the letter to the doctor to come in great haste to see his wife who was in a fainting fit; while he was writing it, a messenger came to say his wife had recovered; he added a postscript in his letter to the doctor saying his wife had recovered, so that he need not trouble himself to come, and sent the letter off post-haste by a boy on horseback. Now isn't this, my letter, on a par with that? "Is it a *Cod*? It can't be. Yes it is." If there is one person more than another that writes nonsense by the hour, it is *Aunt Sue.*

ANOTHER ANSWER.

Ecod! I've guessed it! 'tis a *Cod*:
Cut off his head, he's very odd:
Cut off his tail, you have a *Co.*,
And that is "plural" all men know.
Cut off his head and tail, you leave
A middle nothing, (0) you perceive.

What is his head? A sounding *C.*
What is his tail? The river *D.*
And where's the epicure but cries, "Od zounds!
I know the *cod* produces most sweet *Sounds*."

50. The letter *I.*

51. Hornpipe.

52. Time.—*Aunt Sue.*—*M. C. Braxton.*
Fire.—*Amie.*—*S. A. Bent.*
The Tomb.—*C. D. Hoyt.*
Death.—*A. Ameden.*

53. Macedonia.

54. Sunbeam.—*A. Ameden.*

55. Damaged.—*Amie.*

56. A happy new year.—*Amie.*

57. A tallow candle.—*Geo. E. Boyden.*

58. Sans *A. Paris* serait pris.

59. Contains a good sentiment.

60. Nothing overcomes passion as soon as silence.

61. Draw the letters through on to to a thin piece of paper, by folding the upper half of P. H. M. on to the lower half of K. O. M., you produce the word R-U-M, which is a sufficient "cause of sorrow, ruin, and disgrace."

62. Three feet.—*H. S. Wetmore.*

63.



Take away 2, 9, and 7, and you leave three perfect squares.

64. "O superbe, quid super est tunc superbie terra es et in terram ibis." Which in English is, "O proud man, what remains of thy pride. Earth thou art, and to earth thou goest!"

65. Because he holds the reins? (rains.)

66. A step-father (step farther).—*S. A. Bent.*

67. To cover his head.

68. In the ark.—*Nathan S. Roberts.*

69. To find out the most difficult thing in the world.—*Willie H. Coleman.*

To always do right.—*S. G. W.*

70. Because he had to carry his own trunk?
Spencer F. Johnson.

71. Because one minds the train, the other trains the mind.—*Jane R. Sheldon.*

72. When he is drinking.—*F. K. Arnold.*

73. Because they hold their tongues, (and make a noise when told).

74. We sit upon one and stand upon the other.

75. Because he is possessed of landed property.—*Mary C. Braxton.*

76. Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

Willie H. Coleman.

77. When she washes and-irons.

78. A whet-stone (wet). An agitator.
J. R. Sheldon.

79. Yourself.

80. The dinner consisted of—1. Turkey, and 2. Cranberry sauce, 3. Ham, 4. Rock-bass, 5. Quail pie, 6. Cellery, 7. Potatoes, 8. Beets, 9. Turnips, 10. Parsnips and "some (11) pumpkins," 12. Plum pudding, 13. mince pie, 14. Floating Island, 16. Whipped cream, 17. Wine, and, 18. Porter. I should like to have been a guest.—*Aunt Sue.*

By the way, Mr. Merry, is this the "dinner" of which "the jury" were called to partake? If so, I do not wonder at the length of time it took them to discuss it. I hope, however, that they are temperance men, and that the last articles of the desert had no charms for them.—*Amie.*

81. Looking-glass.

82. The letter O.

83. Canterbury.—*S. F. Johnson.*

84. Mandate.

85. Juvenile.—*Milton Bailey.*

Now for the Hieroglyphical Enigmas:—

1. There's a grim hearse horse,
In a jolly round trot,
To the churchyard a poor man is going,
I wot.

The road it is rough,
And the-hearse has no springs,
And hark to the sad dirge the good driver
sings,—

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns."

Answered by—*Aunt Sue, Orville C. Ingersoll, Amie, Mary C. Braxton.*

2. Of all the birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the strangest in every degree,
For all the long day she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she,
To whom drinks't thou? Sir Noodles, to
you.

This song is well sung, I make you a vow,
And he is a knave that aileth now.

Nose, nose, and who gave thee that jolly
red nose?

Cinnamon and ginger, nutmeg and cloves,
And they gave me my jolly red nose.

There—that is the best I can do with them.

Aunt Sue.

Geo. E. Boyden gives the same, except for
strangest he reads fairest.

Up to the present time we have received
numerous and correct answers to puzzles
from the following:—

Milton Bailey,	Jane R. Sheldon,
Geo. E. Boyden,	Nan of Franklin,
Willie H. Coleman,	S. G. W.,
F. K. Arnold,	Spencer F. Johnson,

S. A. Bent,	Celestia D. Hoyt,
E. M. Higbee,	Mary C. Braxton,
A. Ameden,	Marianna,
Nathan S. Roberts,	H. S. Wetmore,
Charlie,	M. H. T. Downes,
Amie H.,	Frederick Van Buren,
Adolphus M. Baldwin.	

We would gladly give their letters in full,
but you must see we have not space. In
many instances we attach to the answer the
name of one of the first to give it, while per-
haps the same answer is given by many
others.

Emily Miranda did not tell us what that
water and towel riddle is.

Anna Drummond, of Illinois, says "a snow
storm on the prairies is a sad thing, it drifts
so." Why didn't she tell us more about it?

Enigmas, Riddles, Charades, Etc.

87. What name did Laban give to the place
where he made the Covenant with Jacob, and
also what name did Jacob give it?

88. Was an Englishman ever Pope of Rome?
If so, what was his name, and when did he
live? *A. X. B.*

89. Where are the Andes, and what is the
name derived from? *J. Blyth*

90. In what year and by whom were the
Cape Verd Islands discovered? *P. E. K. Welch.*

91. My first is the name of a river, my second
is a pleasant beverage, my third is what we are
too apt to do, and my whole is the name of an
ancient city.—*J. Nedwob.*

92. Why is it profitable to keep fowls?

Laure.

93. Once in a minute, twice in a moment,
once in a man's life?—*A. X. B.*

94. My first is a collection of water, my second
is used when speaking of myself, my third
is a fruit, my whole is a town in Hindostan.

D. Jarvis.

95. What is that which has many leaves but
no stem?

96. Why is the letter F like an incendiary?

K. Kingston.

A RIDDLE WITHIN A RIDDLE.

97. Moce ye ingeison nose hist dilerd suesg,
Ti si ton eufidlift ouy liwl soefens,
Thaw si hatt burnen—hiwhe fi ouy ivdedi,
Ouy hent liwl hington veale no theire dies?
Celestia D. Hoyt.

98. If to my age there added be,
One-half one-third and three times three,
Six score and ten the sum will be,
What is my age, pray tell it me?

Orvil C. Ingersoll.

A FRENCH ENIGMA.

99. Je suis que je suis, et je ne suis pas que
je suis. Si jetais que je suis, je ne serais pas
que je suis.—*Amie.*

100. A word of one syllable, easy and short,
Spelt forwards and backwards the same,
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
But to beauty lays principal claim.

Carrie J. K.

101. A man and his wife, each weighing
(150) one hundred and fifty lbs., with two sons,
each weighing (75) seventy-five lbs., wish to
cross a river; they have a boat which will only
carry (150) one hundred and fifty lbs. How
will they get across?—*W. T. Frohock.*

102. There is a room, the difference of whose
sides multiplied by the less is 119, and the pro-
duct 408, what are the sides?

103. My first conveys the Irish lass
To Ballyshannon fair,
My second oft contains a mass
Of gold and diamonds rare;
My whole is worn by those, I wot,
Who gold and diamonds wear,
The Irish lass she wants it not,
At Ballyshannon fair.

Bennie Tompkins.

104. "I'm Latin, I'm English,
Both one and the other,
But the Latin of one half,
Is English for t'other."

Bennie Tompkins.

105. Destined by fate to guard the crown,
Aloft in air I reign,
Above the monarch's haughty frown,
Or statesman's plotting brain.
In hostile fields, when danger's near,
I'm found amidst alarms;
In crowds where peaceful beaux appear,
I instant fly to arms.—*Anna K.*

106. My first is a stitch used by the seam-
stress, my second is a pronoun, my third is a
round substance, my whole is half of my second.

Milton Bailey.

107. My first is a boy's nickname, my second
is a verb, my third is a part of a farming utensil,
my whole is a powerful nation spoken of in the
Old Testament.—*Milton.*

RIDDLE.

108. In the spring I look gay,
Dressed in comely array,
In the summer more clothing I wear,
When colder it grows,
I throw off my clothes,
And in winter quite naked appear.

Milton.

109. Of a brave set of brothers I stand at the
head,
And to keep them quite warm I cram three in a
bed,

Six of them in prison I cruelly put,
And three I confine in a mean little hut,
To escape my fell grasp three live in the sky,
And though strange it may seem we have all
but one eye,
Our shapes are as various as wondrous our
use is,
Of science the source, and the soul of the Muses.

110. Suppose there was a cat in each corner
of the room, a cat sitting opposite to each cat, a
cat looking at each cat, and a cat sitting on each
cat's tail, how many cats would there be?

111. Either backward or forward if you take
me, ye fair,
I am one way a number, the other a snare.

112. My first marks time, my second spends
it, and my whole tells it.

113. Why is a Cardinal's hat like ill will?

114. Why is the river Delaware like a flash-
ionable great coat?

115. What is that which no one wishes to
have, and no one wishes to lose?

116. Why is a prison like a pack of cards?
Annette.

117. Why is a tree like a swine?

118. Why is death like the letter E?

119. Why is a counterfeit note like a bar of
iron?

120. Why is Satan a pattern of courtesy?

121. Why is a fowl's neck like a bell?

122. What is that which is neither flesh nor
bone, and yet has fingers and a thumb?

123. Though I live in a study I know not a
letter,

I feast on the Muses, but ne'er am the better,
Can run over English, o'er Latin, o'er Greek,
Yet none of the languages ever could speak.

124. What is that which, by adding some-
thing to it, will grow smaller; but, if you add
nothing, will grow larger?

125. Why is a lover's heart like the sea-
serpent?

Why is a man who has lost his property like
Satan sitting on a shed?

126. My first some men will often take
Entirely for my second's sake,
But very few indeed there are,
Who both together well can bear.

127. What does a 74-gun ship weigh when it
arrives in port?—*F. K. Arnold.*

128. Place a consonant before the name of a
celebrated Scripture female character, and you
have the name of a virtue which all young per-
sons should possess.

129. Who was the first Gentile convert?

Hieroglyphical Rebuses.

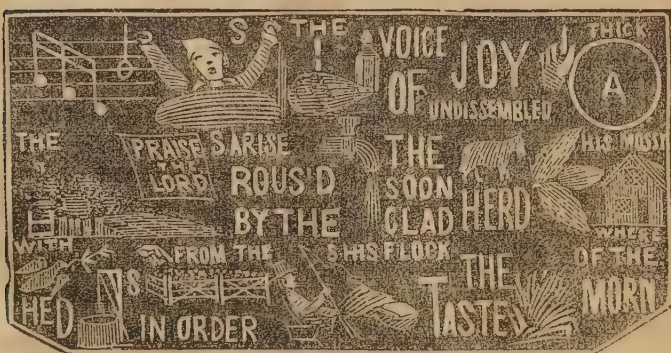
3.



4.



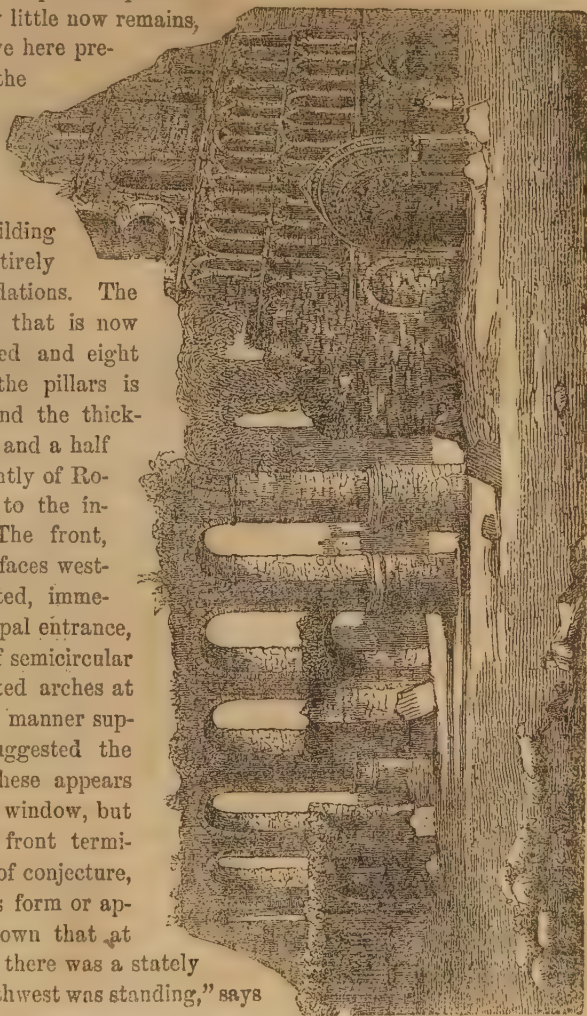
5.



Ruins of St. Bartolph at Colchester.

THE distinguishing feature of the parish of St. Bartolph, in Colchester, is the ruins of its ancient priory and monastic church. These ruins have long afforded a favorite subject for the painter, while they have interested alike the lovers of antiquity and picturesque effect.

Of the priory itself very little now remains, but in the view which we here present of the ruins of the church, you get some general idea of the noble and magnificent structure. A considerable portion of the building on the rear has been entirely demolished to the foundations. The length of the building that is now standing is one hundred and eight feet, the diameter of the pillars is five and a half feet, and the thickness of the wall is eight and a half feet. It is built apparently of Roman brick, which adds to the interest of the ruin. The front, which you see standing, faces westward, and is ornamented, immediately above the principal entrance, with two distinct rows of semicircular arches, which form pointed arches at their intersection, in the manner supposed to have first suggested the Gothic arch. Above these appears to have been a circular window, but how the summit of this front terminated must be a matter of conjecture, as no record reveals its form or appearance. But it is known that at either angle of the front there was a stately tower, of which "the northwest was standing," says



Morant, "within the memory of man."

The front entrance is by a deeply recessed semicircular arch, and is one of the best specimens extant of the grand Norman doorway. Much of this entrance is hidden from the spectator by the accumulation of earth about it to a considerable height, yet from the representation, as it now appears in the cut, it is evident that it was a magnificent affair.

The prevalence of the pure Roman arch, unaccompanied by Gothic ornaments, in these remains, points to a period for the origin of this structure when the Normans had only begun to conceive of the *pointed* order of architecture. If you examine the cut closely, you will observe that some of the arches are circular, and others are pointed or Gothic; for instance, the arches of the windows in the north aisle are evidently pointed, and from that circumstance it is naturally inferred that that portion of the structure is of later origin.

The origin of this monastic establishment is involved in some obscurity, but it was founded about the beginning of the twelfth century. At the time of the dissolution of monasteries in England, this priory, including its lands, and buildings, and revenues, was valued at more than half a million of dollars, and was given by Henry VIII. to Sir Thos. Audley, then Lord Chancellor of England—it has since passed through various hands. The walls of the priory are entirely demolished, and a brewery is now erected on the site. We hope the ruin of the church will long be spared

from a like fate, for, aside from its picturesque effect, it must always be viewed with interest by the traveller as a connecting link between the present and the past, and as such is more eloquent than pen or tongue. There is not a pillar, or arch, or stone, from the foundation to the summit, that does not speak impressively to the beholder. Say what we will, there is a wonderful power in architecture to move our minds to sublime emotions, and when to its other qualities it adds the venerable attractions of age and decay, the emotion which we feel is closely allied to a spirit of devotion.

Riddle.

TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

III.

There is a mansion vast and fair,
That doth on unseen pillars rest;
No wanderer leaves the portals there,
Yet each how brief a guest!
The craft by which that mansion rose
No thought can picture to the soul;
'Tis lighted by a lamp which throws
Its stately shimmer through the whole.
As crystal clear, it rears aloof
The single gem which forms its roof,
And never hath the eye surveyed
The master who that mansion made.

[The earth and firmament.]

IV.

Up and down two buckets ply
A single well within;
While the one comes full on high,
One the deeps must win!
Full or empty, never ending,
Rising now, and now descending,
Always while you quaff from this,
That one lost in the abyss,
From that well the waters living
Never both together giving.

[Day and night.]



Nest of the Titmouse.

BIRDS are very skilful architects, so far as constructing their own houses are concerned, yet their skill is merely instinctive, no progression or improvement ever being made. The first essay of the young bird is as perfect as the nest of a veteran songster. There is a great difference in the abilities of birds.

each building according to its circumstances and wants, from a simple indentation in the naked sand up to the swinging castle in the air constructed of down and hair.

Among the nests of remarkable construction may be reckoned that of the Long Tailed Titmouse, illustrated above. This bird, which is not bigger than a wren, and is almost incessantly in motion, takes innumerable means of precaution for the comfort, safety and concealment of its dwelling. It is made like a hollow ball, with a small opening on one side, as may be seen in the engraving. This orifice serves the double purpose of door and window, and is so well barricaded that neither cold nor rain can penetrate into the interior. This is effected by an admirably contrived screen, before the entrance to the little citadel, of downy feathers, which is very pliant, to admit of ingress and egress, and yet exclude the weather. Yet this is not all. From its very diminutive size, this bird is afraid of numerous enemies, and, therefore, has recourse to wise artifice to conceal its asylum. It fastens its nest to the trunk of a tree, and covers it carefully and skilfully with the twigs and leaves of the parasitical plants that cluster around the stem to which it adheres, and contrives to give to the inimitable structure the appearance of being a part of the bark. Having exhausted its skill in the deception, intended only to deceive enemies, the little creature enters its mansion, and rears its young under the protection of the *pious fraud*.

Duelling.

Two mosquitoes one morning met on a leaf in the garden. Both were filled with the blood drawn from their last nocturnal depredations. They were silent and "dumpy," cross and savage. One of them ran out his sting, and wiped it on his fore-leg. The other thrust out his sting, and pointed it towards the first mosquito. This was considered an insult. And so the offended mosquito steps up to the other, and says :

"Did you turn up your sting at me?"

The answer was—"I run out my sting ; you can apply it as you choose."

"Sir," says the first, "you are very impertinent."

Answer—"Sir, your remark savors of rascality."

"Ha," exclaimed the other, "a downright insult ! No gentleman mosquito will submit to such treatment without demanding satisfaction ! Draw, villain, and defend yourself at once !" They rushed together, and running one another through the body, died "honorable" deaths.

If anybody is disposed to question the honor of these two mosquitoes, or from their conduct to impute any dishonor to the mosquito race, it should be said, that they were not bona fide, uncontaminated, and unsophisticated swamp mosquitoes, but that they had been lurking about a boarding-house, where they had learned something of *polite* society, and had acquired some *uppish* notions that made them feel very grand.

Water-Spouts.

A MONTH or two since the question came up in the Chat whether water-spouts are composed of fresh or salt water, and a correct answer was given by several before the issue of the next number; we now propose to give some further explanation of the matter.

Underneath a dense cloud the sea becomes agitated with violent emotions; the waves dart rapidly towards the centre of the agitated mass of water, on arriving at which they are dispersed into vapors, and rise whirling round in a spiral direction towards the cloud.

This conical ascending column is met by another descending column, which leans towards the water, and joins with it. In many cases the marine column is from 300 to 400 feet in diameter near its base. Both columns, however, diminish towards the middle, where they unite; so that here they are not more than three or four feet in diameter.

The entire column presents itself in the shape of a hollow cylinder, or tube of glass, empty within. It glides over the sea without any wind being felt; indeed several have been seen at once following different directions.

When the cloud and the marine base of the water-spout move with unequal velocities, the lower cone is often seen to incline sideways, or even to bend, and

finally to burst in pieces. A noise is then heard like the noise of a cataract falling in a deep valley. Lightning frequently issues from the very centre of the water-spout, particularly when it breaks; but no thunder is ever heard.

Sailors, to prevent the imminent danger to which their vessels would be exposed by coming in contact with these tremendous columns, discharge upon them a cannon-ball; which, passing through them, causes them invariably to burst, and consequently removes all chance of injury connected with them.

This phenomenon is accounted for in the following manner:—



WATER-SPOUT FORMING.

When two currents of air of unequal temperature, moving in opposite directions, with unequal velocities, meet, a whirlwind is formed. In the same manner eddies are produced at the junction of two streams flowing with unequal velocities. Water-spouts are caused by

these whirlwinds over seas and other large bodies of water.



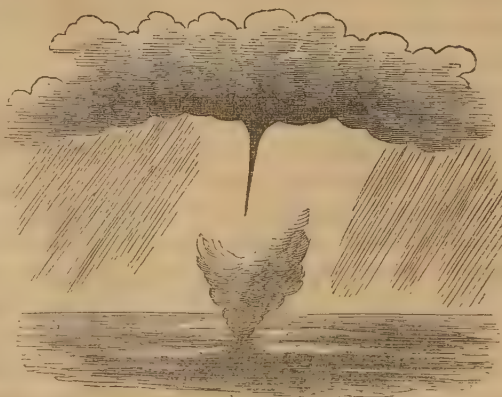
WATER-SPOUT COMPLETE.

The rushing currents of air coming in contact condense the vapor of the atmosphere, and at the same time impart to it a whirling motion; so that instead of falling in drops, like rain, a cone of water may be seen descending from a dark cloud towards the sea below, as represented in the above engraving. This circular motion appears to commence high up in the air, and as it descends, the surface of the water becomes violently agitated, and dashes high its spray and waves. The same rotary motion is imparted to the dashing water, forming a cone of the spray, which ascends higher and higher, while the first descends, until both unite in a continuous col-

umn from the water to the clouds. The water-spout is now complete, and has both a rotary and a progressive motion. It bends and sways to the wind as it advances on its course, but the upper and under part must move in the same direction, and with equal velocity, otherwise it will break.

The duration of a water-spout is usually not more than six or eight minutes; when the column separates in the centre, the spray soon quickly settles down again into the sea, while the cone from the cloud becomes smaller and smaller, finally

breaks, and nothing remains but the dark cloud, which then moves away, distilling itself in the form of rain. All water-spouts do not pass through all the changes that we have here delineated; for sometimes only the cone is seen



WATER-SPOUT ENDING.

descending from a mass of black clouds, like a huge, tapering trunk, without ever reaching the water ; at other times nothing is seen but the cloud of spray and mist that forms the base of the column ; but the process described is the usual form in which they appear. The preceding engravings* were made

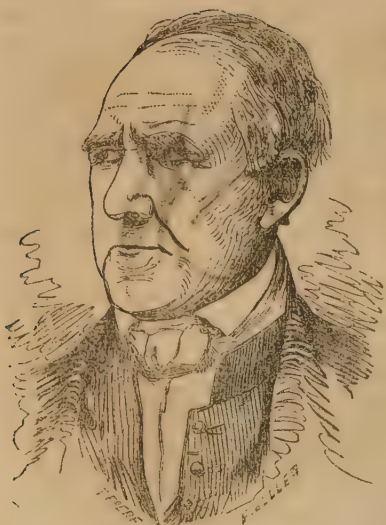
from sketches of water-spouts as they were actually seen.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for several water-spouts to appear at the same time. In May, 1820, no less than *seven* were seen during a single half-hour, on the edge of the Gulf Stream, by Lieutenant Ogden. Some persons suppose that water is taken up into the clouds by these water-spouts to be sifted down again in the form of rain. This is a mistaken idea ; there is no proof whatever that the water from the sea thus ascends to the cloud.

* For three engravings used in this article we are indebted to "Elements of Meteorology," by Brocklesby, published by Farmer, Brace & Co., New York. It is an invaluable work for the teacher, and all who desire to understand the various phenomena of nature, such as winds, clouds, rain, snow, thunder-storms, rainbows, haloes, meteors, aurora borealis, etc., etc.



General Houston.



SAMUEL HOUSTON is a native of the state of Virginia, and in early life distinguished himself in the war with the Indian tribes of the South west, where he fought with bravery, and was wounded in one of the engagements. After the close of the war he became a resident in Tennessee, and as early as 1823 he was sent from that state as a representative in Congress, and in 1827 was elected governor of the state by a large majority. Owing to some unexplained domestic difficulties, soon after his marriage he removed from the state and from all intercourse with civilized life, and took up his abode with the Indians in the far west. He conformed to their primeval habits, was adopted into their councils, was very popular

with them, and became one of their chiefs. This was in 1829. Five years afterward we find him returned to civilized life, and a citizen of Texas. Soon after followed the struggle of Texas with Mexico, the defeat of Santa Anna, and the establishment of an Independent Republic.

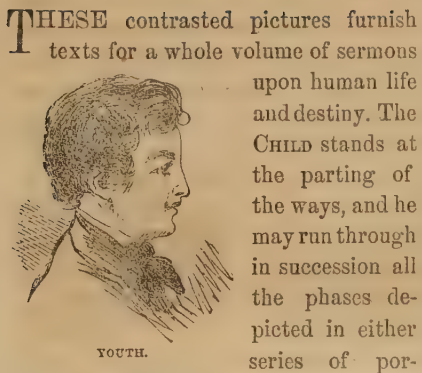
The whole history of Texas is closely interwoven with that of General Houston; he was president of the Republic, and now, since she is admitted into the federal union, he represents her in the United States Senate.

He is a man apparently about sixty or sixty-five years old—tall and commanding in figure, with a singularly expressive and intelligent eye. He does not make long speeches, but he speaks readily, and his remarks are characterized with good sense. It is said that when he is speaking in Congress, he busies himself with cutting up paper with scissors, often cutting up several sheets into every variety of figures and shapes during a speech, and we know a gentleman who once called on him at his room in Washington, where he was entertaining several visitors, and at the same time whittling a pine stick, a large pile of which were laid by in the corner of the room, while the floor was literally covered with shavings. In his dress he formerly affected singularity; of late, his style of dress is not peculiar, but is plain and unpretending. The cut at the head of the article is a very good likeness as he now appears.

Two Paths of Life.



CHILDHOOD.



YOUTH.

THESE contrasted pictures furnish texts for a whole volume of sermons upon human life and destiny. The CHILD stands at the parting of the ways, and he may run through in succession all the phases depicted in either series of portraits. The essential elements of either course of development lie alike in those smooth features. Which shall be actually realized, depends mainly upon



MANHOOD.

the influences brought to bear upon him from without. A few years of training in our schools upon the one hand, or in the streets upon the other, will make all the difference, in the YOUTH, between the characters that stand opposed to each other in these op-

posite pictures. A youth of study and training in a few years moulds the lineaments of the face into the resemblance of the first picture of MANHOOD; while, by a law equally inevitable, idleness and dissipation bring out all the lower animal

faculties, which reveal themselves in the depressed forehead, the hard eyebrow, the coarse mouth, and the thickened neck of the opposite picture. The

short - boy, and rowdy, and black-leg, if he escapes the State-prison and the gal-lows, passes, as he reaches the confines

of MIDDLE AGE, into the drunken loafer, sneaking around the grog-shop in the



YOUTH.



MANHOOD.

chance of securing a *treat* from some one who knew him in his flush days ; while



MIDDLE LIFE.

those around him ; and in the bosom of the family that gathers about his hearth, lives over again his happy youth and



AGE.

he who has chosen the other path, as he passes the "mid journey of life," and slowly descends the slope towards AGE, grows daily richer in the love

and esteem of those around him ; and in the bosom of the family that gathers about his hearth, lives over again his happy youth and earnest manhood. What a different picture is presented in the fate of him who has chosen the returnless downward path, another

and almost the last stage of which is portrayed in the companion sketch of AGE. The shadows deepen as

he descends the hill of life. He has been successively useless, a pest, and a burden to society, and when he dies there is not



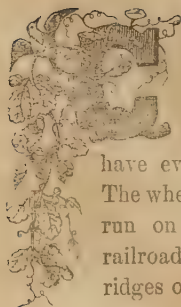
MIDDLE LIFE.

a soul to wish that his life had been prolonged. Two lives like these lie in possibility enfolded within every infant born into the world. The pictures carry with them their own lessons. Let every youth study them, and decide which path he will follow.



AGE.

Wonderful Carriage.



CARRIAGES usually have two or more wheels, but the most splendid carriage I have ever seen, has but one. The wheels of carriages usually run on the ground, except railroad cars, which run on ridges of iron laid in an even manner ; but the wheel of *this*

carriage runs on *nothing*. And though it is usually considered as having an axle or axletree, like other wheels, yet this axletree does not rest on any thing. Must it not be a singular carriage ?

But I have not told you the whole story—no, nor the half of it. The passengers all ride on the wheel. If you ask why they do so, my reply is that there is nothing else for them to ride

on ; for the whole carriage simply consists of a single large wheel. You will not ask why the passengers do not get crushed under the wheel, I conclude ; for I have already told you that it runs on nothing, and of course can hurt nobody.

" But how do the passengers stay on ? When the top of the wheel gets over, so that their heads point downwards, why do they not fall off ? Are they fastened in any way ? "

These are proper questions ; but I cannot answer them. I can only tell you that those who have studied the structure of this carriage most, say that there is no *down* except towards the middle or centre of the wheel, and that there is no *up*, except from the centre or hub of the wheel in the way that the spokes run, i. e., towards its outside. But you know that nobody on the outside of a common wheel can fall towards the centre of it.

This carriage—consisting, as you must still remember, of one single wheel—is exceedingly large. It is nearly 8,000 miles in diameter, and more than 24,000 round it. Perhaps you already know that a thing which is round, is rather more than three times as far around as across it.

The passengers in this carriage—riding as I said on the outside of the wheel—are very numerous. The largest railroad cars I have ever seen will scarcely accommodate 50 passengers ; but this great carriage accommodates about 800 millions. Some are sitting, others standing, others lying down ; and some are

fast asleep ; and you will find them on every side of it.

In turning once round, a common carriage wheel carries the passengers forward just as far as the distance round the wheel. That is to say, if the wheel is twelve feet round it, the people in the carriage go along while it is turning once, about twelve feet.

This great carriage only turns once in 24 hours ; but then it is so large that the passengers may be said to go very swiftly, i. e., about 1000 miles an hour, or more than 16 miles a second. So that it beats the railroad cars. Our balloons, even, do not go a twentieth part as fast.

One thing more. The passengers not only go just the same distance in 24 hours that it is round the carriage, or 24,000 miles, but they have another motion. It is as if the piece of ground on which a common carriage was traveling were to move along swiftly at the same time that the carriage did, and in the same direction.

The passengers in the carriage I am speaking of, not only travel (sitting on the outside of it, as on a great wheel) 1000 miles an hour, or 24,000 miles in 24 hours ; but they are whirled along, passengers and carriage and all, in the same direction, about 18 miles a second, or about 1078 a minute. So that if we put both motions together they travel at the rate of about 34 miles a second, or over 2,000 a minute.

Is there *one* of my readers who does not know by this time what carriage I mean ?

Adventures of Gilbert Go-Ahead.

[Continued from page 21.]



N my last chapter, I stated that after a long voyage from Baiku, we reached Farsabad, and that I proceeded thence to Teheran, in company with the Armenian merchant. I gave some of the stories told by our ship companions, but I had not space for those of the Greek priest and the Tartar, who were our fellow-passengers. These were too characteristic to be lost, and therefore I will now repeat them. The tale of the priest was as follows :—

“There was once a monk, who came to the monastery of Saint Basilus, at Morceru, and desired admittance. He was very much emaciated, and seemed so weak as to be scarcely able to walk. He was taken to a room, and everything required for his comfort was provided for him. He, however, distinctly refused to take food, and soon he sank into a sort of swoon or lethargy, which seemed like death itself.

“In this state he remained for several days, until at last it appeared that he was really dead. Accordingly, preparations were made to bury him, but just as they were screwing down his coffin, he rose up in his grave-clothes, looking around with a horrible stare. Everybody was frightened, and run away. Pretty soon the monks, who looked upon what had happened as a terrible appa-

rition, saw a form moving along the avenue which led to the chapel where they had assembled. It was clad in a shroud, with a fillet around its head, giving to the ghastly countenance the very face of Death. They all fell upon their knees, crossed themselves, and began to say the prayers appointed for the casting out of evil spirits.

“Very few dared to look at the horrible spectre ; but those who did were thrilled with terror to see the ghost walk up and down the chapel, as if looking for something. Finally, it came to a smooth stone, set in the wall near the altar. Here it paused, and began to examine it. After a little space, it touched a spring, and the stone flew round, presenting some inscription upon the surface thus disclosed to the view. The ghost fell upon its knees, and seemed to peruse this mystic writing with profound interest. The chapel was dark, and only the light of the tapers burning at the altar fell upon the stone ; yet the apparition seemed to have no great difficulty in making out the purport of the inscription. Apparently satisfied at what he had seen, he again touched the spring ; the stone flew round, and all seemed as it was before. The ghost then walked out of the chapel, and disappeared.

“The whole monastery was thrilled with horror at this awful visitation. After a time, however, some of the priests ventured to approach the room

of the strange father. On entering the place they found it vacant. They went to the coffin, and the dead body was no longer there!

"For a long time the story of this strange event was the theme of wonder and discussion among the brotherhood of Saint Basilius' monastery. A great many attempts were made to unravel the mystery. The general opinion was that the apparition was the ghost of some monk, who had committed a great crime, and who, having died without absolution, his spirit wandered forth from the regions of torment to which it was consigned. It was generally supposed that his history was in some way connected with the stone in the side of the chapel, but for a long time no one dared to approach the place. After some months, it was determined to seek the mysterious spring, and try to solve the mystery.

"It chanced to be just a year from the time on which the ghost had visited the chapel that the fathers had all assembled to make their experiment. With beating hearts and trembling hands they approached, and passed their fingers along the wall. One after another they tried to discover the secret, and at last one of them chanced to press his thumb on a particular place, when a sharp click was heard, and instantly the stone flew round just as it had done when touched by the ghost. All the priests started, and looked around. What was their horror to see, coming down the aisle of the chapel, the image of a man, but so thin and ghastly that

it seemed only a spirit. They all fled in terror, and left the unwelcome stranger alone. One monk only dared to look through the screen of the organ to see what happened.

"He saw the apparition approach the stone; the latter discovering that it was turned round, knelt and read the inscription with extreme interest. When he had done, he seemed relieved, and, with a noiseless tread, departed.

"This incident revived the previous wonder and terror of the whole monastery. Again all sorts of conjectures were formed as to its meaning, but no one could interpret the marvellous appearance and strange demeanor of the ghost. At length a year had passed away, and again a thin, emaciated friar begged admission at the gate. He seemed like the holy father who had appeared some two years before, and who had been supposed to die in his room; but, if possible, he was even more worn and wasted. His hair was white, and his thin, snowy beard fell down to his girdle. When he walked, no sound was made by his footstep; when he spoke, a whisper only issued from his lips. His eye seemed but a transparent ball of glass, which, however, reflected a single glowing ray of light.

"He was received, though a chill feeling of terror ran through the monastery. He went to his room, where he remained four days without food. At last he seemed about to die, and a confessor was sent for. One of the brethren came to him, and at last he said in a faint whisper,

“ ‘Are we alone?’

“ ‘There was something so soft, yet so distinct, in this tone, that the holy confessor felt his heart grow cold, and his hair rise on end. He was so disturbed, that for a time he could not reply. At last, he said,

“ ‘Yes, brother, we are alone.’

“ ‘And are you a monk of the order of Saint Basilus?’

“ ‘I am.’

“ ‘And have you been recently shriven, and have you partaken of the Holy Eucharist, so that you have full power to hear the confession of a great sinner, and a dying man?’

“ ‘I have, brother.’

“ ‘And is what I am about to reveal to you under the sacred seal of secrecy?’

“ ‘It is; and you may speak as if addressing the Son of God.’

“ ‘Alas! it is a terrible revelation, but it must be made, or I must die, and my unshriven soul must pass into perdition. Let me proceed, then—but, brother, put your ear close, for my voice is faint’

“ ‘Well, I can hear; proceed, therefore, with your confession.’

“ ‘Not here—not here; I must go to the chapel. It is there alone I can tell my story.’

“ ‘At this the holy father confessor felt a sense of terror seize upon his limbs, and he was on the point of flying from the power of this mysterious stranger. He, however, summoned up all his courage, and, assisting the fainting friar to rise, led him to the chapel. The sufferer requested to be conducted

to a place at the left hand of the altar, near the wall. When he reached this he was completely exhausted. After a time he was able to rise on his knees, and, in this position, he proceeded in a faint tone as follows:—

“ ‘Holy father, you see before you a wretch who has committed sacrilege!’

“ ‘The confessor groaned—but he encouraged the patient to proceed.

“ ‘My name,’ said the trembling friar, ‘is ——’ ”

* * * * *

Here the Greek priest, who had told the story with great effect, and had wrought up the interest of his listeners to the highest pitch, suddenly paused. We all waited some moments in anxious suspense to hear the horrible revelation. But the priest took out his pipe, lighted it, and began very quietly to smoke. Several of us then asked him to proceed, and finish his tale.

“ ‘It is finished!’ ” said he.

“ ‘But tell us the confession!’ ” said one of the party.

“ ‘The secrets of the confessional are sacred,’ ” said the priest.

“ ‘But who was this man that had committed sacrilege, and what became of him?’ ”

“ ‘I have told you the story just as it was told to me.’ ”

As the priest said this, there was a sly smile in the corner of his mouth, and thereupon we all burst into a laugh, acknowledging that it was a very clever quiz.

The reader will remember that all this time we were on the deck of a little

schooner, making our way slowly to Farsabad. At sea, people catch at straws for amusement, and therefore it will be readily understood that we all listened to the stories of the company, whether they were good or bad. Each person was called upon to tell a story, and when we had done laughing at the horrible legend of the ghost of Saint Basilus' monastery, it was the turn of a fierce looking Tartar, from the banks of Lake Baikal, and he proceeded as follows :—

“As there are persons here from various countries, I must tell them that among the Tartars of the Kirquis nation, it is the custom, when a man is about to marry, for him and the bride to be mounted on horseback. The bride then sets out, and goes to the distance of about half a mile, when her lover sets out to overtake her. In general she rides fast, and even if she is willing to be caught, she pretends to do all in her power to escape. In point of fact, our history records many instances in which ladies thus pursued have not been overtaken.”

“The reason is, perhaps,” said one of the company, “that they don't know how to ride.”

“On the contrary,” said the Tartar, “our women are good horsewomen, and many of them equal the other sex in this accomplishment. Our people, of both sexes, are trained to riding on horseback from infancy. If you were to visit one of our encampments, you would see children climbing upon the horses, and playing upon their backs, as

you see monkeys sporting among the branches of the trees.

“Well, once upon a time, near the borders of Lake Baikal, there was a Tartar maiden of great beauty, who was courted by at least a dozen lovers. Among them were several persons of great wealth, and one who bore the title of Khan. He was, in fact, the chief of a considerable tribe who dwelt in the neighborhood. The lady seemed not to fancy any of these persons, but at last a young man came to offer himself, who fairly won her heart. He was a chief, but of a small tribe, and destitute of riches. He was, indeed, brave, and a famous horseman, but the father of the maiden wished his daughter to make a more ambitious match.

“Thus affairs went on for some time, until, at last, the maiden, weary of the importunity of her lovers, and the impatience of her father, proposed to mount a fleet horse, and having a start of half a mile, her lovers might pursue, and he who caught her first should have her.

“This arrangement was finally accepted by all parties. The preparations for the chase were soon made, and the tribes all around assembled to witness it. The maiden, whose name was Maoki, which means the Flying Deer, was mounted on a small black mare, of the breed of Mount Libanus, and celebrated for their swiftness.

“The Khan, whom I have mentioned as one of the lovers, was mounted on a horse of iron gray, of prodigious strength and vigorous action. When he moved, it seemed like the working of a machine

of iron. His step was high, yet direct, and far-reaching. All who saw him, said in their hearts, that his master would win the prize. Maoki herself looked with dismay upon the noble animal and his proud rider, for of all her suitors, she liked him the least. Nay, there was something about him so hard, dark and severe, that she feared, if she did not hate him.

"The other lovers were variously mounted, but all had selected the most famous steeds known in the whole country round for their speed and their endurance. The young chief favored by Maoki, and who bore the name of Larone, or the Whirlwind, came on a milk-white charger, his eyes beaming with intelligence and fire, while his dilating nostrils seemed like two blazing coals, fanned by the wind. As he came up, Maoki smiled, though she seemed not to look at him. As he passed near her, she said in a low tone, 'I shall be the bride of death or the Whirlwind.' This met no ear but his.

"The arrangements all being completed, Maoki set forward, and soon reached the point fixed upon as marking the advance she was to have in the race. At the signal for a start, all the lovers bounded away like the wind. The course taken by Maoki was a level plain stretching out for miles. Her fleet black mare, with long silky main and tail, laid herself down, and seemed to fly with the wings of a raven. On came the thundering band along her track, some piercing the air with wild cries, and some lashing their steeds with the

knout. Soon the whole chase was only to be seen in the distance, and at last they all seemed in the remote surface of the plain, like insects creeping along the edge of the horizon.

"The spectators long watched the scene with intense interest. At last there was among them a shout, 'They are coming! they are coming.' It was indeed true. Maoki had made a wide sweep on the plain, and having eluded her pursuers, was flying back, as if to take shelter at the point of her departure. Swift as a hawk she came, her beast reeking with foam, and his nostrils seeming to be on fire. Close at her heels was the Khan and his iron charger. Next came the white steed of Larone, springing and gathered with the facility and speed of a mountain deer. Then, straggling far behind, but yet with desperate efforts, came the rest of the pursuers.

"Maoki approached the place of her departure, and a cry of applause burst from the assembled spectators: but all wondered what she intended to do. Just as she came close to the crowd, she touched the rein, and her horse shot by like an arrow. Two bounds behind was the Khan, and close upon him was Larone. It was a fine but fearful sight. The horses were gushing with blood at the nostrils, and each breath they drew, was like the plash of hail against the frozen cover of a tent.

"Suddenly a cry of horror burst from the crowd. Maoki was speeding directly toward the cliff that beetled along the shore of the lake. She was

already on its verge. Another bound, and she and her horse disappeared. They had gone over the cliff. In an instant the Khan followed with his steed, and almost at the same moment, Larone also was lost to the view. The people hurried to the shore, and there they saw a strong swimmer in the waters of the lake, mounted upon his steed, and approaching the land. It was the Khan, and he was soon safe on the shore, but all beside had disappeared, and were never seen after that fatal day." *— S. G. G.*

The Fifer who told the Truth.

IN the war of the Revolution, while General Lafayette commanded one of the American armies, a part of the troops were encamped at a certain place near the water's edge. One calm summer's evening, a soldier, who was a fifer in one of the companies, went into the water to bathe, taking with him his fife.

But the music reached the ear of the General, who early sent an officer in pursuit of the man who had been disobeying the orders of the camp. The soldier was a native of Connecticut, and a man of *truth*. On the way to the General's tent, he thought within himself, that perhaps he might escape a severe punishment through denying the deed. But principle overcame inclination, and he said: "I have always before spoken the truth, I will not tell a lie." With this resolution on his heart and lips, he came into the presence

of the General, who asked him if he was the individual who played upon the water the evening previous, to which he replied, "I am."

"And do you know of any others in the army who can play the same tunes?" Lafayette inquired.

"Two or three, I think, can."

"Then to-morrow at ten o'clock I wish you with them to repair to my tent."

At the appointed hour, they were in the presence of the General, who informed them that the tune he had heard the evening but one before, affected him deeply, as it had been played at the funeral of a dear friend in his native country. From that time till then he had never been able to find a person who knew it.

"And now," said the general, "for the purpose of indulging in the melancholy pleasure of hearing it once more, I have sent for you."

After being agreeably entertained with the conversation and music of his guests, the general dismissed them with his thanks and some guineas from his purse, as an expression of his satisfaction in their performance.

Never be tempted, dear reader, to tell a wrong story; have engraven upon your inmost soul this inscription—*never tell a lie.*

GOOD RULE.—One of the wisest rules that can be observed in study, is to eschew those subjects which afford no footing to the mind.

The Weapons of Peace.

A SHORT time since, I fell into the company of a man whose appearance interested me so much that I sought to learn something of his personal history. He was of sable complexion, possessing some of the characteristics of the negro race, and yet evidently not belonging thereto. Nor were his features and form such as to indicate that he belonged to any of the remnant tribes of the aborigines of this country. He looked as if he might be of a mixed blood between the two, but upon inquiry I found that this was not the case.

He stated that he was born on the shores of the Red Sea—that his mother was a native of Connecticut, and his father an Arabian. During most of his life he had been endeavoring, by the use of roots, herbs, and simple remedies, to relieve his fellow-men of the maladies to which they are subject. In the capacity of a physician he had travelled from town to town and city to city nearly all over the navigable globe.

"In my journeyings," said he, "I have met with all possible classes and kinds of people. In Europe, Asia, Africa and America have I mingled with my fellow-men; and I have always found that the best way to get along in this world is to use everybody well—to treat them kindly, and as I myself would wish to be treated."

"And have you never been assaulted, and outraged in various ways, by pursuing such a course?" I inquired.

"Only once," he replied. "I was met by a robber amid the Alleghany Mountains, who demanded my money. I told him I had none about me of much amount, but that he was at liberty to search me from head to foot and satisfy himself. But he did not do it. I talked with him a few moments, and upon his leaving me, he took five dollars from his pocket and gave it me. Oh," said he, with evident feeling, "it is a great deal better to use everybody well."

"But," I asked, "have you never carried any deadly weapons to repel the assaults that might at any time be made upon you?"

"No," he replied, "they never keep anybody out of trouble, or help them out if they get in. Trust in God, and use everybody kindly and well."

"Right," I responded; "you are right, but such is not the wisdom of this world." At another stage of our conversation I inquired of what religion he was.

"I do not belong to any particular party," he said; "I have my own religion."

"It is to fear God and love man, is it?"

"Not to fear God," he quickly responded, "but to love him. Love God, and do good to man—that is my religion."

"And that," said I, "is the best of all religions."

The Great Master explains it: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Whence come all the wars, miseries, and petty individual strifes that disgrace our Christianity? But, let us give another example in practice:

It is well known that Penn and his colony of Quakers lived in peace and harmony in the midst of savages for upwards of 70 years.

When Penn went to take leave of the king, previous to embarking for America, the monarch—a Christian monarch too—said: “You may go, friend William, but, recollect, I will not send any of my soldiers to protect you from the savages you are going amongst.”

“I want none of thy soldiers, friend Charles. I require no such protection.”

“What!” said the king, “how do you know that they won’t have you, neck and heels, in their war-kettles in twenty-four hours after you land amongst them?”

“I am not at all afraid of that, friend Charles,” said the noble Penn. The difference betwixt the two men was, that the one was a Christian nominally—while the other was a Christian in practice.

But let us give another sample of the law of kindness in Penn’s Quaker colony:

A sportsman out a squirrel-hunting one morning, fully accoutred in the usual fashion, accosted one of the settlers: “How is it that you Quakers live so peaceably amongst so many savages, while I, and all others, are to them objects of suspicion?”

“Friend,” replied the other, “thee carries thy answer upon thy shoulder!”

This is a fact—an armed man is a sure

object of suspicion to the poor Indian; and, who shall tell us that the untutored savage hath not in his heart more of the real “law of kindness” than we of more lofty pretensions?

Where Cork comes from.

CORK is the bark of an evergreen oak, growing principally in Spain and other countries bordering on the Mediterranean. When the tree is about fifteen years old, the bark acquires sufficient thickness and quality suitable for manufacturing purposes, and it is peeled off. The tree is not injured by the process, but in about eight years another crop is produced; and so on, at intervals, until eight or ten crops are taken off.

In the process of peeling, slits are cut in the bark, up and down the tree, with a peculiar kind of knife, and then horizontal cuts are made at the top and bottom.

After the pieces of bark, which are sometimes a foot or two in width, and several feet in length, are thus isolated, they are peeled off by an instrument made for the purpose, or left to be thrown off by the spontaneous action of vegetation in the trunk. After the bark is taken off, it is soaked in water, and then placed over a fire to dry, which gives it a more compact texture, and before it is entirely dry it is put under a heavy pressure, so as to give it a flat surface. It is then ready for exportation.

Rats.



HEN science was younger than she is now, and less able to distinguish, between being and seeming to be, certain of her followers, who fancied themselves learned in natural history, used to find marvellous attributes in some of the animals they wrote about. For reasons not easy to discover, they seldom mentioned rats without expressions of fear or abhorrence, giving the creatures credit for more than human intelligence. There was no wickedness that rats were not ready to perpetrate. Then there appeared to be strange relations between the cunning rodents and human beings, investing them with a mysterious character, not only in the eyes of the multitude, but in the opinion of students. At times they were more than half suspected to be agents of the Evil One.

Southey, in his *Doctor*, remarks that whatever man does, rat always takes a share in the proceedings. Whether it be building a ship, or erecting a church, digging a grave, ploughing a field, storing a pantry, taking a journey, or planting a distant colony, rat is sure to have something to do in the matter: man and his gear can no more get transported from place to place without him, than without the ghost in the wagon that "fitted too." How is it that rats know when a house is about to fall, or

a ship to sink? Where did they learn to carry eggs down stairs, from the top of the house to the bottom, without breaking? Who taught them to abstract the oil from long-necked flasks, by dipping their tails in, and then licking the unctuous drops from the extremity? What precedent had they for leading a blind companion about by a straw held in the mouth, and how did they know he could not see? All those are questions requiring no small amount of ingenuity to answer.

As with nations, so with rats; one tribe comes and dispossesses another. The rats that used to gnaw the bacon in Saxon larders in Alfred's reign; that squealed behind the wainscot when Cromwell's Ironsides were harrying royalist mansions; that disturbed the sleep of George I., were a hardy black species, now seldom seen, and doomed, apparently, to become as rare as the dodo. Like the Red Men in presence of the Palefaces, they have had to retire before the Norwegian rat, larger in size, and brown in color. Notwithstanding all the popular notions on the subject, it is difficult to explain why this was called the Norwegian rat; for it did not come from Norway. It may surprise those, who are sticklers for their Scandinavian origin, to know that this rat was brought to England from India and Persia, in 1730.

In 1750, the breed made its way to France; and its progress over Europe

has since then been more or less rapid. When Pallas was travelling in Southern Russia, he saw the first detachment arrive near the mouth of the Volga in 1766. The species multiplies so rapidly, breeding three times a year, each litter numbering from twelve to twenty, that a single family, if kept out of harm's way, would produce nearly a million in two years. No wonder they drove out our aboriginal black rat! In Ireland, they did more; they killed the frogs, once numerous in that country; and since the diminution of the croaking race, the waters, as peasantry say, have been less pure than formerly. The Isle of France was once abandoned by the Dutch, because of the prodigious increase of rats: human life was hardly safe from their attacks.

After making themselves comfortably at home in England, the country of their adoption, they sent colonies across the Atlantic—rat empire, like men's empire, taking its course westward. In the West Indies they found congenial quarters, no cold, and plenty of food; and, multiplying in consequence at an astonishing rate, they became a destructive and intolerable pest, until the inhabitants were obliged, in self-defence, to poison them with arsenic and pellets of cassava. The remedy was attended by dismal results, for, tormented by thirst, after eating the poison, the rats swarmed down to drink at the streams, and falling in, the water was poisoned, and a great mortality followed among the cattle that drank from the same rivers.

Besides this check, they have many natural enemies in the islands: the *Fermica innivora* is not the least formidable: a battalion of this species, known as the Raffles' ant, makes but short work in clearing a plantation of every rat. At one time the negroes used to catch the rats, and expose them for sale in the markets of Jamaica, where the black population were always willing purchasers. The Chinese, too, have a weakness for "such small deer;" and it is a standing bit of fun on board ships lying in Canton harbor, to catch a rat, and hold the struggling animal up by the tail, in sight of the celestial crews in the tea-lighters alongside. A shout is immediately set up, and no sooner is the rat flung from the ship than an uproarious scramble follows for the possession of the coveted prize.

The Greeks knew a good many things; but if naturalists are to be believed, they did not know either the Norwegian rat, or the black rat: a large-sized mouse was their familiar pest. Where the black rat originally came from, is a mystery. Some suppose it to be a native of America. But how did it get to Europe? Did it cross Behring's Strait, and traverse the whole continent of Asia? One cause of its present rarity, besides the invasion mentioned above, is, that it brings forth not more than five or six young at a time, and only once a year.

There are about one hundred species of rats, large and small, audacious and harmless; very few, however, devoid of the mischievous propensity.

Nine inches is a respectable length for a Norway rat; but the *giant rat* of Malabar is twenty-four inches long—one-half body, the other half tail. The *hamster* species swarms in the southern provinces of Russia, and has settlements in Hungary and Germany. They are excessively fond of liquorice, whether wild or cultivated, and find abundance of either in those countries, committing sad havoc in the plantations.

For winter use, they store up in their burrows from twelve to one hundred pounds of grain in the ear, and seeds in pods, all well cleaned and dried. The hamster is about the size of the Norway rat, but with a tail not more than three inches in length. It has a pouch in each cheek, not seen when empty, but when full they resemble blown bladders coated with fur. These pouches are the animal's panniers, and are generally carried home well filled from foraging expeditions, when they are emptied by pressing the forepaws against them. Dr. Russell, who dissected one of these rats, found the pouches filled with young French-beans, packed one upon the other, so closely and skilfully that the most expert fingers could not have economized the receptacle to greater advantage. When taken out and laid loosely, they formed a heap three times the bulk of the creature's body! The hamster, moreover, is brave as well as prudent, and shrinks from no enemy, be it man, horse, or dog: mere size has no terrors for it. If facing a dog, the rat empties his pouches of their contents, and then inflating them to the utmost,

gives such a big, swollen appearance to his head and neck, as to present a most extraordinary contrast to his body.

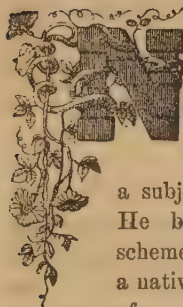
The two sexes live apart in their habitations—the males in one set of chambers, the females in the other; a practise which again shows analogy between rats and some human sects. The peasants dig down to the burrows in winter, and seizing the stores of grain, and the torpid rats, they eat the flesh of the latter in some places, and sell their skins. In Germany, rewards are given by the authorities for all the rat-skins brought in; and it is on record in the town hall of Gotha, that not fewer than 145,000 were paid for during three seasons.

Somewhat similar in habit is the *economic rat*, which is found inhabiting the American and Asiatic shores of the Arctic Ocean. This species generally form their abode in a turfy soil, where they excavate chambers a foot in diameter, with a flat arched roof, and at times thirty entrance-passages ramifying in different directions. Besides the lodging-vaults, they dig others, to be used as store-houses, and employ themselves during the summer in filling these with edible roots; and so careful are they over the task, that if the least trace of damp appears, they bring out the roots again and again on sunshiny days till they are sufficiently dried.

Like their German congeners, they are exposed to pillage, especially in Kamtschatka, where the natives in winter often run short of provisions. They are found also in Iceland; but food

being scant in that inhospitable country, the *economic* foragers have frequently to cross and recross rivers and lakes in their search for provant. Olafsen relates that on such occasions "the party, consisting of from six to ten, select a flat piece of dried cow-dung, on which they place the berries they have collected, in a heap in the middle; and then, by their united force, drawing it to the water's edge, launch it, and embark, placing themselves round the heap, with their heads joined over it, and their backs to the water, their tails pendant in the stream, and serving the purpose of rudders."

The Carthaginian Gold Hunter.



NERO, in consequence of his own credulity, became, in a short time afterward, the sport of fortune and a subject of public derision. He believed the visionary schemes of Cesellius Bassus, a native of Carthage, a man of crazed imagination, who relied on whatever he saw in his dis-tempered dreams. This man arrived at Rome, and by the influence of money well applied, gained admission to the presence of the emperor. The secret which he had to communicate was, that on an estate of his own, he had found a cavern of astounding depth, in which were contained immense stores of gold, not wrought into the form of coin, but in rude and shapeless ingots, such as were in use in the early ages of the world. In one part of the cave were to be seen, as he said, vast massy heaps, and in other places, columns of gold towering to a prodigious height, the whole an immense treasure, reserved in

obscurity to add to the splendor of Nero's reign. To give probability to his story, he pretended that Dido, the Phœnician, when she fled from Tyre, and founded the city of Carthage, deposited her whole stock in the bowels of the earth, that so much wealth might neither prove the bane of a new colony, nor excite the avarice of the Numidian princes, who were already hostile to the infant state.

Nero neither weighed the character of the man, nor the circumstances of so wild a report. He had not even the precaution to send commissioners to make inquiries on the spot. He helped to spread the report. He began to count his riches, and dispatched his agent to transport the treasure to Rome. The light galleys were equipped with expedition, and a chosen band of mariners sent on board. Rome, in the meantime, was distracted with hope and fear, doubt and expectation. No other subject was talked of. The common people, with their usual credulity, believed everything; but men of reflection took

a different view of the matter. It happened that the quinquennial games were to close the lustrum of five years. During this festival the expected treasure was the subject on which the orators expatiated, and the poets exhausted their invention. In their flight of fancy the earth was no longer content with pouring forth fruit and grain, and producing metals intermixed with veins of precious ore. The present fecundity showed that the gods were working miracles to bless the reign of Nero. These were the bright conceits which flattery displayed with rapture and eloquence, adorned with her richest colors. While the passions of Nero stood ready to receive every new device, fiction passed for truth, and nothing was too extravagant for the credulity of the emperor.

With such immoderate riches in view, no wonder that Nero launched out into greater profusion than ever. Deluded by his hopes, and sure of a supply for years to come, he exhausted his treasury, and began to anticipate his imaginary funds. He made assignments on the property, and granted with generosity what was not in his possession. The expectation of enormous wealth made him the dupe of a madman, and impoverished the public. In the meantime, Bassus, the grand projector, arrived at Carthage. In the presence of a number of soldiers, and a large body of peasants employed as laborers, he dug up his grounds, and made his experiment in the adjacent field, disappointed in one place, sure of success in another, still confident and still miscarrying, till

at length finding no subterraneous cave, and weary of the fruitless search, he abandoned his chimerical hopes, coming gradually to his senses, yet wondering that of all his dreams, the last should be the only one that deceived him. Covered with shame, and dreading the resentment of the emperor, he delivered himself from all his troubles by a voluntary death. According to some writers, he was instantly seized and loaded with irons till Nero ordered him to be released. The emperor, however, seized his effects, determined to enjoy the fortune of a rich adventurer since he could not obtain the wealth of Dido.

Anecdote of the Twin Sisters.

WE know of a farmer in Connecticut who has a pair of twin daughters, of whom a capital anecdote is told. They both attended the same school, and not long since one of them was called up by the master to recite a lesson in geography, which she had learned very imperfectly, and, in fact, could not go on at all. The teacher, who was getting quite out of patience, was called to another part of the room, and just at that moment the twin sister sprang to the floor, unobserved, and pushing the delinquent scholar to her seat, took her place. The master proceeded with the questions, which were answered with a degree of promptness and accuracy which, at the close, drew forth from him a few words of commendation. The joke was not discovered by the teacher until some days after.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

How It's DONE.—When letters come in for this department, they are carefully put away in a drawer until the printer hints to Mr. Merry that it is time to have the Chat; then he takes off all the books and papers from his large study-table, so as to have plenty of room, and lays out the letters, and imagines that the writer of every one is there present. He sits on one side of the table in his large walnut chair with a black leather cushion, while Uncle Hiram sits near him, on the same side of the table, in the yellow arm-chair with a red cushion. It does not require much imagination to see about twenty thousand keen eyes looking on, and to hear as many tongues running like black-birds. Whew! what a clatter. Mr. Merry carefully opens each letter, looks at the writing and spelling, and then at the name, and if he recognizes it as a familiar one, there is a sort of how-do-you-do smile all over his face. If it is a new name he tells Uncle Hiram, and if the letter is well written, you perhaps might hear some such comment as this: "That boy will make music for us;" or, "That girl has the ring of the true metal." Each new name is at once entered on the list of the Merry family. All this while Mr. Merry is busy opening and reading letters, and at every good hit you will see him rolling back and forth in his great chair, shaking all over with laughter, usually closing up with some such remark as, "I believe all the brightest boys and girls in the country are on our list."

Uncle Hiram does not laugh outright. He sits straight up in his chair, and when he is pleased he laughs with his eyes and claps his hands, and when he is going to say something funny, there is a sort of leer in his eye and a comical expression to his mouth that makes you laugh before he speaks.

To-day, we've been overhauling the letters as usual, and, instead of one drawer full, we

find two drawers crowded full, and a large package tied up besides. We commenced on them early in the morning, and at three o'clock when we went to dinner, we had not got through with *reading* them, to say nothing about making extracts or writing comments, or preparing them to print.

Last month we had ten pages of Chat, and this month—if we printed all that we want to—we should have twenty. This will never do—so no pouting, now, if your letter is not noticed. If it is written with pale ink or on blue paper, we don't read it. If it is written on both sides of the paper, we usually throw it into the waste-basket. Printers won't use paper written on both sides, and we can't copy letters. If the puzzles you send have appeared in Merry before, we set them aside. We must keep our Chat within its proper limits, so as to have room for other reading, and blend the useful with the amusing.

What do you think of our wood-cuts this month, fifteen in number, and every one of them beautiful?

Who is that that says Mr. Merry might talk less and give more room for the letters? We'll take the hint, and now for the letters.

LINCOLN, *March 12th*, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have seen so many letters from other little girls, that I want to write one myself, and tell you how delighted I have been with the March number, and how impatiently I wait every month for the stories, and most of all for the Chat. That story about the Highland Girl was very pretty. I wish you would tell us more of what you saw in Europe.

SARAH MCGAW.

MOUNT VERNON, ME., *March 10*, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am pleased with the hieroglyphical enigmas, and if Aunt Sue has not got the start of me, I think I can answer the first and the last; and if she has, I shall not think that I lose by it. I should admire to have been one of Uncle Hiram's party. I guess I could have beat Fred skating. The Down East boys have fine chances for that exercise, but the

skating is nearly gone for this year. But if Uncle Hiram will come to Maine, we will take Reindeer (my sled) and have some capital slides down hill of nearly half a mile. I mean to enter the lists for a prize. I can't see any unfairness in requiring subscribers for the prize. The prizes cost you something, and of course your subscription list ought to be increased.

Your friend, G. C. H.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 17th, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—I take the liberty of sending you my first efforts in the way of enigmas. Mother says she likes geographical enigmas because they are instructive as well as amusing, and send the children to their maps. I have never written to you before, but mother says I need not be afraid of you. She has seen you, and wasn't scared a bit. Hoping you will not wish that I may never write to you again, I am yours, respectfully,

EMILY N.

Write again, Emily. We hope to see you soon. Did you ever hear of anybody that was scared by Robert Merry?

VIOLA, IOWA.

MR. MERRY:—I want to write a letter to you all myself. I hope you can read it. I am the only one that takes the Museum in these parts. I shall try to get others to take it. I suppose some would rather run in the woods and gather crab-apples and hazel nuts, than to read it. They wouldn't if they knew how interesting it is.

Your friend,

MARY KIMBERLIN.

SANDY HILL, March 7th, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—March is the most unpleasant month in the year, but your Museum is better than ever, and it makes our home pleasant all the time. I believe that I should like to travel in the balloon a short distance.

The answer, No. 40, in the March number, is "Moses and Elijah, Adam and Eve." This I wish to correct, and substitute Enoch for Moses. Deut. xxxiv. 5, 6; Gen. v. 24; Heb. xi. 5.

Yours, respectfully,

E. A. FARR.

Your answer is right.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 23d, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I was out on the ice skating, and when I came in a parcel was brought to me. I opened it and saw it was the Museum. I like the stories, and I think they are very pretty. I have been told that the hieroglyphical rebuses are very funny. They are rather beyond me.

From your friend,

WILLIAM R. NAIRN.

SOUTH WINDSOR, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I find you so kind in the reception of my letters, I again venture to ad-

dress you, hoping that you will tell me if I trespass upon your time too often. I find great pleasure in perusing the Museum. I have been trying to induce my acquaintances to subscribe. I have not succeeded as yet; but I will "try again."

Yours, truly,

MARTHA.

SANDY HILL, N. Y., Feb. 19th, 1855.

MR. MERRY:—You are so "afraid of thunder," I have very reluctantly concluded not to take the first prize. I am very sorry it is so, for I got the tailor to put a pocket in my pants for that "elegant gold watch;" and now, to spare your weak nerves, I must content myself with the silver one.

Why, there is not a little boy or girl who reads the Museum, about here, that is afraid of anything except doing wrong, and yet Mr. Merry is afraid of thunder!

You are so very timid, I will insure you against thunder and lightning for one year, for a bound volume of the Museum. E. B. NORTHROP.

Eddie—If we were not so crowded for space, we should have some things to say to you; but, as you have got the best of the joke just now, we will let you off one month. But what if you should miss of the silver watch? What would you do with your pocket? O, I see, you would pocket your disappointment.

ASHLAND, OHIO, Feb. 15th, 1855.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I did not get any of your prizes last year, and I guess the main reason was, I did not send you a sentence. Your prize sentences for this year, I think, are too hard. We would have the trouble of making the sentences and procuring the subscribers, and only one chance in a hundred of getting a prize. But I will not complain, for I like the Museum.

Your friend,

JENNY.

Jenny—Is it a good rule to attempt nothing unless we are certain of success?

WELLSBORO, March 7th, 1855.

MR. MERRY:—How well your name must fit you. I always imagine you looking like Santa Claus in the picture just going down the chimney.

Now my name is White, but I am anything but a white boy, being as brown as a nut.

WILLIE WHITE.

PLEASANT RETREAT, March, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—O! dear me! I am really unfortunate! I preach, and coax, and scold, but all to no purpose; I can't get a single subscriber, and here is my sentence pining away in my portfolio, and no one kind enough to step

forward and advance a dollar or two to purchase its retrieve. Your ever welcome Museum came, and I just felt like telling you my sorrows and gaining some sympathy. I am really afraid I cannot even compete for the lowest prize. I do not dare to hope farther than the gold pencil. I am still trying for that. The 1st of April will soon be here, too. But, Mr. Merry, when this is done, won't you offer another with easier conditions. I really pity John Porter. He has cut the acquaintance of a friend from whom I would not part under any consideration. What! do without my monthly visitor! O! John, surely there are still some dollars left in your place. I cannot answer that question about Gen. Montgomery. I asked for information. My brother says:

Dummery, flummery,
General Montgomery
Went to Quebec,
And got shot in the neck.

MARY T.

MEXICO, *March 8th, 1855.*

MR. MERRY:—I am taking the Museum, and find it *just as good as good* can be. Now that you do so much for *us little folks*; talk and write to us so much, and are so willing and anxious to have us write to you, it is no more than fair that we should do so. I do not know what the *old folks* may think, but I say, and I guess I am not alone in my opinion, that Mr. Merry is one of the "benefactors of our race."

I always read everything in my Museum, and solve as many of the questions as I can. I send you some answers and a few enigmas, which you will please dispose of as you please.

Your little friend, H. W. SLACK.

GENESE, *March 9th, 1855.*

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Perhaps you will smile when I tell you I am almost sixteen, but I think as much of the Museum as ever. Whenever I have thought of changing it, I have always come to the conclusion that I like it better than any dollar magazine. I hope it will not change editors for many a long year.

I like the hieroglyphical rebuses very much, also the other puzzles. ROSE H. BOND.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS., *March 11th, 1855.*

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have made several attempts to write to you, but feared it would not be worthy of print. I am of the same opinion as Bennie Tompkins, "that the Museum is the best magazine in the world." I mean to take it as long as I can. Bennie was more successful in obtaining subscribers than I am, but please take the "will for the deed." I have tried quite hard. If you do not print this, I shall not be offended.

Your little friend, ALICE.

GENESE, HENRY CO., ILL., *Feb. 26th.*

MR. MERRY:—I am not a very large boy, and

I live away off almost on the very brink of the great Father of Waters, but little boys want good reading out here as well as in the East. I love the West. We have not been here long. We used to live in the Empire State, but my dear dear papa wanted to preach the Gospel to the people out here, but he only lived long enough to make the people love him very much, and then God took him away from us. I helped my dear mother, and she kindly gave me a dollar to pay for the Museum, and I am so glad every time it comes. It is near three years since my father died, but I remember much instruction he gave me, and my mother has tried hard to keep us from being dependent, and God has helped us.

Truly yours, CHARLES H. WARD.

BATH, *March 15th, 1855.*

DEAR MR. MERRY:—The other night when father brought the ever-welcome Museum home, I was delighted in reading it, especially the Chat, which I like better than ever. I hope to persuade my father to take the Museum another year. I send some answers, and a riddle and puzzle.

J. R. SHELTON.

DETROIT, *March, 1855.*

DEAR MR. MERRY:—One of your friends thinks you have not acted fairly about the prizes, but he will find that he is mistaken. I wish I was a lawyer, I could then defend you; as it is, I will try, for I have more to say than you will have time to read. That boy who thinks that you are partial, should know that such prizes cost too much not to receive a little in return.

ELLA.

CORNWALL, *March 6th, 1855.*

MR. MERRY:—Spring has come, and old Winter, wrapping his snow-white mantle around him, has retired to his icy dominions in the north, and in his place, sweet Spring comes tripping over the earth, scattering flowers along her path, and diffusing joy and gladness all around her. Spring has come. The brooks, released from their frosty chains, dance merrily along in the clear sunshine, rejoicing in their freedom. The birds carol gaily among the trees, the fresh-grown grass gives forth a sweet odor, and all Nature wears a gladsome aspect.

Spring has come. In the city, even it is peeping out from crack and crevice, showing itself in every accessible place. The pale seamstress, poor though she be, still cherishes her simple flowers, and carefully sets them on the narrow window sill, that they may enjoy the warm sunshine.

The thoroughfares are alive with crowds of happy people, tempted out by the beauty of the day. The canaries warble melodiously from their wired prisons, and the half-dead trees show incipient signs of life.

Yes, Spring has come, stern Winter has fled, and all his attendant train of evils. Hoping you may live to enjoy many Springs, I am yours,

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

Answers.

THE ENIGMA OF ENIGMAS.

It was long since promised that this enigma should be solved. It appeared in the June number of last year, page 191, and was furnished by J. P., of Elmira, N. Y. "I have found," she says, "a word of seven letters, out of which I have made over forty other English words." As yet, no one has discovered the word intended. Our ingenious friend, Mary, of Pleasant Retreat, O., has, by way of guessing, given us the word "strange," out of which she culls the following words:

Agnes,	Geat,*	Seat,
Anger,	Gest,*	Seg,*
Ant,	Get,	Sent,
Age,	Gnar,	Set,
Agen,*	Gent,	Snag,
Agent,	Gnat,	Snare,
An,	Grant,	Snet,*
Ancor,*	Grate,	Stag,
Ante,	Great,	Stage,
Antre,*	Nag,	Stan,*
Are,	Nare,*	Stane,*
Argent,	Nase,*	Stang,*
Art,	Near,	Star,
Aster,*	Neat,	Stare,
Astern,	Nest,	Start,
At,	Net,	Ster,*
Ate,	Rag,	Stern,
Ean,*	Rage,	Strang,
Ear,	Ran,	Strange,
Earn,	Range,	Tag,
East,	Range,	Tan,
Eat,	Rant,	Tang,
Eus,*	Rase,	Tar,
Era,	Rat,	Tare,
Erst,	Rate,	Targe,*
Gan,*	Rent,	Tarn,*
Gar,*	Rest,	Tea,
Gare,*	Sag,	Tear,
Garnet,	Sage,	Teg,*
Gas,	Sane,	Ten,
Gast,*	Sang,	Tern,
Gaster,*	Santer,*	Tears,
Gat,	Sea,	Trause,*
Gate,	Sean,*	Tren,*
Gear,	Sear,	

Here are 104 words. *Twenty-eight* of them, marked * cannot be considered good English words now, though found in some large dictionaries. They are obsolete, or only used in old poetry, or are words of a very confined and local meaning, or are spelt differently now from what they were some years ago. Mary gave us *thirteen* other words, making 117 in all; but they are words not found in our dic-

tionary; or, like "Ranger," "Ragg," &c., are made by repeating a letter, which should not be done. As it is, Mary has proved that her word is not only *strange*, but exceedingly prolific, yielding *seventy-six* respectable English words, without repeating a letter—a truly patriarchal family. If Ohio has many such, it is not *strange* she holds her head so high, and multitudes, besides our Mary, must have found a "pleasant retreat" amid her ample domain.

The word originally suggested by J. P. was "*Enigmas*," out of which the following good English words are drawn. Our Museum has abundantly proved that enigmas are fruitful of thought and fun. They are here seen to be a complete treasure-house of words.

SAM. (*We "don't know nothing" how that word came in there, and at the head, too. But there it is, ominous certainly*)—same, sag, sage, snag, sang, sign, sing, singe, Siam, sin, sine, sane, sea, seam, seaming, am, aim, aims, amen, an, age, ages, as, man, men, mane, main, mains, manes, manse, man's, men's, mean, means, mine, mines, mien, magi, me, mange, game, games, gem, gems, gas, gain, gains, gin, gins, easing, semi, nag, nags, name, names, sigma, image, images, in, is, gneis, enigma.

Sixty-three words. Such persistent ingenuity as Mary's may, perhaps, fish out a still greater number. But these are enough for the present.

87. And Laban called it Jegar-sahadutha; but Jacob called it Galeed. Gen. xxxi. 47.

88. Yes; Nicholas Breakspere, in the year 1154, under the title of Adrian IV.

89. The Andes ran through South America. The name is derived from a Peruvian word, *ante*, meaning copper or metal.

90. In 1449, by Antonio de Noli, a Genoese.

91. Exeter.

92. Because for every grain they give a peck.

93. The letter M.

94. Pondicherry.

95. A book.

96. Because it makes ire fire.

97. Come, ye ingenious ones, this riddle guess, It is not difficult, you will confess.

What is that number, which if you divide,
You then will nothing leave on either side?

The number 8. S. N., H. W. Slack,

and *Mary Peck*, who says, "Shall I write again?" Yes.

98. Sixty-six.

99. I am what I am, and I am not what I follow; if I was what I followed, I should not be what I am. A shadow.

100. Eye, backwards and forwards you'll see,

Precisely the same may be spelt.

Now it sparkles with pleasure and glee,

Now in pity and sorrow will melt.

My 'Bella's bright flashing beam,

Thro' many a heart sends its gleam;

But Mary's sweet violet's hue,

Speaks a heart that's modest and true,

And like bright stars in the sky,

From the far depth of the blue,

Mary's mild pensive eye

Beams so sweetly on you.—*Willie Nairn*.

101. The two sons crossed, one son recrossed, the father crossed, the other son recrossed, the two sons crossed, one son recrossed. Mrs. 150 lbs. rowed herself over; one son recrossed, both sons crossed. (I met with a good many *crosses* in finding out this puzzle.)—*Aunt Sue, J. M. H., F. Bonsall, Charles Nairn, J. J. H.*

102. Twenty-four and seventeen.—*Celestia D. Hoyt*.

103. Carmino.

104. To-ad.—*George F. Rysdyk*.

105. A hat.

106. A hemisphere. (Question should have read, my whole is half of my *third*, instead of "my second.")

107. Philistines.—*W. A. R.*

108. A tree.

109. The alphabet.

110. Four cats, sitting on their own tails and contemplating each other. (Uncle Hiram, were they not playing "puss in the corner?")

111. Ten—net.

112. Watchman.

113. Because it is hatred (hat-red).

114. Because there is b in both.

115. A bald head.

116. Because it has knaves in it.

117. Because it roots in the ground.

118. Because it is the end of life.

119. Because it has been forged.

120. Because he is never imp o' light (impo-lite).

121. Because it is sometimes wrung for dinner (*wrung*: poor thing!)

122. A glove.

123. A mouse in a library.

124. A hole in a stocking.—*W. A. R.*

125. It is a (*sea creature*) secretor of long sighs (*size*).

126. He is impoverished (Imp over a shed).

127. It weighs anchor when it *leaves* port. I guess it weighs the chances of being run into by ferry-boats when it arrives in port.

128. Ruth.

129. Cornelius.

HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUSES.

3. The rose shall cease to blow,
The eagle turn a dove,
The stream shall cease to flow,
Ere I will cease to love.
The sun shall cease to shine,
The world shall cease to move,
The stars their light resign,
Ere I will cease to love.

—*Aunt Sue, Ellen Riddle, Geo. F. Rysdyk, Willie Nairn, A. F. Seymour, G. C. H., Celestia D. Hoyt, F. Bonsall, Ella, R. Channing Price.*

4. Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of freedom.—*Willie N.*

5. Music awakes the native voice of undissembled joy, and thick around the woodland hymns arise.

Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd
Leaves his mossy cottage, where with peace
He dwells, and from the crowded fold in
Order drives his flock, to taste the verdure of
The morn.

—*Wm. H. Neal, Aunt Sue, Willie Nairn.*

Some read—"Music wakes the cheerful voice," &c., which, though differing from the original in Thompson's Seasons, better conforms to the Hieroglyphics—the ham with a knife stuck in it, and the bottle of beer, indicating good cheer or cheerful.

Letters and answers received from—

Mortimer H. Johnson, New Castle, Tenn.

Alonzo C. Whittier, Prairie Vue, Fla.

Mary Ann Griswold, Wethersfield, Ct.

Mary Peck, Glenn's Falls.

Charles F. Richards, Hyacinth Hall.

J. A. J., Calais.

Jenny, Ashland, O.

Samuel C. Hale, E. Cleveland, O.

Frederick H. Redfield, Montpelier, Vt.

J. N. Todd, Smithfield, R. I.

J. J. H., Smithfield, R. I.

Wm. C. Johnson, Salem, Mass.

Charles H. Dyar, Romeo, Mich.

Wm. Townlay, Union.

J. M. H., Bilerica.

Blanch Livingston, Madison, Wis.

C. B. Briant, Bloomfield.

Celestia D. Hoyt.

George R. Morgan, E. Cleveland.

W. F. Law, Carlisle.

S. Arthur Bent, Andover.

Frederick K. Arnold, Sheffield.

M. O. B., Boston.

Ellen Riddell, Wauwatosa.

Blue-Eyed Tommie, Wauwatosa.

NEWBURY, Vt., Jan. 19, 1855.

MR. MERRY:—I have been trying to solve the enigma in the January number of the Museum, page 25, by Hatchet, and send you the result of my efforts.—

Eve was time's beginning, we see at a glance,
Laval is the town in a province of France,
'Tis Deed about which the lawyers declaim,
And these, backward or forward, spell ever the same.

Ewe is the quadruped, gentle and meek,
Redder the tint that flushes the cheek.
The prophetess Anna to the temple oft came,
Each, backward or forward, reads always the same.

Madam's the title by matrons worn,
Ada, the daughter of the poet we mourn,
Sis, of cousin, daughter or friend's the pet name,
Which, backward or forward, is precisely the same.

The rivers are Adda, Ava, perhaps more,
Mum the name of ale in German lore,
Asa the monarch whose feet were lame,
And went, backward or forward, exactly the same.

You Refer to your neighbor, perchance to a book,
And Eye is the window through which you look,
Deified are some mortals exalted by fame,
And read, backward or forward, are ever the same.

By the Level we "straighten, tame, or reduce,"
Eke the proposition not often in use,
Elder Amasa Mareille, the gentleman's name,
That, backward or forward, readeth the same.

The above solution is very ingeniously given. If you wish to know the name of the one who sent it, you will find it by solving number 172. James T. Dudley, of Elmira, also gave a correct answer to Hatchet's enigma.

Enigmas, Riddles, Charades, Etc.

130. By whom was China named, and on what account was it so called?—*James Blyth.*

131. What is the height of the highest mountain as known to the Romans?—*Adele.*

132. What king of France was nursed in a tortoise shell?—*L. S. Coulcher.*

133. What young ladies fought the battle of Salamis?—*J. F. B.*

134. In what part of the Bible are ferry-boats mentioned?—*George Craighead.*

135. What is the weight of a cast iron cannon ball whose diameter is four inches.

136. How many strokes a-day do the clocks

of Venice make, which strike from one to twenty-four?—*T. H. M.*

137. Where is Jehovah first mentioned in the Bible?—*Isabel Craighead.*

138. In what respect was Moses typical of Christ?

139. Which are the three great types of Christ?—*Mary Worth.*

140. Does the following sentence, "I come; and woe to the fated city stubbornly resisting," contain the ten different parts of speech? If not, what is wanting?

141. There is a boy's name that has but two letters of the alphabet, and reads backward and forward the same. What is it?—*M. H. Johnson.*

142. Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark?—*Chas. Jerrett.*

143. What castle has been built, demolished, and rebuilt more times than all other towers?

144. Why is meat that is not done, like a good conundrum?

145. Why are inattentive school-children like wafers?

146. Why is a field of grass like a knife-box?

147. What is that which brings on an illness, cures it, and pays the doctor?—*Rose H. Bond.*

148. My first is one revered by every child; my first and second is an official title; my third is an emblem of eternity; my fourth is what we gained by the wars in which my whole, a brave American, fought and fell.—*H. W. Slack.*

149. What effect does the letter B have upon sunshine?

150. I'm in the paper, but not in the pen,
I'm in the feather, but not in the hen,
I'm in the handle, but not in the door,
I'm in the apple, but not in the core.
—*Hannah F. Osborne.*

151. What did Adam first plant in the Garden of Eden?

152. Why is a pepper-box like a saint?

153. How is it that trees put on their summer dresses without opening their trunks?

154. What word of one syllable is it which, when two first letters are taken off, will become a word of two syllables?—*T. B. Wood.*

155. Why is a fiddle like a leak in a ship?—*M. B. Holbrook.*

156. Why is a room full of married folks like an empty room?

157. Which is the left side of a plum-pudding?—*F. K. Arnold.*

RIDDLE.

158. What was it that lived and died without committing sin; was commissioned by the Lord to reprove sin in others, yet never attained to heaven?—*W. J. Pierson.*

AN ENIGMA.

159. I am composed of nine letters.

My first syllable is the name of an animal.

My first and second syllable is a name of a girl.

My third and last syllable is the name of the girl's father.

My whole is questions and answers.—*E. S.*

Note.—If you will give us your address, we will send the poetry.

160. How is it that Methuselah was the oldest man that ever lived, and yet died before his father?—*J. R. Sheldon.*

161. I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 1, 5, 8, 6, 4, is a domestic animal.

" 6, 11, 10, 3, 13, is a girl's name.

" 2, 8, 7, 8, is a dwelling of Arabs.

" 4, 6, 12, 7, was a friend of the Indians.

" 8, 3, 10, 11, was a brave man in Switzerland.

" 1, 10, 3, 12, 4, is what tired children like.

" 8, 9, 2, 8, 11, 6, often does great mischief.

My whole is the name of a gentleman who is a friend of children.—*Ellen M. Kiddell, Wawatosa.*

162. There is a board sixteen inches by nine inches, which in square surface is just equal to a board twelve inches square; it is required to saw the board into two parts, which put together will make a square twelve inches on a side.

163. When first the marriage knot was tied

Betwixt my wife and me,

Her age with mine did so agree,

As nineteen does with eight and three.

But after ten and half ten years,

We man and wife had been,

Her age did so come up to mine,

As two times three to nine.

What were our ages when we were married?—

Philos.

164. A NAME TO BE READ.

c e s L V r e e e r V L s e c
n e e s r e e l e e r s e c n
a n c e c e l l a l e e c n a
r a n c e l a n a l e c n a r
F r a n l a n d n a l n a r F
r a n c e l a n v l e c n a r
a n c e e e l v l e e c n a
n e e s r e e l e e r s e c n
c e s L V r e e e r V L s e c

165. I'm rough, smooth, hard, soft, long, short, round, flat, oval, square, oblong, sharp, dull; am used for the most opposite purposes; am now honored with the grasp of a monarch, and now in the hand of him who executes the meanest offices; am now the delight of the idle bean as well as of the skillful artist, and now of the ostler and shoe-black.—*M. O. B.*

166. Come, read me this riddle without any pother,

Five legs on one side and three on the other,
Two eyes in my forehead, and four on my back,
One tongue that is silent, and two that can clack.
—*M. O. B.*

167. Names of places in South Carolina, enigmatically expressed. *By Emily N.*

1. A title of endearment, and a weight.

2. A name given to the fair sex, and some real estate.

3. A boy's name, and a weight.

4. Something attached to a farm, and what we have been recommended to let alone.

5. The name of a fruit, and a collection of houses.

6. One who works with metals, and a collection of houses.

168. Towns in New York enigmatically expressed.

1. Domestic animals, and a word signifying to destroy life.

2. A boy's name, and a weight.

3. The plural of a name applied to Solomon, and a weight.

4. A color, and a forest.

5. A fluid, and an act performed by an ox or a cow.

6. A girl's name, and a Roman garment.—*F. Bonsall.*

169. A TEA PARTY.

1. A plant that grows in China.

2. Half of a receptacle for the dead, and a gratuity.

3. Half of an Indian tribe, an interjection, and the reverse of early.

4. The produce of a plant that grows only in warm climates.

5. The oily part of a well-known liquid.

6. A fur covering for the head, and the reverse of out.

7. To blow away, omitting the last letter, and the final half of a frill.

8. A confused mixture.

9. The national dish of Italians.

10. A weight and a confection.

11. The reverse of sour, and what few dinners are without.

170. A PROVERB.

Word, an evil, is worth, word word.—*Aunt Sue.*

171. E C is R E V n
O my a R E V n

—*Aunt Sue.*

"Can you tell me," asked a pundit, "why a conundrum that nobody can guess is like a ghost?" "Shall I tell you now or next month?" "Now, if you please." "Well, sir, sooner or later everybody must give it up."

If you will permit me, Mr. Merry, I should like to send you my name, covered up like Elder Mardell's, and, as I see a great many little boys write to you, I think I will venture.

172. First, a noun that implies a desire to be gone, Then, a woman whose beauty the poets proclaim.

Then the valley of craftsmen, in Scripture known, Each, backward or forward, reads ever the same.

A noun that bringeth back life to the soul,
For speed, or for ease, next a carriage we
frame.

An adverb, which precedence has for its goal,
These, backward or forward, spell always the
same.

A name, which the filial to God apply,
Next, what in impatient reproof we exclaim,

A verb, signifying to peep or to pry,
Taken backward or forward, these all spell
the same.

A numeral, prefix, oft used as a noun,
A word to ask questions from Welsh we re-
claim,

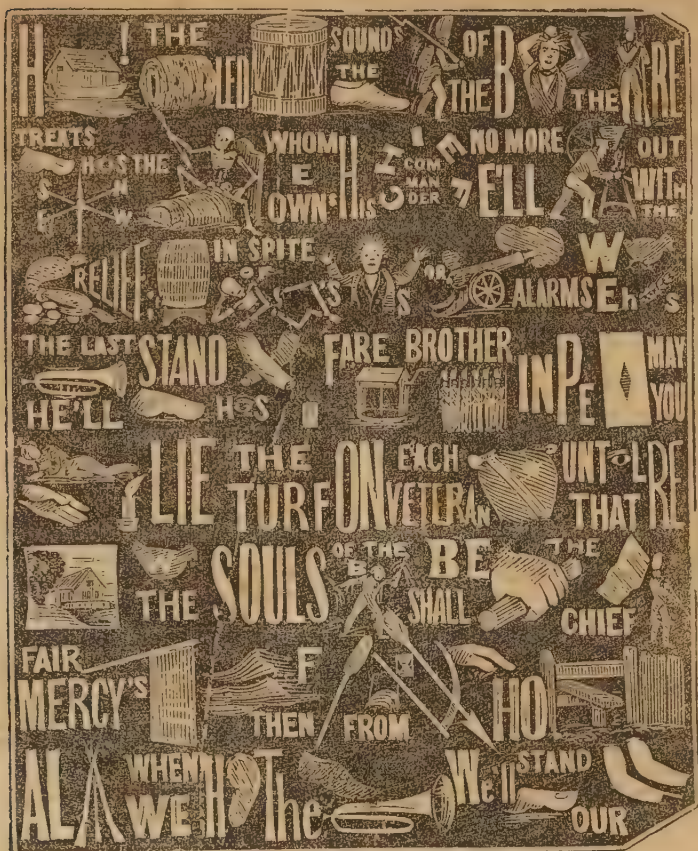
A verb of perception, next we put down,
Read, backward or forward, exactly the same.

A musician's name, afar from us now,
A time that joyfully dull schoolboys claim,
Which, being the last, I gladly tell how,
Read, backward or forward, 'tis ever the
same.

The initials of these words, in order writ,
Will give you exactly the young author's
name.

A name not so strange as the Elder's, for it,
Taken backward or forward, *does not* read the
same.

Hieroglyphical Rebuses.



A brown

a

287

346

$$24 + \left(\frac{x-7}{0}\right) = 36$$

$$72 + x - 7 = 96$$

$$98 - 9x = 7 - 72$$

SHELF ON LEVEL I - STACKS.

jzm

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v.27-28

1854

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